ÆSOPICKS:

OR,

A Second Collection

OF

FABLES,

Paraphras'd in *Verſe*, Adorn'd with *Sculpture*, and Illuſtrated with *Annotations*.

By JOHN OGILBY Eſq;
His MAJESTY's *Coſmographer*, *Geographick Printer*, and *Maſter of the Revels* in the Kingdom of *IRELAND*.

Examples *are beſt* Precepts: *And a* Tale,
Adorn'd with Sculpture, *better may prevail*
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Of tedious Volumes *vext the World before.*

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M. DC. LXXIII.

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To the most Illustrious Prince,

CHARLES FITZ-ROY

EARL of SOUTHAMPTON,

Heir in Succession to the Dutchy of

CLEVELAND,

And Knight of the Most Noble Order of the *Garter*:

THIS

SECOND COLLECTION

OF

ÆSOPICKS,

Paraphras'd in *Verse*, Adorn'd with *Sculpture*, and Illustrated with *Annotations*;

CONTAINING

EXEMPLARY PRECEPTS

OF

Vertue and Morality,

Equally Accommodated to the Generous and Heroick Spirits of Noble Youth, as well as the more Serious Studies of the Grave and Judicious,

ARE

MOST HUMBLY PRESENTED, DEDICATED, and DEVOTED,

BY

His Honor's most Humble and Obedient Servant,

JOHN OGILBY.

ANNOTATIONS ON The Second Volume OF ÆSOP's FABLES.

Annotations on Fab. I.

PAge 2. line 2, *Orion.*] *Orion* was Son to *Jupiter*, *Neptune*, and *Mercury*, ſlain by a Scorpion for his inſolence towards *Diana*, then aſſum'd into the number of Conſtellations, whereof one bears his Name. The riſing of *Orion*, as well as *Arcturus*, and the *Pleiades*, preſag'd Storms: *Plin.* 18. 28.

Ibid. *The Grand Hector.*] *Hector* of the Sky; for when he riſeth, the Debauchery of the Heavens, and tempeſtuous Weather begins: As *Virg. Æneid. l.* 1.

Cum ſubito aſſurgens fluctu nimboſus Orion
In vada cæca tulit, penitúſque procacibus Auſtris
Perque undas ſuperante ſalo, perque invia ſaxa
Diſpulit; huc pauci veſtris adnavimus oris.

When bluſtering *Orion* gilt the Skies,
Tumultuous Storms us ſuddenly ſurpriſe,
And upon dangerous Shelves, prevailing, bore,
Onely a few were driven on your Shore.

P. 3. l. 1. *Cov'nanting.*] Georg. lib. 1.

——*Conjurati cælum reſcindere fratres*
Ter ſunt conati imponere Pelio Oſſam
Scilicet atque Oſſæ frondoſum involvere Olympum,
Ter pater extructos disjecit fulmine montes.

The *Covenanting Brethren* thrice aſſail'd
To pull down Heav'n, *Oſſa* on *Pelion* laid,
On *Oſſa* green *Olympus* would have thrown:
Thrice *Jove* with Thunder threw thoſe Mounta
down.

Ibid. *Gyants ſlain.*] *Claudian, lib.* 3. *De Raptu P*
ſerpinæ.

——*Phlegræis ſilva ſuperbit*
Exuviis, totúmque nemus victoria veſtit.
Hic patuli rictus, hic prodigioſa Gygantum

Terg

Tergora dependent, & adhuc crudele minantur
Affixæ facies truncis, immaniáque Ossa
Serpentum passim tumulis exanguibus albent,
Et rigidæ multo suspirant fulmine pelles,
Nullâque non magni jactat se nominis arbor, &c.

——The Woods in Spoils *Phlegræan* Pride,
The whole Grove Vict'ry cloath'd; Here, Gapings wide
Of horrid Jaws; there, Backs of hideous size
Hung, and stak'd Faces, threatning still the Skies:
Huge Serpents Skeletons in bloodless Piles,
There, bleaching white, lay in voluminous Coyls,
Whose scaly Sloughs smell with Sulphureous flame;
No Tree but boasts some mighty Giant's Name.
This, loaden, under stern *Ægæon* yields,
Who us'd an hundred Swords, as many Shields;
That, brags bold *Corus* bloody Spoils; this bears
The Arms of *Mimas*; that, *Ophion*'s wears.
But higher than the rest, with spreading Shade,
A Fir *Enceladus* Crest and Corslet lade,
The Gyants King; which with its weight had broke,
If not supported by a Neighb'ring Oke.
Hence a Religious awe preserves the Woods,
And none dare wrong the Trophies of the Gods.

Ibid. l. 4. *Your Golden Chariot drew.*] *Juno* is said to have her Chariot drawn by Peacocks. *Ovid. Met. l. 2.*

——*habili Saturnia curru*

Ingreditur liquidum pavonibus æthera pictis.

Hence the *Samii* have the protraicture of this Bird stampt upon their Coins, becauſe *Juno*, to whom this Bird is dedicated, was by them ador'd.

Ibid. l. 20. *Thee Beauty gave.*] *Ælian* ſaith, That this Bird was traſported from the *Barbarians* to the *Grecians*; at the beginning ſo rare, that amongſt the *Athenians* it was not to be ſeen without Money.

And further he relates, That *Alexander the Great* having ſeen this Bird among the *Indians*, was ſo much taken up in the admiration of it, that he laid a heavy Puniſhment upon all thoſe that ſhould dare to kill it. Whence *Martial*,

Miraris quoties geminatas explicat alas,
Et potes hunc ſævo tradere, dure, Coco?

When thou admiring on his Wings doſt look,
Him would'ſt thou kill, and ſend unto the Cook?

Ibid. l. 21. *The Raven Fate.*] *Pierius* reports that Ravens to portend future Enmity between two Friends; wherefore he ſaith, That two of the perſecuting an Eagle which ſate upon the Palace of *Auguſtus*, were by her caſt to the Ground, even at that time when he transferr'd the Bands of the *Triumviri* into *Bononia*; they preſag'd and foretold the Civil Wars, and fatal Battel at *Philippi*.

Ib

Ibid. *The Crow Ill Luck to tell.*] *Virgil, Eclog.* 1.

Sæpe siniſtra cavâ prædixit ab Ilice cornix.

Ah! had we not been blind, th' unlucky Crow
Oft from th' old Elm this Miſchief did foreſhow.

Ibid. l. 22. *Chief Choriſter.*] *Iſidorus* ſaith, That ſhe is call'd *Luſcinia*, as if *Lucinia*, becauſe by her Singing ſhe doth denote Day-breaking.

Annotations on Fab. II.

PAg. 4. l. 2. *Patient Labor.*] *Pierius* reports, That amongſt the *Greek* Authors the Ox is call'd Γαῦρος, becauſe he is ordain'd and appointed to labor about the Earth. The *Mathematicians* obſerve, That thoſe Children which are born when the Sun enters into *Taurus*, are condemn'd to perpetual Servitude; for which cauſe the *Tyrians* having entred upon the Building of *Carthage*, broke off their Work upon the finding of an Oxes Head, which ſtrange ſight portended nothing but anxious Labor; until ſuch time as they found a Horſes Head, which being not long after, they renew'd their former Reſolution.

Ibid. l. 11. *A vild Sooterkin.*] Of one of which kind of monſtrous After-births there is an Anatomy to be ſeen at *Amſterdam*.

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P. 5. l. 24. *A little Todpoles Coach.*] Alluding to the Paraphras'd Fable of the *Frogs inform'd that the Sun would Marry*; beginning thus,

Low-Country Provinces, United Bogs,
Once Diſtreſs'd States, *now* Hogen Mogen Frogs, *&c.*

Annotations on Fab. III.

PAg. 8. l. 2. *You Aſs, come hither.*] *Ovid* brings in *Midas*, for his preferring *Pan*'s Ruſtick Song before the Divine Hymn of *Apollo*, thus by the Gods to be puniſh'd; That thoſe Humane Ears which err'd in Judgment, might be transform'd into an Aſſes.

Ibid. l. 3. *Reynard's a cunning Snap.*] *Horat. de Arte Poeticâ.*

Nunquam te fallent animi ſub Vulpe latentes.

Let none thee like a cunning Fox deceive.

Lucretius ſaith, That this Creature is naturally craftty and ſubtle.

Varro ſaith, That ſuch is the ſubtilty of this Creature, that from thence the Word *Vulpinari* was made, whic the *Greeks* call Ἀλωπεκίζειν.

Ibid. l. 20. *Leopards gaudy Spoils.*] *Oppian.*

Veſicolor pellis nitido micat aurea fuſco
Interfuſa nigris maculis candore nitente.

The

The various colour'd Leopard's Skin behold,
Whoſe black Gown ſhines with Silver Studs and Gold.

Annotations on Fab. IV.

PAg. 10. l. 19. *Had th' Okeland Fleet.*] Alluding to *Great Britain*, in the Map form'd like an Oaken Leaf, as *Ireland* a Bear's Foot, and *Italy* reſembling a Man's Leg. *Strabo.*

Annotations on Fab. V.

PAg. 13. l. 5. *Republick Stork.*] *Storks* are obſerv'd to breed onely in Republicks, as *Venice*, *Switzerland*, *Geneva*, *Helvetia*, and the *Low Countries.*

Ibid. l. 15. *To a Swan.*] *Swans* are Birds-Royal, and ſo the King's Game.

P. 14. l. ult. *A Ballad-gagling Gooſe.*] Alluding to a fooliſh Poet, nam'd *Anſer*, an Emulator of *Virgil*, whom *Servius* takes notice of in *Eclog* 7. and again in *Eclog* 9. thus he writes;

——*Argutos Anſer ſtrepit inter olores.*

——The *Gooſe* 'mongſt warbling *Swans* appears.

and affirms, that he wrote the Acts of *Anthony*; and therefore the more maligned by our Author.

Annotations on Fab. VI.

PAg. 16. l. 12. *Like Bruſſels breed.*] *Bruſſels* and *Geneva* famous for large Poultry.

Annotations on Fab. VII.

PAg. 19. l. ult. *Twenty Miles out-right.*] The *Fox* is obſerv'd to be the ſubtileſt Beaſt in preying, and moſt diſcompos'd and ſilly when in danger of his Life, then truſting onely to his Heels.

Annotations on Fab. IX.

PAg. 26. l. 8. *Nor Precipices.*] The *Crabs* are obſerv'd at Spawning-time, in the *Weſtern Iſles*, to come down from the Mountains to the Sea in a direct Line, not baulking Houſes, Rocks, or whatever obſtructs their Paſſage.

Anno-

Annotations on Fab. XI.

PAg. 32. l. 6. *When Bulls spurr'd on.*] See *Virg. Georg. lib.* 3.

Atque ideo Tauros procul, atque in sola relegant
Pascua post montem oppositum, & trans flumina lata
Aut intus clausos satura ad præsepia servant.
Carpit enim vires paulatim, uritque videndo
Fœmina———

Far off the *Bulls* alone are feeding ty'd,
Behind a Mountain, or beyond some Flood,
Shut up at plenteous Stalls with pleasant Food:
For seeing of the Female wastes their Strength,
Who burning, mind not Grass, nor Groves, at length;
She with her sweet Inticements oft provokes
Proud Rivals, till their Fury turns to Strokes.
In pleasant Groves the Beauteous Heifer feeds;
But they joyn Battel, and in War-like Deeds
Gain many Wounds; their Fodies bath'd in Gore,
Closing their Horns, most dreadfully they rore;
The mighty Woods & Heavens vast Court resound.
No more these Warriors Pasture in one Ground;
Exil'd to Coasts unknown the Vanquish'd goes,
Moaning his shame, & the proud Conqueror's blows,
That unreveng'd from him his Love was took,
Viewing his Stalls, and Native Realms forsook.

Then

Then carefully recruits his Force, being laid
On a hard Rock, a Bed but roughly made,
Feeds on harsh Leaves, and briſly *Carix* eats;
His Horns then exerciſing, Anger whets
Againſt a Tree, venting on th' Air his ſpite,
Scattering the Sand, as Prologue to the Fight.
His Force recruited, on the Foe he ſets,
And boldly up his careleſs Quarters beats.
As when at Sea the muſtred Waves grow white,
And rolling from the Ocean gather height;
And now at Land 'gainſt Rocks they ſtrangely roar
Nor leſs than Mountains break upon the Shore;
The deep Floods boyl, whirl'd with the foaming
And working, caſt up Sand on ev'ry ſide. (Tide

See *Virgil, Æneid. lib.* 12.

Cùm duo converſis inimica prælia Tauri
Frontibus incurrunt, pavidi ceſſere magiſtri,
Stat pecus omne metu mutum, muſſantque Juvencæ,
Quis pecori imperitet, quem tota armenta ſequantur;
Illi inter ſeſe multa vi vulnera miſcent,
Cormáque obnixi infigunt; & ſanguine largo
Colla armóſque lavant; gemitu nemus omne remugit.

So when from *Syla*, or *Taburnus*, we
Two Bulls engag'd in bloody Battel ſee,
Their frighted Owners fly; ſilent with fear
The Cattel ſtand, the Heifers doubtful are
Who ſhall Command, whom muſt the Herd obey
They gore each other in the dreadful Fray,

Til

Till Streams of Blood their Necks and Shoulders drownd,
And echoing Woods the Bellowers Cries resound.

P. 33. l. 25. *Bitten by a Gad.*] A kind of Fly that vexeth Beasts, nam'd by the *Greeks Oestron*, which hath its signification and derivation from ἴστρον, *to be mad*, because it makes them furious. See *Virg. Georg.* lib. 3.

Est lucos Silari circa, ilicibúsque virentem
Plurimus Alburnum volitans, cui nomen Asilo
Romanum est; Oestrum Graii vertère vocantes:
Asper, acerba sonans, quo tota exterita silvis
Diffugiunt armenta, &c.

A Fly about the Groves of *Silarus* haunts,
And high *Alburnus*, green with stately Plants,
Asilus call'd by *Romans*, but the same
The *Greeks* stile *Oestron*, by an ancient Name;
Extremely fierce and loud: whose spite to shun,
To sheltring Woods affrighted Cattel run, (Round,
And with their Bellowings strike Heavens arched
Which Groves, and shallow *Tanagrus* resound.
With this dire Monster *Juno* long ago
Her spite did on th' *Inachian* Heifer show:
This, for it rages in the scorching heat,
Thou must with care from teeming Cattel beat,
And feeding Herds, both when the Sun shall rise,
Or Night with glorious Stars adorn the Skies.

Anno

Annotations on Fab. XII.

PAg. 37. l. 8. *The Day of Doom.*] Which Story *Germany* is at large ſet down in that Treatiſe concerning the *Lutherian* War. *Sleiden.*

Ibid. l. 15. *When thus the King.*] See *Virg. Æneid. lib.* 4.

Ac veluti ingentem formicæ farris acervum
Cum populant, hyemis memores, lectoque reponunt,
Eſt nigrum campis agmen, prædámque per herbas
Convectant calle anguſto; pars agmina cogunt,
Caſtigantque moras: opere omnis ſemita fervet.

So chearful Ants plundring a Heap of Wheat,
And minding Winter, to their Granges get;
The black Bands march, a Convoy guards the Spoil
Through narrow Tracts, ſome with joyn'd Force
toil
To bear one ponderous Grain, whilſt others beat
The tardy Troops; all Paths with Labor heat.

Ibid. l. 22. *Alcinous Fruit.*] See *Virg. Georg. lib.*

Annotations on Fab. XIV.

PAg. 41. l. 12. *On tender Vines.*] See *Virg. Georg. lib.* 2.

Non aliam ob culpam Baccho caper omnibus aris
Cæditur, & veteres ineunt proscenia ludi.

Onely for this Crime we on Altars pay
Bacchus a Goat, and act the ancient Play.

Annotations on Fab. XV.

PAg. 44. l. 23. *The Rising Sun.*] The King's happy Restauration.

P. 45. l. 7. *Two such Hectors.*] See *Virg. Æneid. lib.* 8.

——*Ductores primi*, Messapus & Ufens,
Contemptorque deûm Mezentius, *undique cogunt*
Auxilia, & latos vastant cultoribus agros.
Mittitur & magni Venulus Diomedis *ad urbem,*
Qui petat Auxilium, &c.

Messapus and bold *Ufens* Generals were,
With proud *Mezentius*, who no God did fear:

Each

Each where they Preſs, and empty ſpacious Plain
To fill their Regiments with ſturdy Swains.
They *Venulus* ſend to great *Tydides* Seat,
Againſt the *Trojans* landed, Aid t' entreat,
And tell, *Æneas* vanquiſh'd Gods did bring,
Who ſtiles himſelf, by Fates Decree, a King;
That many Nations with the *Dardan* ſide,
His Name through *Latium* ſpreading far and wide.
Of ſuch Beginnings, what may be the End,
If favouring Fortune ſhould his Sword attend,
Was far more evident to him alone,
Than to King *Turnus*, or *Latinus*, known.

Annotations on Fab. XVI.

PAg. 48. l. 1. *When a Nod.*] See *Virg. Æneid. lib. 9.*

——*idque ratum Stigii per flumina fratris,*
Per pice torrentes, atraque voragine ripas,
Annuit, totum nutu tremefecit Olympum.

This by his Brother's *Stygian* Streams he ſwore,
And by the Brimſtone Lake, and diſmal Shore,
By the Black Gulf, and the Infernal Pit,
Whoſe Nod *Olympus* ſhook, confirming it.

Jupiter is ſaid to do all things *nutu*, with Nodding whenc

whence the Word *Numen*, *Turneb. l. 26. c. 30.* See *Scaliger*, *l. 5. c. 3.* *Nannius Miſcel. l. 7. c. 14.* obſerves, That what in Men is a Nod, in *Jupiter* and *Juno* is Thunder.

Ibid. l. 22. *Headed like a Shock.*] Thoſe Houſhold Gods, or *Penates*, had Humane Shapes, but Headed like Dogs.

Annotations on Fab. XVII.

PAg. 50. l. 1. *Summon'd by Jove.*] See *Virgil. Æneid. lib. 10.*

Panditur interea domus omnipotentis Olympi;
Conciliúmque vocat divûm pater, atque hominum Rex,
Sideream in ſedem; terras unde arduus omnes,
Caſtráque Dardanidûm aſpectat, populoſque Latinos.
Conſidunt tectis bipatentibus; incipit ipſe.

Mean while Heavens ſpacious Court ſpreads open,
The Father of the Gods, and King of Men, (when
A Council call'd, where, from his Starry Throne,
Th' *Auſonian* Quarters, and Beleaguer'd Town,
With the whole Worlds vaſt Regions he ſurvey'd:
Then to his Houſe of Deities thus ſaid.

P. 51. l. 24. *Nor Rig out fifty Chambermaids a Night.*] Alluding to *Hercules* greateſt Labor, devirginating fifty Maids in one Night.

Anno-

Annotations on Fab. XVIII.

PAg. 56. l. 8. *Though Bees boaſt Cœleſtial Race.*] See *Virg. Georg. lib.* 4.

His quidam ſignis, atque hæc exempla ſequuti,
Eſſe apibus partem divinæ mentis, & hauſtus
Æthereos dixere, &c.

From theſe Examples, ſome there are maintain,
That Bees derive from a Celeſtial ſtrain,
And Heavenly Race; they ſay the Deity
Is mix'd through Earth, the Sea, and lofty Sky;
Hence Men and Beaſts, both wild and tame, deriv
And whatſoe're by breathing Air ſurvive:
To this they after are diſſolv'd, and then
They reaſſume Firſt Principles agen:
Nor is there place for death; their Spirits fly
To the great Stars, and plant the lofty Sky.

Annotations on Fab. XXIV.

PAg. 75. l. 18. *Hybleans Conſort.*] Which Epith is deriv'd from *Hybla*, a City in *Sicily*, where great ſtore of *Thyme*, which is the cauſe why that H ney is the moſt pleaſant.

Ibi

Ibid. l. 21. *His Waxen Realms.*] See *Virg. Georg.* 4.

Illum adeò placuisse apibus mirabere morem,
Quod nec concubitu indulgent, nec corpore segnes
In venerem solvunt, aut fœtus nixibus edunt:
Verum ipsæ foliis natos, & suavibus herbis
Ore legunt: ipse regem parvosque quirites
Sufficiunt, aulasque & cerea regna refigunt.

'Tis strange that *Bees* such Customs should maintain,
Venus to scorn, in wanton Lust disdain (breed,
To waste their Strength, and without Throws they
But cull from Leaves & various Flowers their Seed.
Their Kings and petty Princes they proclaim,
Then Palaces, and Waxen Kingdoms frame.

Annotations on Fab. XXVI.

Pag. 80. l. 13. *Watches rout.*] See *Virg. Æneid. lib.* 2.

Invadunt Urbem somno, vinoque sepultam;
Cæduntur vigiles, portisque patentibus omneis
Accipiunt socios, atque agmina conscia jungunt.

They take the Town, buried in Sleep and Wine;
They kill the Watch, and streight at open Gates
Receive their Friends, & joyn to their known Mates.

Annotations on Fab. XXVIII.

PAg. 84. l. 5. *Three Elements.*] The fourth E ment is quite exploded by all Modern Wri

Ibid. l. 8. *Its Spherick Cone.*] The Water swel above its Margents Spherically.

Ibid. l. 23. *The Auſtrian Eagles.*] See *Bente* and *Famianus Strada*, in their Hiſtory of the *Country* Wars with *Spain.*

Annotations on Fab. XXX.

PAg. 90. l. 17. *A China Cacademon.*] The *In* uſually paint the Devil White.

Annotations on Fab. XXXI.

PAg. 97. l. 13. *Like Clouds did march.*] The G deſſes are obſerv'd to move like Clouds, ſtep by ſtep, as Mortals. *Virg. Æneid. lib.* 1.

Et vera inceſſu patuit Dea——

Her Garb a Godddeſs ſhews——

Annotations on Fab. XXXIV.

Pag. 107. l. 11. *Threw the first Stone.*] A Woman struck the first Stroke in the late Grand-Rebellion.
Ibid. l. 14. *Commers.*] Gossips.

Annotations on Fab. XXXVII.

Pag. 114. l. 12. *Tisiphone.*] One of the Furies of Hell, suppos'd to torment Homicides.

Annotations on Fab. XXXIX.

Pag. 120. l. penult. *His Mag.*] The Pedlar's Wife.

Annotations on Fab. XL.

Pag. 124. l. 18. *Hyenas.*] *Hyenas* are said to be a sort of *Wolves*, that counterfeit Humane Voyces, and by their complaints draw Children, and the weak sort of People out of Villages, and seising, make their Prey.

Annotations on Fab. XLIII.

PAg. 133. l. 26. *Hylax.*] A Shepherd's Cur.

——Et Hylax in limine latrat.
Virg. Eclog 8.

Annotations on Fab. XLIV.

PAg. 136. l. 11. *A Basket in my Mouth.*] *Erasm* Story of his Dog.

Annotations on Fab. XLVI.

PAg. 141. l. 20. *Their Indian Shapes.*] *Indians* always personated in the Scene in Coats of Fe thers.

Annotations on Fab. XLVIII.

PAg. 147. l. 21. *At Bacchus Festivals.*] *Virg. org. lib.* 2.

Non aliam ob culpam Baccho caper omnibus aris
Caditur, & veteres ineunt proscenia ludi.

Præmia

Præmiaque ingenteis pagos, & compita circum
Theſeidæ poſuere, atque inter pocula læti
Mollibus in pratis unctos ſaliere per utres.
Nec non Auſonii, Troja gens miſſa, coloni
Verſibus incomtis ludunt, riſuque ſoluto.
Oraque corticibus ſumunt horrenda cavatis:
Et te Bacche vocant per carmina læta, tibique
Oſcilla ex alta ſuſpendum mollia pinu.

Onely for this Crime we on Altars pay
Bacchus a Goat, and act the ancient Play.
Then from great Villages *Athenians* haſte,
And where the High-ways meet, the Prize is plac't:
They to ſoft Meads, heightned with Wine, advance,
And joyfully 'mongſt Oyled Bottles dance:
Th' *Auſonian* Race, and thoſe from *Troy* did ſpring,
Diſſolv'd with Laughter, Ruſtick Verſes ſing;
In Vizards of rough Bark conceal their Face,
And with glad Numbers thee, Great *Bacchus*, grace,
Hanging ſoft Pictures on thy lofty Pine.——

Annotations on Fab. XLIX.

PAg. 149. l. 7. *You harmleſs Shepherds.*] *Virg. Georg. lib.* 2.

O Fortunatos nimium, ſua ſi bona norint,
Agricolas: quibus ipſa, procul diſcordibus armis,
Fundit humo facilem victum juſtiſſima tellus, &c.

O happy Swains, if their own good they knew!
To whom juſt Earth, remote from cruel Wars,
From her full Breaſts ſoft Nouriſhment prepares
Although from high Roofs, through proud Arch
come
No Floods of Clients early from each Room,
Nor Marble Pillars ſeek, which bright Shells gra
Gold-woven Veſtments, nor *Corinthian* Braſs,
Nor white Wool ſtain'd in the *Aſſyrian* Juyce,
Nor ſimple Oyl corrupt with *Caſſias* uſe:
But reſt ſecure, a fraudleſs Life, in peace,
Variouſly rich, in their large Farms at eaſe.
Tempe's cool Shades, dark Caves, & purling Strea
Lowings of Cattel, under Trees ſoft Dreams;
Nor lack they Woods and Dens where wild Be
haunt,
Youth, in Toil patient, and inur'd to want;
Their Gods and Parents ſacred; Juſtice took
Through thoſe her laſt ſteps when ſhe Earth forſo
Let the ſweet Muſes moſt of me approve,
Whoſe Prieſt I am, ſtruck with Almighty Love,

Annotations on Fab. L.

PAg. 152. l. 13. *Arden.*] A famous Foreſt *France*, where the Lion kept his Court.

A

ANNOTATIONS ON NDROCLEUS.

SEct. I. Pag. 155. l. antepenult. *Pairs of Wedded Palm.*] The Palm-trees are said to be Male and Female, and are observ'd not to flourish, nor to be pregnant, unless they be in presence of each other.

P. 156. l. 10. *New-congested Drifts.*] These Drifts not onely swallow Travellers both Horse and Foot, which become afterwards to be Mummy; but whole Armies have suffer'd in this dry and dusty Deluge.

§. II. P. 158. l. 7. *Not Transmigrated be thy Soul.*] *Pythagoras* not onely holding the Transmigration of the Souls of Living Creatures one into another, but also into Vegetives, and some Inanimates.

Ibid. l. antepenult. *Mas-ca-dits.*] The Topers.

§. III. P. 160. l. 14. *Seldom Colds attack.*] Little or no Cold in *Africa*.

Ibid. l. 28. *A Bi-form'd Race.*] Such as *Minotaurus*, the *Centaurus*, and the rest. *Ovid.*

§. V. P. 165. l. 12. *A Single Hand.*] Dictators,

with absolute Authority, always chosen in a dangero Exigence by the *Roman* Senate, as *Furius Camillus*, &

Ibid. l. 15. *With my Phang-tooth.*] Alluding to o ancient Kings only so Sealing their Leases and Gran

§. VI. P. 167. l. 1. *Or Mutton raw.*] They e raw Flesh, for which cause the *Grecians* call them *Om steres, Omoborci, Omophagoi.*

§. VII. P. 169. l. 14. *Your Stomach queasie.*] T Lions prey upon Apes, but more for Physick than f Nourishment. *Ælianus.*

§. VIII. P. 170. l. 19. *Arm'd with my Lench a Aule.*] *Homer's Odyss. lib.* 11.

Βουλοίμην κ' ἐπάρουρος ἐὼν θητευέμεν ἄλλῳ
Ἀνδρὶ παρ' ἀκλήρῳ, ᾧ μὴ βίοτος πολυς εἴη,
Ἢ πᾶσι νεκύεσσι καταφθιμένοισιν ἀνάσσειν.

Achilles Ghost to *Ulysses* in the *Elysian* Shades:

I rather would a Rustick be, and serve
A Swain for Hire, ready almost to sterve,
And living be 'mongst all Misfortunes hurl'd,
Than dead, an Emperor in this shady World.

Pag. 171, l. 21. *King Amasis.*] *Amasis* King *Ægypt*, Transform'd into a Lion. *Philostratus.*

§. IX. Pag. 174. l. 15. *Alcides had been thrice strong.*

ſtrong.] Alluding to the *Nemæan* Lion's Skin, which *Herculus* us'd more for a Shield, than for a Mantle, or a cloſe fitted Habit.

§. X. Pag. 175. l. 5. *Bunch-backt Camel I had kill'd.*] Camels Fleſh much lov'd by Lions; as in an Expedition of *Darius*, the Lions breaking into his Camp, ſlew neither Men, Horſe, nor Cattel, but fell upon the Camels.

P. 176. l. 20. *Dianira's Shirt.*] A Preſent to *Hercules*, ſteep'd in *Neſſus* Blood, which put on, ſtuck ſo faſt, that it could not be got off without tearing the Fleſh from the Bones.

Ibid. l. 23. *The Mirror.*] Glaſs.

§. XII. P. 180. l. 10. *The ſportive Aſs to hunt.*] Eccleſ. 13. *They hate extremely wild Aſſes, and purſue them as a Prey.*

P. 181. l. 12. *'Gainſt the King of Birds.*] The Bear being in a Tree, under the Eagles Protection.

§. XIII. P. 184. l. 6. *Unlawful Sheets.*] See *Pliny*, for the Adultery of the Lioneſſes with the Panther and Leopard.

Ibid. l. 11. *At her Mothers to Lie-in.*] They alſo endeavor to hide their Surreptitious Iſſue in the Adulterers Dens. *Apollonius.*

P. 185. l. 10. *My ſelf then Diſciplin'd.*] All know how the Lion ſtirs up his Anger, by bearing himſelf with his Tail.

§. XIV.

§. XIV. P. 187. l. antepenult. *A ſingle Fid.*] As in *Homer*'s *Odyſſes*, *lib.* 8. they imitated the more eſpecial Scapes of *Mars* and *Venus*.

§. XV. Pag. 189. l. 7. *Learned Apollonius.*] *Apollonius* famous amongſt ancient Authors, for the Interpreting the ſeveral Languages of Birds and Beaſts.

P. 190. l. 1. *Saye.*] A City in *Ægypt*, in which King *Amaſis* reign'd.

§. XVI. P. 191. l. 14. *The honor'd Bay.*] The Bay-tree ſuppos'd by the Ancients to be the nobleſt of all Plants.

P. 192. l. 7. *They truly honor'd her.*] See *Cœlius*. Not only the *Ægyptians*, but the *Arabians*, held *Cats* in great Veneration and Worſhip, mourning ſolemnly at their Funerals.

§. XVII. Pag. 194. l. ult. *Lawrell'd Cæſars.*] The Stamp or Impreſſion of their then going Gold: S. *Luk.* 20. *Whoſe Image or Inſcription is this?* viz. *Cæſar's*.

P. 196. l. 4. *Unto a Fencing-Maſter ſold.*] A Maſter of the *Gladiators*: A frequent Cuſtom at *Rome*, among the Hectors and Deboſhes, to ſell themſelve to practice their Art, and venture their Lives in the *Amphitheater*.

§. XIX. P. 199. l. 6. *The Ceſt.*] A *Roman* Exerciſe.

§. XX

§. XX. P. 201. l. 8. *Women inconſtant.*]

Varium & mutabile ſemper Fœmina. Virg. l. 4.

P. 202. l. 7. *Not Marina.*] A uſual Cuſtom in the Primitive Times to alter or contract their *Chriſtian* Names, not to be much differing from their former.

Ibid. l. 14. *Petitions pin.*] A Cuſtom among the *Heathens*, to ſtick their Petitions upon their Idols.

§. XXII. *New-found Silk.*] Then but lately found in the time of the *Cæſars*, and rarely us'd.

Ibid. l. 21. *A Triclinium.*] *Triclinia*, about which in three Seats nine Perſons ſate, beyond which number they ſeldom treated, according to the Juncto of the Muſes; nor ſeldom fewer than three, the number of the Graces.

P. 207. l. 10. *Gems Stars out-vy'd.*]

Hic petit excidiis verbem, miſeroſque Penates,
Ut gemmâ bibat, & ſerrano Dormiat oſtro. Georg. l. 2.

§. XXV. P. 214. l. 9. *No more Gorgons.*] *Meduſa's* Head, her Hairs feign'd to be Serpents, the terrible Aſpect turning all that beheld it into Stone.

§. XXVI. P. 215. l. 8. *That Syren.*] See *Homer's Odyſſes, l.b.* 12.

Firſt thou the *Syrens* ſhalt diſcover, which
All Comers with inticing Tunes bewitch.

Who

Who their ſweet Voyces hear, remind no more
Their Wives, their Children, nor their native ſhore
In Meadows chanting, they 'mong dead Mens Bone
Crown rotten Skins, and heap up Skeletons:
But when thou faileſt by them, look that there
Thy Followers Ears thou ſtop, that none may hear
With yielding Wax: But if thou haſt a mind
To hear inchanting Ditties, let them bind
Thee Hand and Foot, and with ſtrong Cordage fa
About thy Middle, tie unto the Maſt;
So thou maiſt hear the *Syrens* melting Strains:
But if thou ſhouldſt command them looſe thy chains
And ſet thee free, then bid them harder tie.
But when theſe dire Inchanters are ſail'd by,
Then thee I ſhall not punctually inſtruct,
In th' other Courſe thou maiſt thy ſelf conduct,
By little Hints, how thou maiſt find the way.

§. XXVIII. P. 219. l. ult. *A Heuricane.*] Blowing at all the Two and thirty Points of the Compaſs.

P. 220. l. 4. *Pil'd up Pyramids.*] It is obſerv'd that the furious *Heuricanes* upon the Weſtern Coaſt, being a Whirlwind, rolls not the Seas in long Billows, but heaps them up in ſpiry Pyramids.

ANNO

ANNOTATIONS ON *The* Ephesian *Matron.*

THe first Author of this Story was the most witty Petronius, *in his* Satyricon; *and from him many others have made use of it: amongst whom,* Johannes Saisburiensis, Polycrat. lib. 8. *cites one* Flavianus, *who affirms it really hapned at* Ephesus, *and that the Woman suffer'd the deserved Punishment of her Impiety and Adultery.*

§. I. P. 229. l. 1. *At Ephesus.*] *Ephesus* is by *Pliny* call'd one of the Eyes of *Asia*, taking *Miletus* for the other, likely, those two being by *Strabo* reputed the best and noblest Cities of *Asia*, and *Ephesus* the chiefest Place of Trade.

Ibid. l. 2. *Diana's Temple crown'd.*] The Temple of *Diana*, saith *Solinus*, was built by the *Amazons*, so magnificently, that *Xerxes* burning all the other Temples of *Asia*, spar'd this; and by *Pliny* 'tis esteem'd the true Wonder of Magnificence.

Ibid. l. 4. *In that Worlds Wonder.*] Commonly reckon'd as one of the Seven Wonders of the World; the other six were, The Walls of *Babylon*, The Statue of

of *Jupiter Olympius*, The Pyramids of *Ægypt*, The *Colossus* of the Sun at *Rhodes*, The Sepulchre of *Mausolus*, and The Palace of *Cyrus*, the Stones of which were cemented together with Gold; or, as more usually, The *Pharos* at *Alexandria.*

P. 230. l. 1. *Diana's Name.*] See the latter part of the nineteenth Chapter of the *Acts of the Apostles*, where, besides other Instances of the Greatness of her Name there, 'tis said, *ver.* 34. That there was a cry of the whole Multitude, as of one Voyce, for two Hours, *Great is Diana of the Ephesians.*

§. II. P. 232. l. 18. *Th' Embalmed Corps.*] That the *Greeks*, contrary to the Custom of the *Romans*, preserv'd their dead Bodies, is warranted by *Petronius*, in this Story of the *Ephesian* Lady, and maintain'd by some Modern Authors.

P. 233. l. 1. *Then Arch'd a gloomy Vault.*] The many eminent Sepulchres of this fashion yet extant, would sufficiently evince, if Authors were silent, that they were in use.

Ibid. l. 3. *And o're a Lodge.*] That this was a Custom, we have an Inscription to prove: *M. AURELIUS ROMANUS & Antistia chresima uxor ejus fecerunt sibi Libertis suis posterisque eorum Monumentum cum Ædificio super posito, &c.*

Ibid. l. 5. *There to attend.*] See the Story of *Telephron*, in *Apuleius*'s *Golden Asse*; whereby it is intimated, that dead Bodies were watch'd, to preserve them from Attempts of Witches.

§. IV.

§. IV. P. 237. l. 12. *Steal the Corps.*] The *Romans*, for Example sake, denied Burial to notorious Malefactors, and therefore set Guards to watch their Dead Bodies: Yet *Augustus* writes in his Life, That he never refus'd them to their Kindred or Friends; whence perhaps *Joseph of Arimathea* obtain'd the Body of *Christ*.

§. VII. P. 244. l. 5. *In Thrace.*] The greatest, most Northerly, and least fruitful part of *Greece*, inhabited by a hardy Prince, a Warlike and Populous Nation.

§. IX. P. 249. l. 9. *Diana's Temple burns.*] *Herostratus*, not long after *Xerxes* had spared it, at the same time that *Alexander the Great* was born at *Pella*, set fire to it with his own Hand, as himself confest, onely to get a Name, and perpetuate his Memory; which he fail'd not of, though *Aulus Gellius* reports, that by a General Assembly of all *Asia* it was decreed his Name should never be mention'd.

Ibid. l. 10. *The Wooden Goddess.*] *Pliny*, *lib.* 16. c. 40. saith, 'Twas doubted what the Statue of *Diana* at *Ephesus* was made of, some affirming it was made of Ebony; but *Mutianus*, thrice Consul, who had latest seen it, writes it was of a Vine-stock, and was never chang'd, though the Temple had been seven times Repair'd.

Ibid. l. 13. *A Conqueror bringing forth.*] *Cicero* commends

commends *Timeus*'s Wit, for that ſpeaking of *Alexander*'s being born the ſame Night that *Diana*'s Temple was burnt, he ſaid, 'twas no wonder, ſhe being from home at the bringing *Olympia* his Mother to Bed, Midwifery being one, among others, of her Employments.

Ibid. l. 16. *To Paphos rode.*] *Paphos* did ſo particularly belong to *Venus*, that it was counted her Home as by that of *Virgil*, *Æneid.* 1.

Ipſa Paphon *ſublimis adit, ſedeſque recepit*
Læta ſuas.———

The pleaſing Goddeſs back to *Paphos* flew,
Her own dear Seats.———

and (as *Tacitus Hiſt. lib.* 2.) was the place where ſhe firſt came on Shore from the Sea, from whence ſhe ſprung.

Ibid. l. 20. *Transformation of Acteon.*] *Ovid. Met. lib.* 3.

§. XVII. P. 267. l. 19. *Cynthia's Power.*] *Cynthus* is a Mountain in the Iſland *Delos*, where *Latona* was deliver'd of *Apollo* and *Diana*, whence he is often call'd *Cynthius*, and ſhe *Cynthia*.

Ibid. l. 20. *Cytherea's Faction.*] *Cythera* is an Iſland lying between *Peloponneſus* and *Creta*, where *Venus* (as is by moſt deliver'd, contrary to *Tacitus*) firſt arriv'd from Sea in a Shell, and thence call'd *Cytherea*.

FINIS.

ÆSOP'S FABLES.

The Second Part.

FAB. I.

Of Juno and the Peacock.

THUS on his Patroness her Bird did call,
O thou that Empress art of Heaven *Whitehall*,
Whom all the Gods in their Star-Chamber sate
urt and Consult, like *Jove*, or sullen Fate;

Whom I so oft in Dangers hurry'd by
Orion the grand *Hector* of the Sky,
The mighty *Dragon*, *Great* and *Lesser Bears*,
And all the Monsters in their several Spheres;
Hear my Request, lest wanting your Relief,
I suffocate with overcharging Grief.
Then *Juno* said, you my old Servant are,
And long your Business well perform'd with Care;
What e're you ask, assure your self of me,
If feasible, if in my Power it be,
If yet not granted by my Husband *Jove*,
Nor any other Deity above:
I owe you for your Service in that Night
When all Heavens Houses set not out one Light,
The Sky in Black to the Horizon hung,
When in a Jealous Fit mad forth I flung,:
Hadst thou not heard his Waves my Brother rate,
Realms in Commotion forming to a State,
We in the Hurly-burly had been dipt,
And o're our Stern rebellious Surges shipt;
When with a *Canceleer* thou drew'st to Land,
Where his fine Mistress felt my heavy Hand:
No more durst she me in my Bed supplant,
Nor *Jove*, though arm'd with Thunder, her Gallant
Her in good humor finding, the glad Bird
Thus his Petition to Heaven's Queen preferr'd:
Now many Years have circling Periods fill'd,
Since that the summon'd Gods a Council held,
When *Jove* and you were Crown'd in Starrie Robes
O're the Cœlestial and Terrestrial Globes,

d *Saturn* fal'n, Cov'nanting Gyants slain,
vernment chang'd, began your Silver Raign:
en, Madam, I, commanded forth by you,
rough Milky Paths your Golden Chariot drew,
w Conquests visiting from Sphere to Sphere,
his your Livery, which now I wear,
t'd with all Colours deck both Earth and Skies,
broider'd with an hundred *Argus* Eyes;
t I would prouder be of courset Rags,
an be the scorn of *Linets*, *Stares*, and *Mags*;
ill-set Musick *Wrens* and *Robbins* mock,
y, *Buzzards* make my Notes their Laughing-stock.
grant me *Philomels* inchanting Voice,
at I may You, and Gods, and Men rejoyce.
Then angry *Juno*, This no farther move,
uliar Gifts long since were past by *Jove*,
quisits, Fees, and their Emoluments,
d ratified with all the Gods consents:
beg what is anothers Patent wave;
ey to the Eagle Strength, thee Beauty gave,
e Raven Fate, the Crow Ill-luck to tell,
ief *Chorister* conferr'd on *Philomel*:
ke heed lest I transform you to a Coot,
d sute your Livery to your Note and Foot.

MORAL.

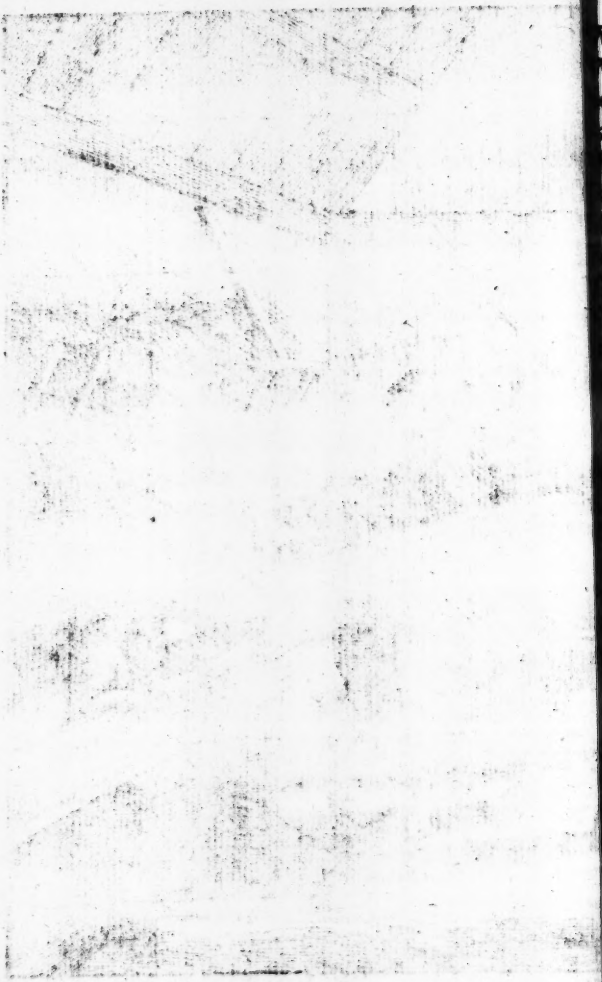
ome all Enjoyments slight; what they have not,
ugh mean the Augmentation, must be got:
hose that in Felicity may dwell,
ueſt of Trifles make their Heaven a Hell.

FAB. II.

Of the Ox and Dog in the Manger.

TO day this *Ox* gave more than ample Proofs
Of patient Labor by his gravell'd Hoofs,
His Back and Sides pink'd o're with nettling Goad
Turning hard Gleab in Ridges wide as Roads;
Who, late, and tyr'd, unyoak'd went to his Stall,
Not doubting there he should to Supper fall,
Seeing full Mangers, and his well-known Place,
When up a Fury started in his Face,
Jaws dropping Foam, his fierce Eyes darting Flam
A cursed Cur, *Cromwell* his loathed Name;
Dutch Cromwell a vile *Saoterkin* his Sire,
The Off-spring of a Stove and smothering Fire;
Whom, e're the Nurse or Midwife could attach
To stifle, pregnant made his Mothers Brach:
She in her Pangs had all the *Ufroes* help,
When her whole Litter prov'd this single *Whelp*,
Who snarling kept the *Ox* thus at a bay,
Not suff'ring him to touch one Lock of Hay.

Then said the troubled *Ox*, Pray Sir forbear,
I know you stand for no *Protector* here;



Why then thus drive you me from Gates prepar'd?
Who toil, from Victuals should not be debarr'd.
Soon as the Dawn vermil'd her paler Brow,
And my Yoak-mate Harness'd were at Plow,
Where Clods and Stones we up in Furrows tore,
Fallow had lain at least nine Years before:
My Brother, quite wrought out, harrass'd, and tyr'd,
Fainting, dropt down, and suddenly expir'd:
They swore he fain'd, I sigh'd to see him fall,
Yet Rest expected at his Funeral:
But then our cruel Goader put me to
A double Task, the Work that both should do.

I know you at your Master's Elbow wait,
And seldom shift, I'me sure, an empty Plate;
Now, in the Hall, Kitchen, and Larder, you,
Besides your Vails, take more than what's your Due;
Low in the Beggars Dole you go a snip,
And I have seen you miching after Sheep.
Why drive you me then from my well-known Crib,
And from what you disdain to touch, thus snib?

Who growling, thus reply'd; *Erre, erre*, I hate
Wretches maintain themselves by Toil and Sweat:
My Mother told me once, to her reproach,
When help she drew a little *Todpoles* Coach;
No Idlers suffer'd in *United Bogs*,
Where they turn Spits, draw Water, Plow with *Dogs*:
Those who are born to beat their Brains and Toil,
Their Fortunes despicable are, and vile.

Whilst the poor *Ox* stood chewing a Reply,
Their Master, well observing them, drew nigh,
And with a Cudgel spiteful *Cromwell* bang'd,
And after, for like Misdemeanors, hang'd.

MORAL.

Who others drive from that themselves not use,
Those Dogs in Doublets, worse than Turks *or* Jews,
Such cross-grain'd Curs, may they in want implore,
Finding no Pity, Bread from Door to Door.

FA

Lab. 3.

FAB. III.

Of the Leopard, the Fox, and the Ass.

SOon as the Sun, Days glorious Lamp, arose,
Nights glittering Guards retir'd to their Repose,
The new-made Master of the Royal Game,
Lord *Leopard*, to a Crystal Fountain came,
Where he the *Fox* and *Ass* at Watering met,
Not of his new Employment hearing yet;
To whom he said, Conges forbear and Caps,
I hate all Complements and Formal Fops;
You are my Tenants, at this living Spring
Let's Tope a while; A Health, here's to the King,
Who last Night graciously my Warrant sign'd:
You know my Place, but I'll to you be kind,
Your former Walks shall all confirmed be,
Onely my Secretary pay his Fee:
And since the Morning smiles, no sign of change,
Let's take the Air, and through the Forest range,
And if by chance on a Fat Buck we fall,
We'll share alike, and be Hail-fellows all.
They take his Word, at the first Motion joyn'd,
As if Indentures Tripartite were sign'd;
And singling out a well-fed Deer they slew,
Expecting, as agreed upon, their Due.

Then ſpake the *Leopard* in a rougher ſtyle,
You *Aſs*, come hither and divide the Spoil;
Reynard's a cunning Snap; you may be Juſt:
But ah! in this bad World whom ſhall we truſt?
When Beaſts call'd Saints, that only have a Form
Of Godlineſs, rage with a Greedy-worm.
The *Aſs* Commiſſion'd thus, as ſoon as ſaid,
The *Quarrie* out in three Diviſions laid,
His Honor then beſeeching firſt to chuſe.
A while he pondering ſtood, as in a muſe;
Volleys of Oaths at laſt a Paſſage found,
That made Earth tremble, and the Groves reſound:
Thus cloſing all; Now by the *Lion*'s Head,
Thou wert in ſome malignant City bred,
Thus learn'ſt thou there to weigh out, ſlice, and mince
Thus meaſur'd they Rebellion 'gainſt their Prince,
Dividing in the late unnatural Stirs
The *Lion*'s Ermin, and his *Nobles* Furs;
Skinners on Stalls, took in their cruel Toils,
Hung *Panthers* Veſts, and *Leopards* gaudy Spoils.
Thus raving, at the Innocent he flies;
Soon guiltleſs Blood the ſalvage Monſter dyes.
Then turning to the *Fox*, bids him divide:
At his Friends Fortune ſtrangely terrifi'd,
Soon as the Shares he up in one could get,
Himſelf and them caſts humbly at his Feet:
Who ſmiling ſaid, The Court you underſtand,
And Great Ones Power well as Law-Caſes ſcan'd:
How could you hit, at what he ſhot ſo wide?
I took my aim from him, the *Fox* reply'd;

Here lies the Preſident ſhall bear your Cauſe,
And fetch you off with Honor and Applauſe
In any Court, prove this a mild Rebuke,
And how the ſawcie Beaſt himſelf miſtook.
Then ſaid the *Leopard*, You to purpoſe ſpeak,
Lay the whole Burthen on the *Aſſes* Back;
Then ſhall the Country, and the City too,
Bring thee more Work than all the Inns can do:
For ſuch a Lawyer, active, wiſe, and ſtout,
That labors well, can bring what's what about,
Blanch Crows, turn Cat in Pan a thouſand ways,
Who will not ſuch to Wealth and Honor raiſe?
But he whoe're to this Fat *Buck* pretends,
Had better, *Dam Me*, eat his Trotters ends.

MORAL.

'Tis dangerous to deal with Hect'ring Lords,
That ſeldom pay but ſuch as cary Swords;
Bonds, Bills, not ſignifie when ſure's the Debt,
If due at l'Hombre, *or a Game at* Beat.

FAB.

FAB. IV.

Of the Fox and the Porcupine.

SIr *Reynard's* Pregnant Madam now grown big,
Long'd to eat Swines Fleſh, Bacon, Pork, or Pig
T' inſpect the Haſlet and the bleeding Heart,
Elſe with her quickning *Embryo* ſhe muſt part.
Thus haſtned forth, to ſtore with freſh Supplies
His fainting Wife, a *Porcupine* he ſpies;
Then joyful, ſaid, What need I farther prog?
Yon *Urchin*, that ſmall Parcel of a *Hog*
Will eaſe her Fit: But how ſhall I take in
This Armorers Hall, this thwack'd up Magazin?
To Storm a Fort ſo Fortifi'd, decline;
When *Reynard* thus began to undermine.

Oft have I ſeen you, Sir, and wondred long,
How like an Army Forty thouſand ſtrong
You brandiſh't Pikes, Shafts ready drawn to ſhoot,
Would dim the Sun, and rout both Horſe and Foot;
Such moving Towers, that ſo could Jav'lins ſpend,
The *Lion*'s Army might entrench'd defend.

Had th' *Okeland* Fleet in every Veſſel two
Such Engins, Quivers could unload like you,
Uſeleſs were bouncing Broad-ſides, without noiſe
Decks would be clear'd of big-bon'd *Belgick* Boys.

But why where Quiet reigns, in such a Heat
Walk you the sultry Streets in Arms compleat?
Sweat with a Load would break a Camels Back?
When your grand *Cutters*, and your greatest *Heck*,
On each Punctilio fight as they would Play,
And lightly Arm'd with Whittles, Kill and Slay.
Divided Parties after a thrown Glass,
About a Straw, a Feather, or a Lass,
Fiercely engage, and, warm with *Gallick* Bouls,
Tap with Steel Spigots one anothers Souls.
Oft as by Night Glass Windows go to wrack,
When they the Watch and Constable attack,
Though Fractures happen, and Brains beaten out,
Th' are not so often Routed, as they Rout.
But the *French Ape* the *Urchin Turk* o're-thre
Each loaden with a Magazeen like you;
Your *Jeffreys* mounted with short Swords and Dags,
Clear'd the Campagne of Silver-crescent Flags:
Wear, Sir, a Vest, like Persons of your Note,
A golden Bauldrick over-thwart your Coat,
Which from Affronts you better shall secure:
This Load once laid aside, you'll ne're endure.
VVhen thus the surly *Porcupine* replies;
I smell a *Fox*; stand farther I advise!
No nearer draw! You like a Bailiff look,
And I stand charg'd upon the Taylor's Book.
I that have made of Alleys and By-ways,
Maps of this City, and no mean Essays
Of Places Privileg'd; each Nook and Lane,
A VVar Defensive better to maintain,

Hardly

Hardly will now into Arrest be gull'd,
By Dogs in Doublets to the Counter pull'd:
A Red-beard Sergeant, Pewter-button'd too!
More cruel are than Devil, Turk, or Jew.

MORAL.

Those subtlest are, best know how to Trepan
Into Belief the Aprehensive Man:
Tho oft their Labors but small Audits make,
Betrayed by some Surly Fool, or gross Mistake.

FAB. V.

Of the Swan and the Stork.

THat Formal Fowl, that Grand *Canary-Bird*,
Who first in our so late Rebellion stirr'd,
Prime Leader of the Hypocritick Crew,
Who Swearing hate, as much as telling True;
Th' Antimonarchical Republick *Stork*,
Steps forth be-moded, now your only Spark;
His Steeple-Hat reduc'd, and treacherous Ruff,
To a Low-Crown, short Sword, Vest, Coat, and Muff;
Struck into fresh Imployment, new his Place,
Chang'd, with his Habit, Character, and Face;
Who after Scepter-rifling, Wealthy grown,
His Nest well Feather'd, Pluming of the Crown;
The long-bill'd Bird his old Note changing, sings,
I am the King's Canary-Bird! the King's!
Who stalking through the *Strand*, thus to a *Swan*
Meeting by chance, facetiously began.

O my kind Foe, my old Antagonist,
We shall no more enter the Wrangling List,
And there in hot Disputes, and testie Jars,
Fight Tooth and Nail, the *Stork's* and *Eagle's* Wars.
In those Counter-scuffles play'd the Wag,
Dang'rous to whisper then, what now I brag;

I sent the King good store of Plate and Coin,
From Friends collected, and no small part Mine;
And now in Trust am with my Gracious Prince:
But what Preferment, Friend, may yours be since?
Your Loyal Pen not only merits Praise,
But some Preferment; well as Wind and Bays.
Who thus reply'd, I'm glad you look so brisk;
No danger running now the Royal Risk:
Your Garb and Weeds are alter'd much! How big
Your *Storkship* looks, Owl'd in a Periwig!
But wearing Time makes Alterations strange,
And to Extremes Fashions and Humors change.
What Crimes were Love-locks and Long Hair o
When who-e're came before a Magistrate, (late
Proud of exuberant Curles, his Cause, what-e're,
Till those he had reform'd, they would not hear.
That Frenzie o're, these Persecutors were
Themselves not onely for a Cap of Hair,
But ranker Harvests reapt from Damsels Heads,
Curl'd Tresses flowing to their Girdle-steads:
And some believe, E're long, who looks not big
Before the Peruqu'd Bench, Wig facing Wig,
Shall run th' old Ruffians Risk, his Knights o' th' Post
And good Cause larded well with Bribes, be lost.
But as for me, and *Swan's* Affairs, the *Thames*
Few *Signets* breeds, low run his famous Streams;
Banks once resounding Notes more sweet and higher
Than *Rome* e're boasted, or the *Grecian* Quire,
Ring with Rhyme-dogrel, *Travesties* so loose,
They would not serve a Ballad-gagling *Goose*.

No

No Heats of Love, no Points of Honor rage,
But ſoft alternate Whinings cool the Stage;
Deboſh'd Nocturnals belch'd by toping Owls,
Decoy in Flocks both Court and City Fowls,
Where Hect'ring *Caſtrils* 'mongſt young *Merlins* ſit,
Admiring Non-ſenſe, little, or no Wit.
And you, Sir *Stork*, that hated once a Play,
As Fiends, and Birds of Night to ſee the Day,
Grin at chang'd Scenes, and edifying *Jokes*,
Mongſt Knighted *Daws*, and Parlimental Flocks.
Then ſaid the *Stork*, Birds of my Coat and Feather,
Like Steeple-cocks, turn round with wind and weather;
And I that late at *Directories* ſate,
Hearing demurely tedious Pulpit-prate,
Am pleas'd with Wit, and Sanctifie as well
When pretty Ducklings Dance like *Mis* or *Nell*.
I care not, ſo my ſelf not tumble down,
Who gets the Beſt, the Copper or the Crown:
All Winds ſerve us, we Tack to every Port;
Committee-Birds *Canary* now at Court.
Kings Chambers open lie; the *Eagle* Knights
Daws, *Rooks*, and *Owls*, 'mongſt gentle *Falcons*, *Kites*.

MORAL.

Princes ſhould caſt a ſerene Look on all;
But if Preferments on the wrong ſide fall,
Thoſe who preſent them, leſſer they ſhould truſt:
Kings ne're, but Favorites may be unjuſt.

FAB.

FAB. VI.

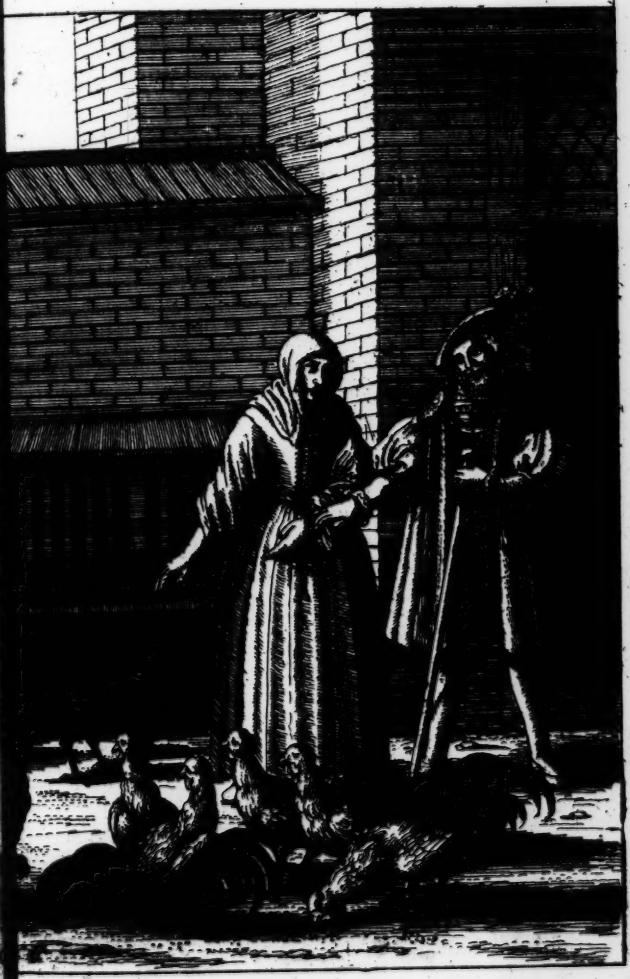
Of the Cramm'd Capons and the Lean one.

COck-chickens, *Mars* his Brood, Birds of the Gar
By Decastration freed from *Venus* Flame,
And Duel-heats; no more these little *Hecks*
Spurs yet but burgeon'd use, or tender Beaks,
Disputing senseless Jars on slender scores,
For Crums, a Barley-Corn, or vain Amours:
But penn'd up, live an Abby-Lubber's Life,
Where to be Fattest was their onely strife:
With Rice and Reasons cramm'd in several Pastes,
Large *Capons* strut with *Hogen Mogen* Wastes;
Whose Leg *Pierce Plowman* would a Meal afford,
Like *Brussels* Breed, or a *Geneva* Bird!

Yet one of these, *Jean de Capoon*, who made
Them all the sport, grew pensative and sad;
Feasts feed not him, he dwindling pines away,
Fearing that Scores would be, and Sawce to pay;
This took all Relish from his Cates and Jokes:
When *Jack-a-Lent*, mop't like a *John-a-Nokes*,
The Corpulent Fraternity thus charg'd:

What ail'st thou, that with us still over-gorg'd,
Liv'st at full Pleasure in a plenteous Coop,
Yet like the Picture dost of Famin droop?

Sin



ce cur'd of Love, which keeps poor Mortals low,
ny look'ſt thou like a *Rook*, or Carrion *Crow?*
y Mirth, that fed us more than all our Feaſts,
nabuſive, and ſuch ſavorie Jeſts,
clincht Dry-bobs, nor borrow'd *Good Wits jump*,
s ſilenc'd in a Melancholy dump.
Who now grown ſerious, gravely thus reply'd;
e Steward Audits will for us provide:
muſt be backwards read, if underſtood;
Treatments ſignifie your Fleſh and Blood:
on our Bodies and Eſtates will fall,
d bring us under *Præmunire* all.
in he peeps, and counts us with his Staff;
u may, but I ſmall reaſon ſee to laugh:
his ſow'r Looks I read ſome dire Deſign,
hich makes poor *John* to languiſh thus, and pine.
Juſt as he ſpake, the *Major Domo* comes,
one breath thus pronouncing all their Dooms.
Grannie, theſe *Capons* muſt one Charger fill;
at Raſcal ſpare, but all the fat ones kill.
My Lord to morrow a Grand *Monſieur* Treats,
at Diſh'd like *Larks*, on *Chapoones Boulie* eats:
t we muſt have an *Oleo*, and a *Biſk*,
r Fin-fan *Madam*, and faſtideous *Brisk*,
tages, Grounds for Sawce, will coſt my Lord
hat a whole Month would keep a Country Board:
ick-peepers muſt be had, all ſorts of Squabs,
r our Dames Gallants, and his Lady-Drabs;
ey for ſweet Change upon each other wink:
hilſt Rents comes ſlowly in, thus flies the Chink.

This ſaid, he *Exits*, huffing with a Curſe,
Whilſt to make ready hobbles *Granny Nurſe*.
Poor *Capon John*, though for his Brethren ſad,
This ſhort Survey of both their Fortunes made.

MORAL.

A Short Life, and a Merry, many cry,
Yet curſe Rich Wine and Surfeits e're they die.
Others Long Poverty ſpin out till Age,
Their Lives whole Buſineſs ſcarce worth one Potage.

FAB. VII.

Of the Fox and Bush.

Wains forth, and Masters, Lords and Tenants, drawn,
x-hall beleaguer'd e're the purpling Dawn;
solv'd for Injuries both to Man and Beast,
emselves with Sport and sweet Revenge to Feast.

Reynard Alarum'd, feeling shady Roofs
ken with Clamors, Dogs, and thundring Hoofs,
th mazing Terror struck, Life at the stake,
use could of his Quirks and Quidits make;
that his Country-Neighbors kept in awe,
th *Fox-fur* only, and the Name of *Law*;
Court too, so much Power and Interest gain'd,
t some said *Reynard*, not the *Lion* Reign'd;
o hanging on the King by either Ear,
le *Isgrim* wait, *Bruin* his Dancing Bear,
ending when his Leisure would vouchsafe
y, or their Clients might admittance have:
o now from beat-up Quarters takes his flight,
a Course shews them twenty Miles out-right.

To him much tir'd, his Spirits almoſt ſpent,
A ſheltring *Buſh* her ſelf ſeems to preſent;
Thorn-Caſtle, in for ſafety he retires,
Forcing his Paſſage through a ſtand of Briers,
With ſome ſmall buſſle, and a little ſcratch,
Maſtering a ſurlie and aſſiduous Watch:
Who when Purſuers he no more could hear,
His Wits recovering, ſtupified with Fear,
Thus threatned he the Captain of the Fort;

Of your Behaviour I'll inform the Court.
How dare you keep a Privy-Couns'lor out,
When open lies to Robbers your Redoubt?
Town-*Bulls* and *Goats* by you unqueſtion'd, Sin,
And make this Brothel-houſe their conſtant Inn;
To thoſe ſhun Juſtice, or the King's Impreſs,
You grant Protection in this dark Receſs:
But Loyal Subjects, when purſu'd by Foes,
Thus to their cruel Mercy you expoſe.

To whom the Captain of the Caſtle ſpake,
You are Sir *Reynard*, if I not miſtake;
Such Counſellors the *Lion* may have ſtore:
To take the Scepter, you adviſ'd the *Boar*,
His Brawny Shields with Ermine to infold,
And Swiniſh Temples Crown with Sacred Gold;
That Writs and Pleas might run as erſt they were,
No matter who contaminates the Chair!
What *Dog*, what curſed Cur, or Hell-hound Raig
So Lawyers Props and Timber-work remain'd.

corn your Threats; and though my Spear fell ſhort,
wiſh thee all theſe Javelins in thy Heart.

MORAL.

The Proud and Rich, Death knocking at their Gates,
for a Horſe will offer their Eſtates:
Fear once o're, they to themſelves return,
uming ſoon their former Pride and Scorn.

FAB. VIII.

Of the Fox and the Crow.

THis *Crow* a dainty piece of Cheese had nimm'
Most Authors say, all of New-milk unskimm
But of what kind, or sort, scarce one agrees,
Whether our Home-made, or else Forein Cheese:
Yet both Sides hearken to a Reverend *Bard*,
Who *Cambrian* stiles the Theft, so rank and hard,
Since it not melted in her Watry Mouth,
'Mongst humid Vapors, and the Wind at South;
And Smell, which through the ambient Air conve
To *Reynard*'s Nostrils, so quick Passage made;
Whose Nose at random mounted, thence he hies
And running, plots how to obtain the Prize:
Nor long he for the *Crow* nor Morsel search'd,
But found her on a Branching *Alder* pearch'd.

To whom he said, O thou most Heavenly Fair
Whose Plumes like *Peacocks* Trains, or Rainbows
Th' Embroider'd Lights and Shadows of thy Wi
Richer than Coronation Suits of Kings!
I thought you Black, when in a Mourning Gown
And Vizard-mask you lately came to Town:

But now that Shade and envious Curtain drawn,
So *Venus* glitters ushering in the Dawn.

Ah could you sing! To these add Heavenly Notes,
Should procure you both the Houses Votes
To be the King's *White Crow*; He keeps fine Birds,
That please him with new Songs, and well-set Words,
When he from burthening Care himself unloads:
Musick and Beauty conquer Men and Gods.

But, *Madam*, if at no such Heights you aim
At first to soar, yet covetous of Fame,
You, I'll my self, and all my Friends engage,
To make the Prop and Glory of the Stage,
Where in the Comick and the Tragick Scene,
You Women shall undo, as well as Men:
Those Days you Act, what Worlds will there resort,
Both from the Country, City, and the Court?

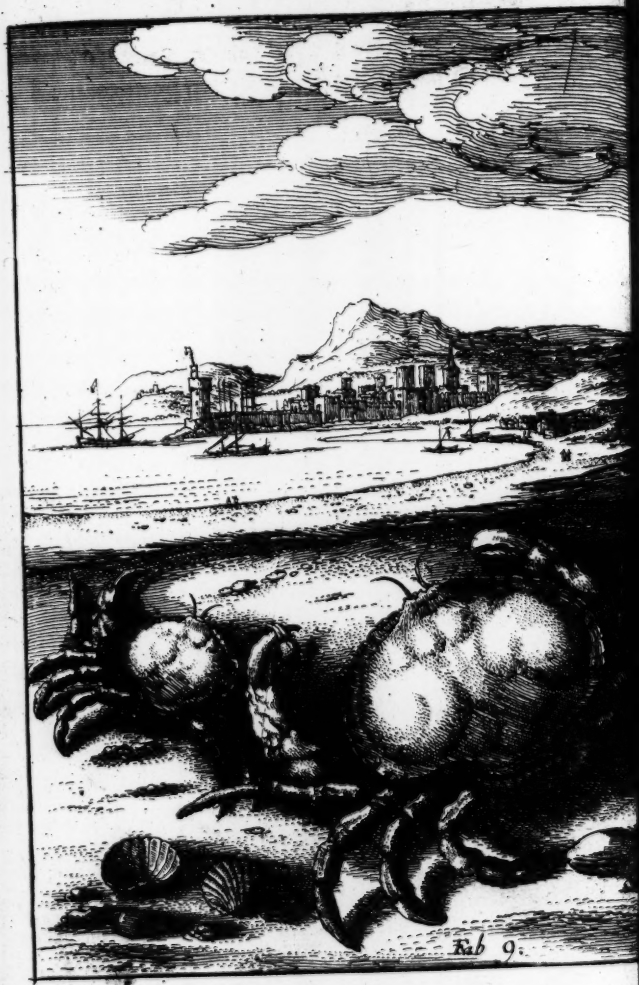
The fond Bird at the Court and Stages Name,
Streight dreamt her self a Beauty of the Game,
The Glory of the Scene, the King's *White Bird*;
Why may not She be married to a Lord?

Thus wandring in her own Fools Paradise,
Offering to Sing, down drops the savorie Slice,
Which *Reynard* seiz'd, streight swallowing as his own;
Then said, Foul Witch, in that *French* Russet Gown,
Thought'st thou thy self the *Phœnix*? Ugly Toad!
More like *Old Nick*'s Niece in that mouldy Hood.

This said, he fleering, leaves her full of woe;
Remembring then her self a Carrion *Crow*.

MORAL.

Flattery wide Doors to Climbing Spirits opes,
Beneath their Scorn then seem all former Hopes:
Dreaming, to Great Preferments they aspire;
Awak'd, with Dun, *th' are Stabled in the Mire.*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FAB. IX.

Of the Crab and her Mother.

HAd ever *Hielding Crabat* ſuch a *Miene?*
Still hobling ſide-ward, thy foul Claws turn'd (in!
Baſe *Maggots* in a Magnifying Glaſs,
Mongſt *Chedar* Common-wealths, more comely Pace,
Conducting buſie *Mites* from Grange to Grange,
Forts raiſing, or to build their New Exchange.
How wouldſt thou of Step-ſtately Ladies learn
To raiſe a Duſt, trailing thy Silken Stern,
Couldſt thou but get into the City-Vain,
To trip up *Maiden*, or down *Mincing-Lane*!
I might be pleas'd with ſuch a decent Sight,
Though Modeſty be out of faſhion quite.
Thus Beldam *Crab* her *Crablin* Daughter chid,
Becauſe ſhe hirpl'd as her Mother did.

When thus her ill-pac'd Little-one reply'd;
Still you lie Baiting, always Braul and Chide:
Examples are beſt Precepts; Talk's but Talk:
Leave finding fault, and ſhew me how to Walk.

The Mother then, Daughter, y'are very ſhort;
Though Blows more fit than Words are to retort,

I'll

I'll take Advice: Come, bridle close your Chin,
Thrust out your Breast, and keep your Belly in.

When I was Young, and Little, as thou art,
I led a *Bevie* fir'd by *Cupid's* Dart,
From Mountain-seats, to pay accustom'd Scores
In *Thetis* Watry Court to brisk Amours;
With steady and Majestick Pace we walk'd,
Nor Precipices, Rocks, nor Rivers balk'd,
Ne're deviating Step, till in the Main
Brisk Males attending us did entertain.

Come, follow me; I once did learn to Dance,
Walk'd stately Measures that ne're came from *France*:
The *Fairy* Court admir'd me, and Queen *Mab*
Grew Jealous, though grown now a wither'd *Crab*:
So! to the Right, nor to the Left-hand swerve,
But me your Mother punctually observe.

Th' old Beldam thus, Hip-shotten and Bunch-back'd,
Deny'd by Nature Amble, Trot, or Rack,
Her Daughter taught; to whom at last she said,
You tread awry, and I move Retrograde;
My Steps like yours, as Coin drops from the Mint,
With like Impressions yielding Sand imprint:
But if my Observations be true,
Court-Madams waddle now like me or you;
Who should Exemplars be, give others Rules,
Waving Formalities of Boarding-Schools,
Taking proud Freedom, scorn restraintive Law,
Like Ships in Storms at Anchor rowl and Yaw.

No more 'gainſt me and my Behavior Preach;
Firſt Learn your ſelf, and then your Daughter teach.
Who beſt are ſtor'd with Ignorance and Pride,
Moſt others Imbecilities deride.

MORAL.

Age, Youth inſtructs, Vices whate're to ſhun,
Whilſt Children o're their Parents Footſteps run:
Mothers their Daughters in the Oven find
Where once they hid: and, Cat will after Kind.

FAP.

FAB. X.

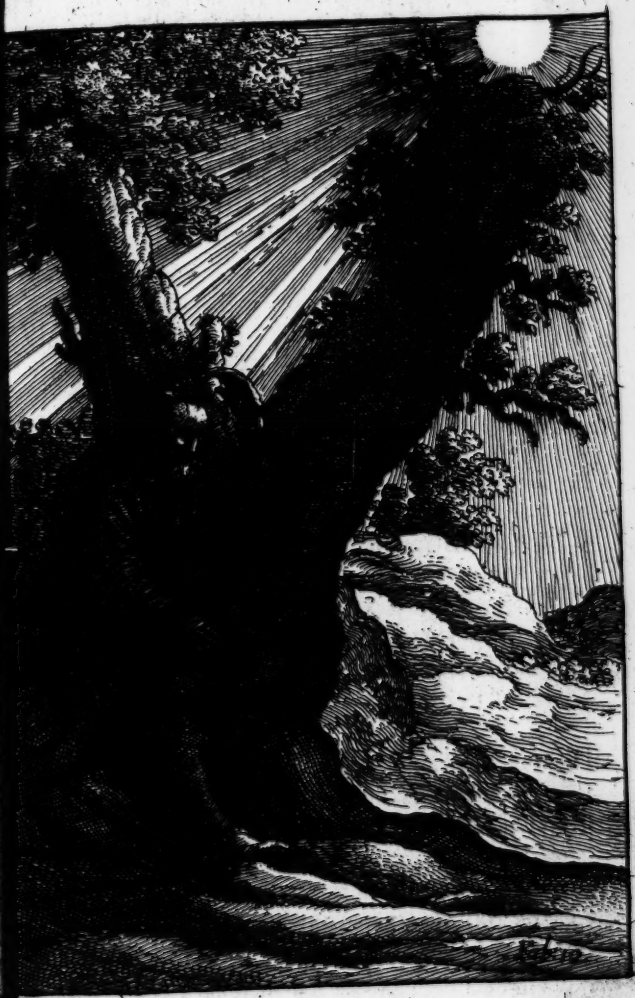
Of the Bald Man and the Fly.

THe *Sun* and *Syrius* in Combuſtion joyn'd,
Broyl'd Rivers, and gave fiery Breath to Wind;
Whilſt ſultry Atoms moving from the South,
The Air inflam'd, as from an Ovens Mouth;
Which Heat on Broody Moiſture Inſects forms,
Buzzing about on Sarc'net Wings in Swarms.

A weary *Swain* with ſweltring Beams grown faint,
Ready almoſt in his own Brine to taint,
Down in a Checquering Bower and Fret-work Shade
Sate to repoſe, and by his Bonnet laid,
Rubs his high Forehead, where once had been Hair,
Now many Luſtres *Oberon's* Bowling Bare;
Where 'mongſt the fringing Purlues oft Queen *Mab*,
VVith her Gallant *Pigwiggen* play'd the Drab.

On this ſtrange Spectacle Sir *Cranion* look'd,
As on a Calves-head in the Shambles Cook'd,
By Heat, and Drought, and *Phœbus* buſie Raies,
Made fit for his impregnating Eſſaies.
The *Fly* in high Caſe, novel Beauty warms;
They Death and Danger ſlight, that Cupid arms.

The



The fierce Amour falls on like Mad or Drunk,
And eager thrusts in his bane-breathing Trunk.
The *Swain* at once a tickling felt, and smart,
From Poyson of th' injected venom'd Dart;
Plotting Revenge, the *Fly* how to dispatch,
At once the Criminal Punish and Attach,
He lifts his Hand up softly, with a Rap
To dissipate him like a Butcher's Flap;
Which coming down swift as the Ax and Lead
That falls upon the Malefactor's Head:
Yet he on Wings expanded makes Escape,
Triumphing at the Bravery of the Rape,
And that the *Rustick* he had so trepann'd,
To make him hurt himself with his own Hand.

Then said the *Swain*, Laugh'st thou that thee I miss't,
Bruising my Forehead with my falling Fist?
If I had catch'd thee, I had beat as flat
Thy Boneless Body as a limber Groat;
Thou that hast drunk my Blood, and pierc'd my Flesh;
And thus insult'st, hadst now been made a Mesh.

Who thus reply'd, Such *Swains*, be who thou wilt,
I scorn, not able their bald Crowns to quilt:
Old *Daws* and wrinkled *Rooks* here sheath their Heads
In Life-hair Peruques to their Girdle-steads:
But you with unthatch'd Sconce, give thanks to Fate,
That I have done my Business on your Pate;
Be sure your empty Noddle now is sped,
You ne're shall want a Maggot in your Head,

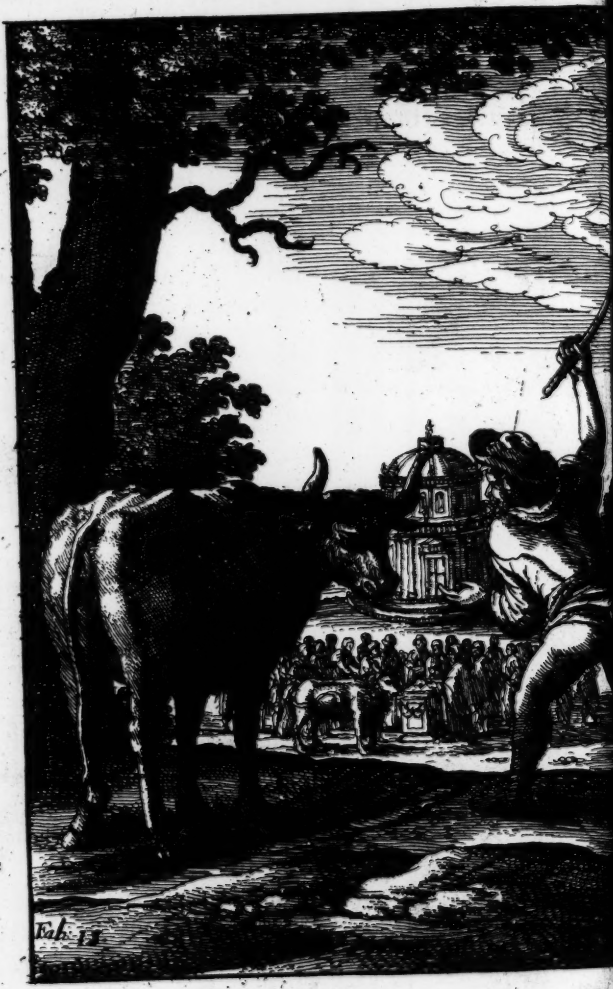
There

There you will find Ingredients, that ſhall
Tickle your addle Brains both Spring and Fall.

MORAL.

When you enrag'd, Revenge for Injuries plot,
Take ſpecial care your ſelf you Injure not;
Leſt Scoffers fall on you with leſs remorſe
Than thoſe that can with Jeering kill a Horſe.

FAB


Fab. 11

FAB. XI.

Of the Ruſtick and his Ox.

OH moſt deſpiteful and unworthy Beaſt!
What, wilt thou never work, yet always Feaſt?
There muſt be Audits, if you'll nothing do;
Or Sweat, or Pay: Why, who are you, Sir? you!
Go'ſt thou not daily to the Eyes in Graſs?
What, muſt your Dung for Satisfaction paſs?
Are not your Mangers ſtuff'd? brim-full your Cribs?
I'll fetch my Pen'worths from theſe Larded Ribs.
Thus ſaid the *Swain* to his Rebellious *Ox*,
Who Butts for Blows returns, and Spurns for Knocks.

Then ſpake the Beaſt, Art not aſham'd to beat
Me for not Working, and our Maſter Cheat?
How can they Service do that want their Pay,
Fed with Dank Provender and Muſty Hay?
Whilſt I am ſterv'd, like one of *Pharoh*'s Kine,
What ſhould my Belly fill, your Coffers line.
But this not all the Quarrel, though all truth;
Thou rob'ſt me of my Dowcets in my Youth,
Which odious Injury ſo ill I brook,
That now ſtand by, forſooth, and onely look,

I could well wish, such my Revenge should be,
Day through both Sides thy treach'rous Heart may se

Brave are those Flames that kindle in the Male,
Viewing a beauteous Heifer in the Vale;
Sure 'tis a Heavenly War, delightful Rage,
When *Bulls*, spurr'd on by Rivalship, engage!
The Herds amazed stand, the Grove resounds,
The bellowing *Hectors* dealing Wounds for Wounds

By this I might have been the *Parson*'s Bull,
And like him round, Choice Beauties pick and cull;
Had sweet-breath'd Wives,& black-ey'd Concubin
And a fair Issue sprung from my own Loyns,
Who now thus live a solitary Life,
Barr'd from the dear Enjoyments of a Wife.

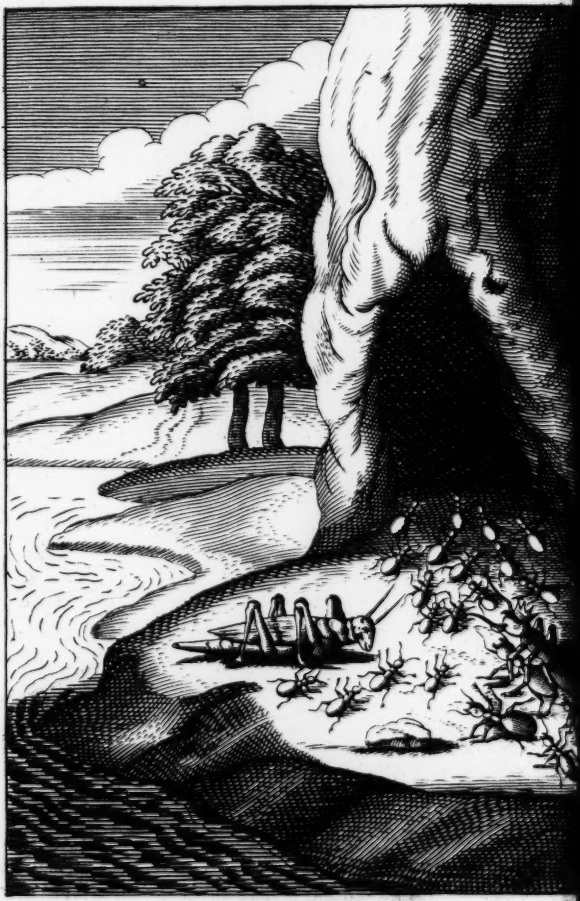
Then said the *Swain*, Fond Beast, is that the Caus
How many know I, could they find a Clause
To be divorc'd, their whole Estates would spend,
Who see now of their Miseries no end!
Hadst thou a curst Cow, though her Horns were sho
Evening and Morn she'll gore thee to the Heart,
Ne're let thee rest, until Commanding All,
She Rule at Rack and Manger in thy Stall.
Know thou dull Lump, know inconsiderate *Ox*,
I have a Wife, am Married with a Pox;
Who never resting, either Ear alarms
With sudden Tempests, and assiduous Storms;
At Promises and Marriage-Vows she spurns,
To *Rogue* and *Rascal*, *Lord* and *Master* turns;

s Law and Goſpel her own Will tranſlates:
old Comforts freeze my Bed, and Froſt my Cates;
hat I believe thee happier in thy Stall,
han I with ſuch a Partner in my Hall.
Once I her Baitings not ſo well could brook,
ong-ſuffering Patience over-power'd, I ſtruck;
y Hand rais'd high, and with a knotty Crab,
t once to Humble and Chaſtiſe the Drab:
ipſied with Ale, ſlipp'ry the Floor, I fell,
nd ſtreight the Devil my Wife mounts *Michael*:
e're lay ſaln Husband ſo be-*Belzebub'd*;
y Cheeks ſhe Rubrick'd, and my Temples drubb'd;
y Head new moulding, pummell'd into Pap:
lobbled nine days in my Conſidering-Cap,
efore my Eyes beheld the bleſſed Day,
lourning in Black and Blue, on Flocks I lay;
hus ſighing oft, I better ten to one,
hough Arm'd with Ale, had let the Fiend alone:
Vhilſt *Skimmington* my neareſt Neighbor ſtrode
manag'd Coll-ſtaff, and in Penance rode.
ut one not ſerves your turn, a ſingle Spouſe,
ne Devil is too little for your Houſe,
ou for a Legion are. Ah! hadſt thou half
f mine, and ſhar'dſt my Miſeries, ſenſleſs Calf,
hou ſmarting, worſe than bitten by a *Gad*,
Vouldſt, bellowing, thy Country fly Horn-mad.
ut ſince ſuch *Paradoxes* you diſpute,
rt ſuch a Rebell, and a Fool to boot,
ll beat new Principles into thy Pate,
hall from courſe Fleſh thy duller Soul tranſlate;

Since Decaſtration will not mend thy Head,
Death ſhall, much better than my Marriage-bed.

MORAL.

Dull are inteſtine Wars, and Civil Strife,
To loud Diviſions betwixt Man and Wife;
Gentle Uſurpers, mild the Tyrants Rod,
To a Smock-rampant, and to be Hen-trod.



FAB. XII.

Of the Ants and the Grashopper.

The King of *Ant-hill*, and *Pismirian* Lords,
Each mounted on their own peculiar Hoards,
so distinguish'd, Earls, Marquees, and Dukes:
not by Blazonry in Heralds Books,
here Worthy Sires produce less Worthy Sons,
as long Patience teach unwearied Duns,
base Mechanicks sawciness admire,
Debts beseeching, Ruin'd by the Fire;
no scorn all Principles accounted Just,
ulging Sloth, Pride, Ignorance, and Lust.
these advanc'd by Industry and Care,
ere to themselves both Ancestor and Heir;
eir Purchase for th' ensuing Winters Store,
itled them to Honors less or more.
An Envoy from the *Grashopperian* States,
us had Conven'd these Petty Potentates,
hen to the Monarch, and his small *Devan*,
s humbly their Ambassador began.
nthillian Sovereign, and *Emettian* Peers,
ich'd with Wealth from *Ceres* Golden Ears;
no in these *Penetralia's* under Ground
t hear rough Winter-flaws nor Storms resound,

Nor Prices minding of rais'd Wood and Coals,
Sit warm, and feasting, cocker up your Souls:
Live happy still, and be for ever blest,
So you will pitty a poor State distrest,
Who had, while Summer lasted, plenteous Boards,
Meads, Flowrie Vallies, of their own accords
Serv'd up choice Cates; but when the Sun declin'd
And Days did up in shorter Periods wind,
Ushering cold Blasts, and bleak Autumnal Showers
Which Trees disrob'd of Leaves, Fields of their Fl
Winters approach threatning to ruin all,
Discharg'd upon us *Jove*'s cold Arsenal;
All Forage thus destroy'd, all Green below
Left naked, Penanc'd in cold Sheets of Snow;
All sorts of Herbage, Fruit whatever, Corn,
Are in by Peasants or your People born:
Assistance from your Granaries we crave,
Let not a Nation perish, you may save;
For which next Harvest they will make return,
Our lusty Long-shanks shall help in your Corn:
Thus grateful they propose to pay their Score,
And double by their Pains your next Years Store.

When the *Anthillian Heroe* thus reply'd,
In Summer we 'gainst Winter-storms provide:
How could you golden Harvest idly spend?
Could you believe those Joys would never end?

Who thus return'd; Sir, we were over-reach'd,
By one to us New-fangled Doctrine teach'd,
Holding forth, *Phœbus* our Protector would
Translate us from all Hunger, Thirst, and Cold,

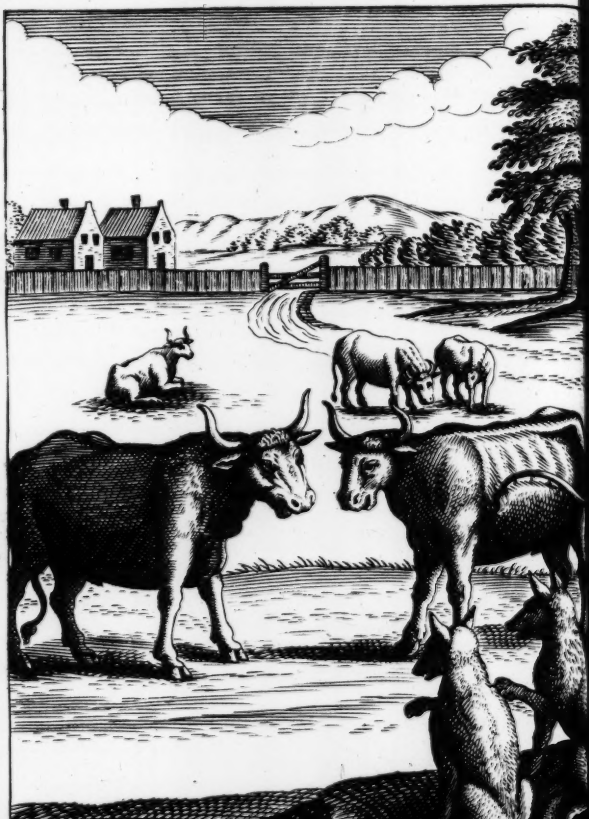
o *Ægypt*, and the fruitful Banks of *Nile*,
o endless Feastings, without Care or Toil.
we him treated, and in Sunshine sung,
ving as Merry as the Day was long,
xpecting when a Western Wind would rise,
ould bear us to our promis'd Paradise:
t when the Time and long'd-for Hour was come,
hat we believ'd should be the *Day of Doom*,
o Storm appear'd, no thick condensed Crack,
ith Thunder rose, Heavens Turrets to attack;
t prov'd all Fair, so universal Clear,
hat Day stands Crown'd the Glory of the Year:
or more our false Enthusiast we beheld,
ho us to this sad Embassie compell'd.
When thus the King to the starv'd Envoy said,
e know no Manufacture, use no Trade,
Spring we Sowe not, nor in Winter Reap,
t stuff'd our Granges are, our Markets cheap;
ther than we would Prince implore, or State,
hang poor Clients at an Emperor's Gate,
nd my swarthy Legions should not spare
cinous Fruit, but Camps re-victual there,
ort-yards o're-run; our Bowels never yearn
havock made, minding our own Concern;
hoice Plants & Flowers destroy, we ne're make halt,
nless we Scalding Water feel, or Salt.
Say to your Lords, I not deplore their Chance;
ou that in Summer Sung, in Winter Dance;
fill your Bellies, so your Bodies arm,
ainst Wants approaching, and th' ensuing Storm.

Begone, who to *Phanaticks* Credit give,
Fifth-Monarchy People I ſhall ne're relieve;
Beſides, you term your ſelves a State Diſtreſt,
Antimonarchal Locuſts I deteſt.

MORAL.

Some always Feaſt, make Court, Sing, Play, and Da
And never fear the Turns of fickle Chance:
Provide for Age, whilſt Young get Lands and Mon
Leſt Old and Poor, the Dogs do piſs upon ye.

FA



FAB. XIII.

Of the Ox and Steer.

THus to a Labouring *Ox* turn'd out to feed,
Himself recruiting in a Verdant Mead,
In Railery a well-fed Bullock said,
Welcom, old Uncle, you drive on your Trade;
Whilst I in sweetest Grass keep Fat and Plump,
Your Ribs like Billows threat your Rocky Rump:
Why waste you thus your self, and health destroy,
Sweating for that which others must enjoy?
Fill up your hollow Flanks, and craggy Chine;
Feast all the Evening, all the Morning Dine;
Powder your Hair sullied with Sweat and Dust,
Nor more with Back and Belly run a Trust;
And though unfit to get your self an Heir,
Keep Company with Heifers fat and fair;
Them, and their Town-Bulls, bellowing Hectors, treat,
So your Executors what-e're defeat:
And me 'mongst Madam white-fac'd Calves invite,
Spending your Lives remainder in Delight.
When gravely thus the sober *Ox* reply'd;
Thus the Industrious, Idle Beasts deride:
Each guzling Bulchin, Buffle headed Calf,
At all Endeavors whatsoever laugh;

Buſineſs they hate, purſuing no Deſign,
But what concerns the Belly, or the Groyn:
Rather than I my precious Time would waſte,
And winged Minutes ſpur, that fly too faſt,
Lead to *Spring-Garden*, *Mulberry* Shades, and Parks,
Vizard-mask'd *Heifers*, and their pye-bald Sparks,
Proud giggling Females ſtill unveil'd attend,
And be on Duty, my Eſtate to ſpend,
I would endure both ſtinging Flies and Goads,
And Yoak'd, hot Summers draw in duſty Roads.
Whilſt gravely thus diſcours'd the Lab'ring *Ox*,
The *Lion*'s Purveyors, the *Wolf* and *Fox*,
The Prey ſurveying, to each other ſpake;
Leave that lean Sterveling, the fat Bullock take,
He will become the Boyler and the Spit,
Or Barrell'd, help to furniſh out the Fleet.
This ſaid, the *Steer* they to a Covert drew,
And in the *Lion*'s Name Arreſting, ſlew.
Then *Praiſe-Jove Bare-bones* ſpake, Thou maiſt b
Poor pay no Poll-money, nor Royal-Aid, (gl
No Subſidies, their no-Lands raiſe no Tax,
I ſhall be ſtill the ſame, a Labouring *Ox*;
So long as they can thus count up theſe Ribs,
I ſhall in ſafety be at empty Cribs.

MORAL.

One mounted on the Wings of Youth and Wealth,
Ne're dreams of Poverty, or Loſs of Health;
Who whilſt he dallying lies in Fortunes Lap,
The Strumpet gives her Young Gallant a Clap.

FA

FAB. XIV.

Of the Lion and the Kid.

THe *Lion* clemb'd with Hunger, choak'd with (*of all Diſeaſes empty Boards the worſt.*) Thirſt,
On a ſteep Summit jutting o're the Woulds,
Cropping Heath-buds, and Briers, a *Kid* beholds.
To whom the Monarch ſaid, My pretty *Kid*,
Come hither, I'm your King! Do as I bid:
Survey Our Plenties, ſee a glorious Sight,
To which my little Subject I invite;
Here Flow'ry Meads, Shades are, and Golden Plains,
Here Vineyards full of Walks, and winding Lanes;
Harſh Juniper forſake, and Bramble Boughs,
And here on tender Vines ſoft Branches brouſe.
Why ſtand'ſt thou frighted? why look'ſt thou ſo pale?
To ſee my ſhaggy Main and buſhie Tail?
'Mongſt Calves and Colts, if not a Council-day,
Tir'd with State-works, I for diverſion play;
The Crown-Affairs, and ſerious Buſineſs ſours,
Not ſweetned by ſome Recreating Hours:
He is no King that at his leiſure wants
His Drolls, Buffoons, and fawning Sycophants,
Rich Wine, ſweet Muſick, choice of beauteous Dames,
To kindle, and to quench Loves pleaſing Flames.

I once made Captive, driven from my Crown,
Was as a Wonder ſhew'd from Town to Town;
A *Lamb* and I Companions there did play,
To freſh Spectators the whole Summers day;
He my ſharp Teeth not fear'd, nor griping Paws,
Would run his Head into my open Jaws:
Come, leave that barren Kock, and hungry Air,
And to my Palace in yon Wood repair.
Grim Sir! be you the King? The *Kid* replies;
Though you ſpeak mildly, dreadful are your Eyes!
Should I your Favorite be, and very near,
I ſtill ſhould tremble when you, Sir, appear!
Princes, as well as Courtiers, now, they ſay,
Sign Debts, make Grants, Promiſe, and ſeldom Pay;
They talk abroad, Exchequers are lock'd up,
At Court no Tables, ſcarce a Cheering Cup:
Rather than to Neceſſities aſpire,
I'll tarry here, and feed on humble Brier.
Who well are ſetled, though in mean Eſtate,
Their chang'd Condition may repent too late.

MORAL.

Better be Captain in the ſmalleſt Fort,
Than be Commanded in a Princes Court:
Yet the Ambitious, that Preferment prize.
Run through the meaneſt Offices to Riſe.

FAB

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FAB. XV.

Of the Satyr and the Sword.

A *Satyr* paſſant by a Foreſt ſide,
A *Sword* 'mongſt checkring Foliage eſpy'd:
Firſt ſtartled at the dreadful Blade and Hilt,
With Antique Figures Hatch'd, and rarely Gilt,
Off diſcompos'd he drew; then undiſmay'd,
Loſt Spirits recovering, thus th' Admirer ſaid.

Wonder whate're! ſince I did ne're behold
Such dazling Silver, nor ſuch lightning Gold!
Thy Country, Name, and Character impart,
That thee I Value may at thy Deſert.

The *Pommel* then, caſt like a *Heroe*'s Head,
From Brazen Lips with Gold enamell'd, ſaid;
You ſee a *Sword*, an Inſtrument of Death
This ſhining Coat of Steel is *Hector*'s Sheath,
Whoſe Soul through ſeveral Tranſmigrations paſt,
Lies penn'd up in this Cut-throat Inn at laſt.
When firſt within this Iron Cage confin'd,
I in a Monarch's Hand in Battel ſhin'd,
Pruning rank Rebels with a tender Edge,
That choak'd Prerogative with Privilege;

Mildly

Mildly he us'd me, lopping Weeds with care,
Though ſtubborn Traytors, they his Subjects were:
When fickle Fortune, who Dethrones or Crowns,
Kings topſie-turvies, and advanceth Clowns,
With a damn'd Oath, and *Covenanting Kirk*,
Out-weigh'd the Right, and ſetled a bad Work;
Of Royal Ermins did the Meek diſrobe,
Seiz'd *Sword*, and Scepter, and Terreſtrial Globe,
Whilſt Deluges of Tears his Pious Soul
In briny Billows wafted to the Pole.

Then Guarded I a one Nights upſtart *Gourds*,
Parliament Govern'd without *King* or *Lords*;
Me from that Throng a *Copper Captain* gain'd,
Who Ruld in Purple of *Three Realms* diſtain'd:
This bloody Monſter, greedy of bad Fame,
Only of *Kingſhip* wanting but the Name,
Reſolv'd to be a Monarch; when kind Fate,
Leſt he ſhould ancient Thrones contaminate,
To Seats of Furies with a Tempeſt hurl'd
This *Demi-Fiend*, and *Troubler of the World*.
Then Change of Government each minute ſpawn'd,
Me ſhuffling here and there, from Hand to Hand;
When from the *Riſing Sun*, and Glorious Right,
A guilty Flyer dropt me in his Flight.

Art thou that *Hector*, ſaid the *Satyr*, who
So oft the *Greeks* in that long War o'rethrew,
By Proweſs purchaſing immortal Fame?
We hear that many now go by your Name,

That

That in the Suburbs exerciſe their Rage,
The Taverns, and the Ord'naries, the Stage:
Be they like you, when you embodied were,
Routing whole Squadrons with your ſingle Spear?
If ſo, why thus prepare we 'gainſt the tall
Batavians, and their *Amadis de Gaule?*
Had there been two ſuch *Hectors*, Stories ſay,
Troy might have ſtood, and flouriſh'd to this day.

Then ſaid the *Sword*, Thoſe *Hectors* that are there
Ne're ſaw a Field, never in Battel were;
They arm'd by *Bacchus*, uſe for Warlike Tools
Edg'd Pots and Bottles, Trenchers, Chairs, and Stools:
One like me living, one ſo ſtrong and ſtout,
Would thouſands of ſuch ſhadow-*Hectors* rout.
But here wants Time theſe Braggarts to unmask,
Their Characters would more than Volumes ask:
But now take Pitty, if thou haſt eſteem
For the true *Hector*, him enclos'd redeem;
My Brazen Head hath ſpoke, Time will be paſt,
This Day for my Redemption is the laſt:
Thou Demi-Deity me elſewhere diſpoſe;
He that is more than Man, than Man more knows.

Then ſaid the *Satyr*, True, I have a Spell
Shall free thee, if thou Priſoner wert in Hell:
But firſt I'll ſweat this Blade, ſoften the Edge,
And at the Point purge a Steel-powder Scege,
Then Vomiting, eject thee at the Hilt,
Go after to the Devil, if thou wilt.

This

This ſaid, he haſtens home, and kept his Word,
Making the Senſitive a Senſleſs *Sword.*

MORAL.

Princes to Laws and Policie may truſt,
Be Merciful, Religious, Wiſe, and Juſt:
But Swords muſt ſtubborn Subjects keep in awe,
All other Ties not valu'd at a Straw.

FAB. XVI.

Of the Heathen and his Idol.

O Thou whom 'mongſt our *Lars* and *Houſhold-gods*
My Anceſtors tranſported through the Floods,
rom burning *Troy*, and ſetled here to be
lappy in their Poſterity, and thee!
et now with contrite Heart and blubber'd Eyes,
hough daily I Invoke and Sacrifice,
o Means neglected, doing what I can,
ant comes upon me like an Armed Man;
d the poor Remnant of my torn Eſtate,
e in Rebellion with the King of late,
lls his Inheritance, lays Claim unto;
hich if he carry, me muſt quite undo.
Yet my Wiſe Father made a fair Accord,
Purchas'd what was gotten by the Sword;
ſcrupling Lawyers have enough pickt out
put my Title and his Sale in doubt:
I my Counſel have, and Witneſs Feed,
Plead and Swear th' irrevocable Deed:
t ah! my Wants will ſterve my Cauſe; All's loſt!
one *gratis* damn themſelves, not *Knights o' th' Poſt*:
lp now, or never; Help elſe comes too late,
nd I muſt Alms craye at anothers Gate.

Thus

Thus Pray'd the Superſtitious, when a Nod
Blind Zeal preſents from his conſenting God.
Now joyning Iſſue, they to Hearing came,
Great Concourſe thither drawn by pratling Fame,
Juries impannell'd, Witneſs ſworn, and all
Suppos'd the Plaintiff's Cauſe would to the Wall;
When his grave Counſel drew their latter Card,
And one ſhort Proof a well-pack'd Buſineſs marr'd.
Faln from his Hopes, thus thrown down in a trice,
Undone for ever, ne're again to riſe,
He from the Court went ſweating in a Rage,
On his damn'd God his Fury to aſſwage;
When thus upon him the Incenſed fell:
If I had ſerv'd the Gods, the Devil in Hell,
With half that Zeal and Fervor thee I ſerv'd,
He would not thus have left me to be ſterv'd,
Turn'd out of all, naked a begging go;
Furies may melt, Stocks no Compaſſion know.
VVhat made my Ignorant Parents thee implore,
And with ſuch Reverential Awe adore?
VVhoſe deaf Ears Marble are, whoſe Bowels Rock
A Humane ſhape, but Headed like a Shock.
But *Dogs-face*, now thy weakneſs I'll detect,
And this foul *Form of Godlineſs* diſſect;
Beaten to Powder, thee I'll level lay,
For my Undoing, and this diſmal Day.
This ſaid, he takes him, Pedeſtal and all,
And with ſtrange Fury hurls againſt the VVall,
In pieces daſh'd like brittle Glaſs, then trod
To Mortar ſcatter'd Fragments of his God:

VV

When a New Light the dusty Mists unfold;
t of the Head and Ruptur'd Belly Gold
verberating, rung the *Idol*'s Knell,
d Lightnings 'midst a Rubbish Tempest fell:
hilst through a Cloud of Witnesses he spies
ns, Jewels, Ingots, a no little Prize!
hich he at first an idle Vision thought;
feeling what he found, and never sought,
huge a Treasure, such prodigious Store,
t those that thirst for Gold could ask no more,
iling, he said, Ah miserable Hound!
hy didst thou thus conceal what I have found?
ouldst not to thy Devoted, torn with Want,
d greedy Lawyers, one small Penny grant?
e Tythe of this had my undoing Cause
ought off, and me, with Honor and Applause:
thus recruited, I'll recover Cost,
d all my Land in *Forma Pauperis* lost.

MORAL.

Madness oft helps the Desperate, sometimes Chance;
ers Debauchery and Full Cups advance:
e dive the Seas, search Mines, Coffers to load;
se Sell their King, and That Betrays his God.

FAB. XVII.

Of Phœbus, the Covetous, and Envious M

SUmmon'd by *Jove* to his Great Council, all
The Gods assembling in Heavens Starry Ha
In Crystal Nieches order'd Places take;
When thus the *Sire* in nipping Language spake.

Cœlestials, Convocated here you sit,
Enacting Things nor handsom, just, nor fit;
You Private Pieks and Self-concerns debate,
Whilst Fallow lies the Grand Affairs of State:
And if by chance some wholesom Laws we mak
Such care you of the Execution take,
That *Man* our Chief Authority contemns,
Looking on Gods as Poets idle Dreams;
That now their Crimes reach such a Brazen Heig
Unmask'd Day sees the darkest Deeds of Night:
Nay more, on us each Malefactor pins
His venial, greater, and more hainous Sins:
Mars protects Murther, and Rebellious Swarms
Influenc'd by him, 'gainst Princes take up Arms:
On *Bacchus* lay they the Abuse of Grapes;
And *Venus* Pillows all their loose Escapes:

he City-Cheat, and High-way Robber too,
rmes, they boast their Signatures from you:
ith *Lampoons*, *Phœbus*, and *Burlesque* reproach;
nd *Juno*, for *Dame Haughtie's* Golden Coach:
either scape I, that Heaven and Earth Command,
hen surly People are to be trepann'd;
ndestine Plots for open Actions ripe,
iking at Kings, that are of Gods the Type,
hen down must come Religion, and all Laws,
ny Name Arm they, and arrest their Cause.
erefore let *Phœbus* take a strict Review,
d make Report, if what we hear be true:
ey we rather would than Wrath employ,
drown bad Cities, nor with Fire destroy.

The God thus order'd, leaves his shining Robe,
ted in Clouds, and makes the Terrene Globe
ster than Thought, swift as the quickest Eyes,
ough Empires, Kingdoms, and Republicks flies;
the Seven Deadly Champions Flags unfurl'd,
open Vice Encampt about the World;
ing Crimes much alike, as on a Stage,
act they Comick Shifts, there Tragick Rage;
ugh he no Gyants found, 'gainst Heaven to fight,
Rig out fifty Chambermaids a Night;
Blazing Comets, Drinkers that could swill
ole Oceans off, and yet be Thirsty still;
All Well-wishers were, did what they could,
each where swarm'd Offenders, Young and Old.

An accurate Survey thus having made
Of Men and Manners, to himself he said,
Why should I more incensed *Jove* provoke?
I'll turn this serious Business to a Joke;
No end of Crimes, Offenders every where,
And several Laws sufficiently severe:
From two comes yonder, Humane Creatures scan
Matter of Moment shall become a Farce;
That spiteful Dog, and avaricious Chuff,
Shall make for Laughter Argument enough.

To whom he said, Accept from Heaven a Gra
That you nor yours hereafter never want:
But he that first implores, be sure to crave
Whole Mines of Gold, since 'tis but Ask, and Ha
He whoe're second begs, *Jove* will not grutch
Sums doubled; his Enjoyments twice as much.

This Riddle put the Wretches to a stand,
That he should Happiest be, did last Demand!
The *Avaricious* judg'd himself accurst
To lose a Moiety by begging first;
When double Mischief th' *Envious* thus designs,
Jove take this Eye, and keep thy promis'd Mines
Then of his Purchase let the Greedy boast,
When I but One, and he Both Eyes hath lost.

Then *Phœbus* said, This seems a subtle Plot,
To be both Losers, when both might have got:

this you each had Myriads enjoy'd;
is Spiteful Wretch hath all your Hopes deſtroy'd,
ce here *Jove*'s Grant, and my Commiſſion ends:
dneſs, not Harm, to Mortals he intends.
This ſaid, he ſcales Cœleſtial Aboads,
d told this pleaſant Story to the Gods.

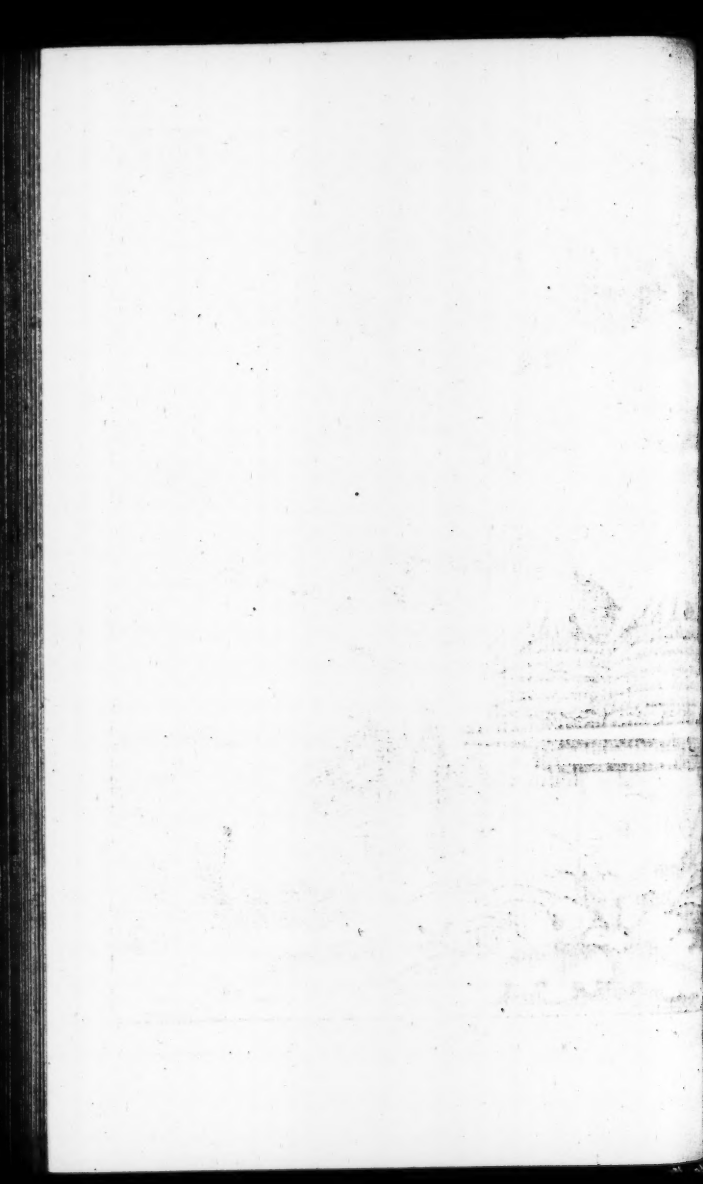
MORAL.

Foul Avarice with Gold and Silver nurs'd,
es ſtill More yet, and never quencheth Thirſt:
Envious Wretch, whoſe Eye makes others ſmart,
ls hungry Adders baiting on his Heart.

FAB. XVIII.

Of Jupiter and the Bee.

THe Gods thus put upon a Merry Pin,
Wav'd pruning Vices, and vain Cure of Si
Remembring they themſelves had often ſwerv'd,
And for like Crimes juſt Puniſhment deſerv'd:
When *Jove* thus ſpake, Lay by the Earths Af
Man little for our Acts and Statutes cares;
Princes Edicts not Executed, they
Like Cobwebs force, and make their King's High
Bring Nectral Goblets ſwoln above the edge;
Hang Buſineſs, let us Gods each other Pledge.
This ſaid, Cœleſtial Tables ſtreight were ſpre
Nectar their Tope, *Ambroſia* their Bread.
When the *Hyblean* Monarch, King of *Bees*,
A Honey-comb thus *Jove* upon his Knees
Humbly preſents; Take, Emperor of the Skies,
A Nations Work, the load of many Thighs;
Extracted Quinteſſence from various Flowers
Which deck *May's* Boſom, big with *April* Showe
Their King *Grand-Bee* the Offering, ſoon as ſaid,
In humble poſture at *Jove's* Footſtool laid.
Who thus reply'd, I well reſent your Gift;
Who for himſelf, an Infant, could not ſhift,



Left in a *Cretan* Cave hemm'd in with Woods,
Obscur'd from Mortals and Immortal Gods,
When I for Milk, the Teat long wanting, cry'd,
With sweeter Food your Grandsires me supply'd;
Betwixt my thirsty Lips they Honey stiv'd,
Which my faint Spirits, nigh yielding up, retriv'd;
Starving I scap'd, condemned to be slain,
And then a Cast-away, in Heaven now Raign.
This said, he bids streight *Ganymed* infuse
Amongst Cœlestial, this Terrestrial Juyce;
Who sweet Tears crushing from the yielding Wax,
Of rougher *Nectar*, pleasing Liquor makes;
Whilst silver Foam margents the sparkling Cup,
Jove he presents, *Jove* turns the Bottom up:
Thus saying, Since I Rul'd all beneath the Cope,
Never tasted more delicious Tope:
Then bids him round to all the Table skink:
Both Gods and Goddesses much praise the Drink.
But when that *Bacchus* saw the Liquor foam,
Ferment, he cries, *Molossus*, or else *Stome*;
Poor and Rich Widows smile, or mourn in Black,
Praising or cursing Medicated Sack,
Or balder'd *Gallick* Wines, that took away
Their poyson'd Husbands in a Drinking-day:
But if that you shall countenance such Trash,
Gods be Exemplars, tipling Balderdash,
Who me will Worship, and pure Wine Adore,
Or eat salt Pilchers on my Altars more:
Then *Jove* reply'd, Business when we Carowse!
What, *Bacchus*, break the Orders of the House!

Your Grievances whate're you muſt report,
When we Sit faſting in a frequent Court.
Then to the *Honey-bird* he turning, ſpake;
But I this Gift of yours ſo kindly take,
That you muſt ask what may your State improve,
And teſtifie Our Gratitude and Love.
When *King Hive* ſaid, O *Jove*, if thou haſt Gra
For Inſects (though *Bees* boaſt Cœleſtial Race)
Let not baſe Villagers our Stocks deſtroy,
And what you ſo are pleas'd to like, enjoy;
Who drown whole Nations, or with ſtifling Smoke
Eſtabliſh'd Kingdoms in a Minute choke,
Sweet Treaſure ſeize, laid up in Waxen Forts:
Let deadly Poyſon arm our little Darts,
That if the Skin we pierce, no Scorpions bite
Shall ſooner kill, nor ſharpeſt *Aconite*.
Then *Jove* reply'd, You know not what you ask;
Your Malice to our Minion you unmask:
Fool! ſhould I grant what Man would ſo annoy,
You and your Progeny ſoon they would deſtroy.
Therefore whoe're ſhall Waſpiſh thruſt his Sting
In Humane Fleſh, a Peaſant, or a King,
Diſarm'd, ſhall turn a Drone, nor more ſhall toyl,
But in Rebellion live upon the Spoil.

MORAL.

A handſom Treat, a Bottle of good Wine,
May more prevail than Jewels, Plate, or Coin:
To flowing Bowls your Buſineſs well apply'd,
Your Suit is bad if then you be deny'd.

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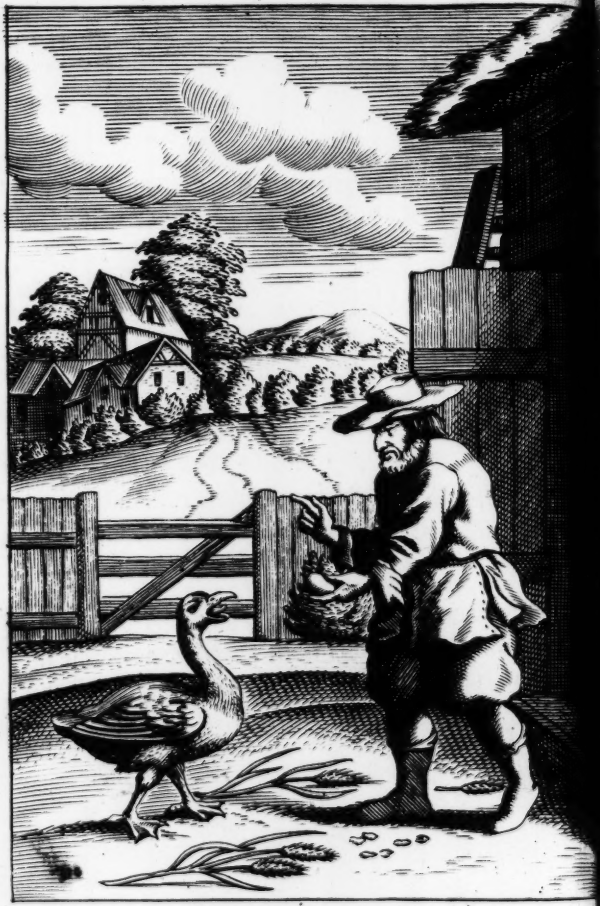


FAB. XIX.

Of the Covetous Man and his Goose.

That Greedy-worm who ſtood in his own light,
And firſt let th' Envious ask to wreak his Spite,
d now a Buſineſs faln into his Lap,
hat he to *Fortune* ought t' have veil'd his Cap,
d he been thankful; but *Bad Natures will*
're return Good for Good, though Ill for Ill.
his anſwer'd all he of the Gods could beg,
ch day his *Goose* laid him a Golden Egg:
oſt ſtrange! yet true, though ſcarce believ'd when
he Yelk not onely, but the White was Gold. (told,
aring his Precious Bird, now in her Prime,
ight Old grow barren, and he loſe his time,
or of the Bleſſing preſent Profit make,
is Opportunity he now will take
o ſwell his Bags, Improvements to enlarge;
hen thus he gives his Golden Bird a Charge:
You daily me a handſom Egg produce,
or Beauty valued, elſe of little Uſe;
hough *Creſſus* ſuch bright Images ador'd,
Yet he to Iron bended, and the Sword;
Ah! of this gaudy Toy, to quench their Thirſt,
Make Man unhappy, and the World accurſt.

But

But to the Point; though at my own Barn-door
You Diet have, yet run you on the score;
Contrary to our Covenant, oft you get
Into my Corn, and spoil whole Fields of Wheat;
There you not onely Feast, but undertake
For others, which no little Havock make:
But howsoe're, to balance all Accounts,
Since not your Wages to so much amounts,
Double your Task, lay me two Eggs a day,
So will the Surplus justed Audits pay.

Then said the *Dame*, Your Judgment, Sir, consult;
Lay not on me a duplicated Mulct:
Forc'd *Embryos* may your Golden Mine consume,
And Births imperfect perish in the Womb.

At these Words Avarice and Choler mix'd,
The Hinges of Right Reason quite unfix'd;
When thus her Death resolving on, he said,
I shall be happy, and for ever made!
'Tis beyond Scruple, past uncertain Hope,
She hath the Stone, th' *Elixir* in her Crop,
Or else it lodgeth in her Heart or Soal:
Fly Lymbecks! fly, lent Fires, and Beechen Coal!
Whole Years of Toil, Tryals of Skill and Wit,
To make the Med'cine for Projection fit!
O're is that Voyage, past those dangerous Seas,
And we arriv'd in the *Hesperides*:
Nor need we mix with Copper, Steel, or Brass,
Cooperate with a stiff unyielding Mass:
But on green Corn, like this despiteful Bird,
Who Wheat-blade-milk converts to glittering Curd;

So

So at one touch Fitches and Fields of Tares
Shall Metal shine, and wave with Golden Ears.
This said, he kills the *Goose*, and then dissects;
(*From a bad Cause but follow sad Effects.*)
Inspection through her panting Entrails made,
He found no *Indian* Mines, nor *Guiney* Trade:
He, his Enjoyments lost, and hop'd for Pelf,
Though dear, a Halter bought, and hang'd himself.

MORAL.

O're-weening Hopes are Portals to Despair;
Who climb a Precipice, let them beware;
Higher they mount, the lower is their Fall:
Some catch at Heaven and Hell, the Devil and All.

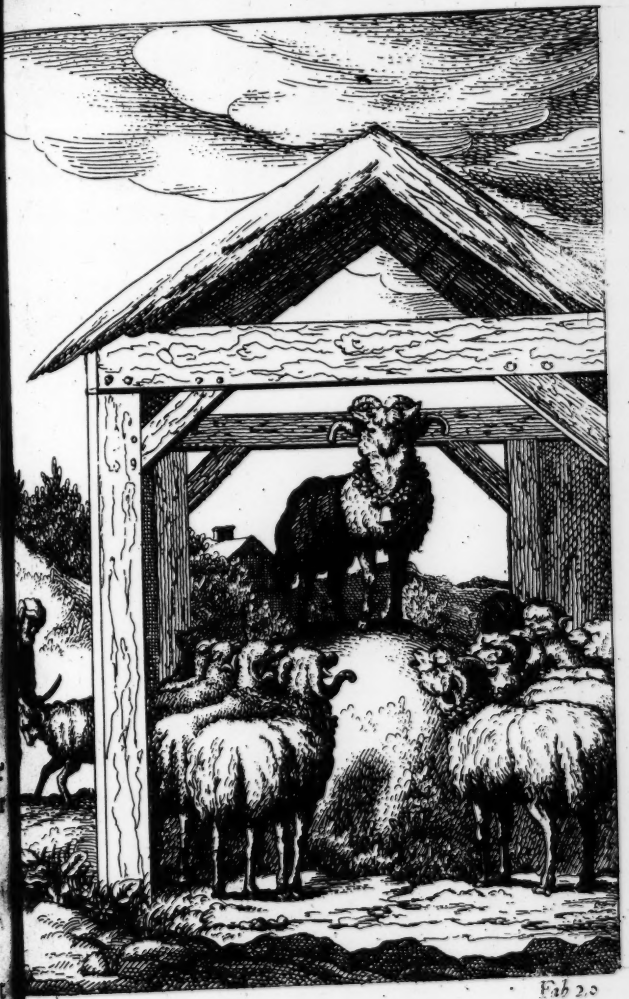
FAB.

FAB. XX.

Of the Sheep and the Butcher.

Wethers a dozen, all of ſpecial Note,
Each in a Golden Fleece, or Silver Coat,
Fed in one Stall, rich in their numerous Flocks,
Free from Incurſions of the *Wolf* and *Fox*;
Where they long proſpering, ſecurely dwelt,
And never Frown of fickle Fortune felt:
Whom from their Golden Dream a *Butcher* wakes,
And a fat Brother from *Sheep-College* takes.
Much at this unexpected Chance diſmay'd,
In frequent Council, thus *Bell-wether* ſaid!
How are we faln, whom Pride and Riches ſwell'd!
Who ſuch a Conſternation e're beheld!
We in Gold Tunicks and ſtrip'd Silver Veſts
For Nuptials fitted, look like Funeral Gueſts;
With our Surprizal ſtruck, each Face did ſhow
A Map of Miſery and enſuing Woe: (Vaunt
Where's former Strength and Courage, where our
No Fortune could the *Sheepiſh* Nation daunt:
But now our Buſineſs mind, no time neglect,
We muſt be ſudden, ſtout, and circumſpect,
Apparent Danger's near; by one conſent
Our Ruin by Defenſive Arms prevent.

What



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What Fool on us imbodied once dares fall?
VVhose Heads may batter down a Brazen VVall?
But if you suffer thus the subtle Foe
To seise us single, and unquestion'd go;
Thus unarray'd let him the Fatteſt cull,
And at once strip us both of Skin and Wooll,
We Inch by Inch shall like a Taper melt,
Lost in Destruction, e're one Blow be dealt:
Wars are begun, and yet no VVar proclaim'd;
No Trumpet sounding, why should we be blam'd
To take up Arms, and so revenge our VVrong?
Surprizal makes us Forty thousand strong.
In *Belin*'s Name, next entring, him Arrest,
And beat the Breath out of his wicked Breast;
This bloody *Butcher* kill, and then sit down
In Peace, and once more Masters of your own.
This said, a byas'd Brother rising spoke,
And thus in pieces his grave Counsel took:
VVe may your Courage, not your Prudence praise,
VVould us perswade a dangerous VVar to raise
Upon such slender grounds, before we know
If this Invasion be, or he a Foe:
Under Attainder, and to Prison led,
Must we him rescue, Private Quarrels wed?
Engage Republick on so slight a score?
Be all undone, rather than one grow poor?
A Province seiz'd, the Fact will never reach
To make upon the Empires Peace a Breach;
VVhilst you enjoy whate're makes Mortals blest,
To help a Neighbor ne're your selves molest:

Some

Some with their Blood may water *Fleur-de-Liece*,
Others re-gild pale-growing *Golden-Fleece*;
But who e're takes up Arms, the Die once thrown,
May call their proper Goods no more their own;
Let their Allies and Friends the better get,
United States may in a Province set.

But to the Point: The Foe you would surprize,
He watches with his own, not others Eyes;
His Preparations he will never slack,
But still be ready at the first Attack;
Not Sloth nor Avarice shall e're abuse,
Being a Master of his own Reviews:
So fall on when you please, you soon shall fell
'Gainst your unpractic'd Arms, his ready Steell;
Though twelve to one, he in prepared Bowls
VVill cool this Fever in your purple Souls;
So in one Action we shall perish all.
The worst that may betide, fall what may fall!
VVe shall have time, whilst us he singly takes;
Each posting Minute Alterations makes;
VVhilst present Junctures may our Cause advance;
Wonders the Bosom fill of Time and Chance;
And this encroaching Tyrant may, perhaps,
On false Pretensions Levying VVar, relapse:
Therefore be patient, Live whilst live we may,
Nor to a desperate hazard All betray.

This Counsel taking, they despise the first,
And none there contradicting, chose the worst;
VVhen in the Slaughterer comes, just as before,
And their full Dozen shrunk to Half a score:

So

So daily picks and culls, making no Noiſe
Till of twice Six, remains not any Choice,
Only his Orator, whom forth he draws,
Laſt to Reward, who ſo Preach'd up his Cauſe:
VVho not ſuſpected Cutting of his Throat,
But to be *Duke* and *Peer* made of the Coat,
Falſe and Ambitious Counſellors, then ſaid he,
May they be paid their Puniſhment like me.

MORAL.

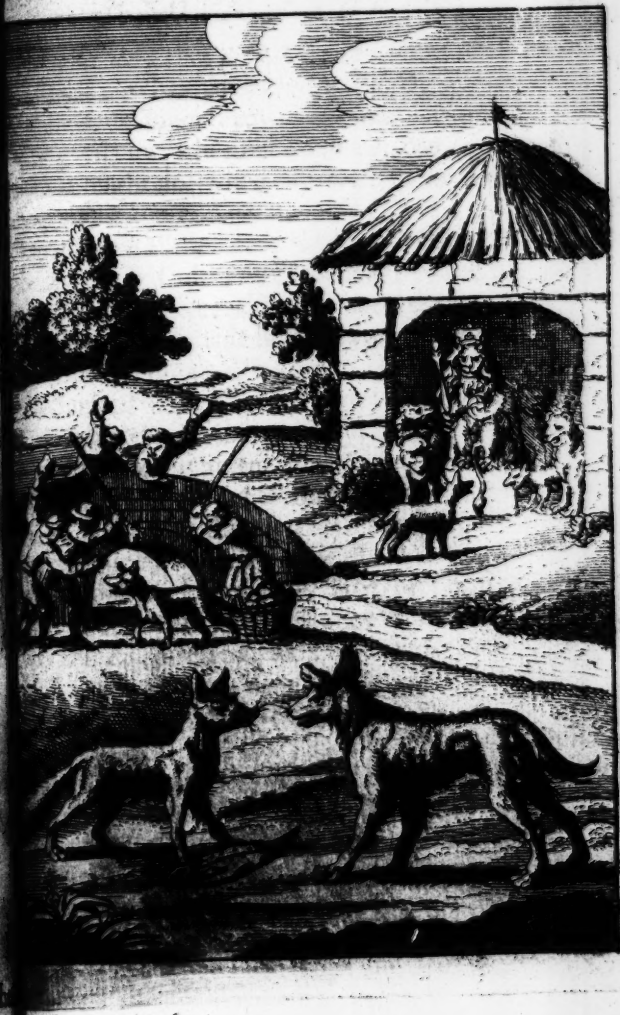
Few Publick Spirits, Common Counſels find;
Theſe fathom Wants, Thoſe Private Intereſt blind:
Moſt for the Preſent, and their own Affairs,
Sudden Calamities ſeizeth unawares.

FAB.

FAB. XXI.

Of the Wolf and the Fox.

A River by a Thunder-Tempeſt ſwell'd,
VVould not in Bounds of Modeſty be held,
But with an Inroad o're-runs bordering Strands;
Retreat then ſounding, Plaſhes leaves, and Ponds:
'Mongſt which a tardie *Salmon Reynard* ſpies,
And without Net or Angle makes his Prize.
The *Wolf* hard by, obſerv'd the lucky Hit,
And thus puts in to ſhare the dainty Bit:
Halves, half I cry! what you ſeiz'd firſt I ſaw,
And claim the Moiety by Partners Law:
In happy time this Creature-comfort came,
My queaſie Stomach checks at Kid or Lamb,
Taſteleſs ſeems Humane Blood; I from a Drab
Laſt Night made ſeizure of a tender Squab,
Thought on the Infant, warm, my ſelf to treat,
And ſcarce the Liver and the Heart could eat.
Come, let's to Breakfaſt, and at Night with me
You ſhall Co-partner of my Fortune be;
I at *Hogs-Norton*, twinkling of a Jig
On prophane Organs, took a Popiſh Pig,
I'll only Feaſt you with that ſingle Diſh,
By that time well we ſhall digeſt our Fiſh.



Then *Reynard* thus; Whate'r this Lenten Fare,
or a ſmall purchaſe I releaſe my ſhare;
y peeviſh Madam ready to cry out,
othing will ſerve her but a *Salmon-trout*;
Which brought not when expected, ſhe will riſe,
dung my Face, and Urine in my Eyes.
But learn to Fiſh, I'll ſoon your Wolfſhip teach,
oth for your ſelf and Friends, enough to catch;
ing yonder Basket tackled to that Rope,
Which you ſhall ſatisfie beyond your Hope:
hat Wicker laden will be ſuch a Heap,
all Markets make ſo much now riſen, Cheap.
This ſaid, *Iſgrim*, though ſurly, draws the Tools,
Which tying to his Stern, thus *Reynard* fools:
ow to the River bring the faſtned Pail,
Which I'll ſo ſettle that you ſhall not fail;
t you by no means till I give the Word,
uſt not look back, nor your Drag-Net be ſtirr'd.
The greedy *Wolf*, this ſaid, obeys Command,
nd as the *Fox* directed, takes his Stand,
Whilſt he the Wicker with huge Pibbles thwacks,
ntil the circling ſallow-belly cracks:
his done, he calls; Now pleaſe your Wolfſhip pull!
ell you are hanſel'd, your new Engin's full,
he River's drain'd, What Fiſh, how fat, and fair!
ow I demand with you a Partners ſhare;
t all your Strength, your Cordage ſtrong, and Dock
well united, may remove a Rock.
This ſaid, glad *Iſgrim* gives a luſty Hale,
ntil he tenter'd out both Rope and Tail;

But fast the Work stood fix'd, nor more would jog
Than stubborn Rock, or a perverser Log:
When *Reynard* calls, I see we need some help,
I'll fetch my eldest Son, an able Whelp,
Who joyn'd with you, the Task shall undertake;
But till we come, by no means, Sir, look back.
The *Wolf* persuaded, *Fox* bears home his Trout,
Then mustering thus the Villages about,
Swains, Come away, and Arm with speed; the
Your Flocks Devourer, that all-swallowing Gulp
Now drains your River; and what havock there
May Sheep-skin Doublets make, that never Swea
Pure Zeal-pretenders! to your grief you know:
Now, now aveng'd be on the Common Foe. (thr
Streight from the neighboring Dorps bold Rust
And like a gather'd Tempest, Old and Young
Upon his Quarters falling, him assail
With Bats, and Staves, and Stones as thick as Hail
No way to save himself, of Life no hope,
He quits his Rudder fastned to the Rope;
To neerest Coverts bare-breech'd *Isgrim* flies,
Whilst mingled Shouts and Clamors scale the Ski

MORAL.

Those that at Private, or at Publick Feasts,
Use to invite themselves 'mongst Bidden Guests,
Often upon them such Affronts are put,
They had been better at the Three-peny Cut.

FAB. XXII.

2. *Of the same Wolf and Fox.*

Glad of the Mercy, and Escape so fair,
Though with no little smart, and Gascoins bare,
Whilst he lay licking whole his scarce no Stump,
Kicks in Triumph bearing round the Rump,
As *Isgrim* did his Bosom disembogue;

How shall I be reveng'd upon this Rogue?
To me in danger put, and utter shame,
Be thus despicable as I am:
Where shall I wander now? where shew my Face?
Bring about the brand of my Disgrace?
Which shall I be disguis'd, or which way drest,
Unless I wear a Tunick and a Vest?
I abhorr'd all Fashions whate're, New,
I bid to those my dogging Modes adieu:
Lay my Vizard by, a *Hector* turn,
And my too Formal Sanctity adjourn,
Upon this subtle *Fox* where-e're we meet:
'Twill not do; *Wit must encounter Wit.*
As Clad, I'll to the Court; the *Lion*'s sick;
Set on my Brains, and shew him Trick for Trick.

This said, he lays aside his formal shape,
His Sheep-skin Cloke, and Mutton-Velvet Cape;
Puts on a Vest, that Cover'd his Disgrace,
And with a Peruke owl'd his *Wolfish* Face;
Low-crown'd his Hat, not the same Beast he show
Lo forth he walks, a New Old *A-la-mode:*
Entring the Court, he in the Royal Hall,
The King and Queen saw, sitting at a Ball;
Dancing *Baboons*, and Singing *Parachitts*,
The *Lion* eas'd in Melancholy Fits;
Up in a Bower his Cats and Fiddles stood,
The Band twice twelve, made Galiards in the Blo
The Pastime over, *Isgrim* did appear,
And going forth, desir'd his Royal Ear,
He his old Counsellor, though disguis'd, not balk
But a Turn with him in the Gallery walks:
Then he himself applying, from his Forge,
New Anvil'd Spleen and Malice did disgorge.

I from a populous City came of late,
Where all Diseases sell at any Rate,
Who Golden Showers pour in a *Danae's* Lap,
Only to purchase a sufficient Clap:
Small-pox is little valu'd, lesser Swine,
All seek the best, they barter may for Coyn;
About your Health inquisitive, I found
Those that keep Patients sick, could make them s
At Spring and Fall their Bloods did so ferment,
To pay them twice a Year their constant Rent;

mongst those Doctors met a Reverend Sage,
nd told him your Distemper, Sir, and Age,
ot only trusting Practise, down he took
om Shelves with Learning loaden, an old Book,
he Text and stuff'd up Margins long survey'd,
nd thus from *Galen*'s Observations, said;

The Person disaffected, vext with Fumes,
rtiginous, Vapors, and distilling Rheums,
ust Purge, must Diet, and must Issues make:
t Old, take care lest any Cold he take:
t him warm Furs, his Garments Line and Face,
othing more soveraign than a *Foxes* Case;
hat only will, if Rich, soader all flaws
f Wintry Age, and quite remove the Cause.

Then said the *Lion*, A *Fox* Skin so good
outh to renew, and circulate the Blood!
ng Craft, and graveſt Counsellors alledge
hat *Foxes* Tails best Royal Ermin edge.

Then *Isgrim* said, Sir *Reynard* now gone down,
hat in late Turmoils fought against your Crown,
nd Knighted since by You, get him to Court,
nd your dear Life to lengthen, cut his short.

The *Lion* likes th' Advice, and Orders straight
hat on Emergencies, Affairs of State,
e should attend the King, whom more to blind,
is Gracious Letter he both Seal'd and Sign'd;

Nor Common Messenger, nor usual Post,
Were sent, by which the Business might be lost;
But a swift *Tyger*, that like Lightning flew.
The Work thus perfected, the King withdrew;
And *Isgrim*, joyful of his well-play'd Part,
Goes to his Lodgings with a Merry Heart.

MORAL.

He that receives a Wrong, should bear it too:
Are they too Subtle, or too Strong for you?
Better sit down, Loss and Affronts digest,
Than rising, tread upon a Serpents Nest.

FA

FAB. XXIII.

3. *Of the same Wolf and Fox.*

THis Closet-secret, the whole Junto two,
Early next morning sly Sir *Reynard* knew,
is Pensioners, Intelligencers there,
ck'd out each Whisper from the King's own Ear;
ch as their Prince and Country, such as would
heir Wives! their Wives & Children sell for Gold:
ho Publick Spirits count both weak and base;
t Private Interest, Self-concern take place:
hat care they if whole Kingdoms sink or swim,
they buoy up, and float above the brim.
Startled at first, a consternating Cold
gu'd his Joynts, attaqu'd Lifes warmer Hold:
on as his better Spirits clear'd the Damp,
nd Sparks of Courage lightned Reasons Lamp,
hen *Reynard* spake, Be circumspect and quick,
ischief prevent, and shew him Trick for Trick:
o Cure the *Lion*, must I be uncas'd?
ou may be met with, *Wolf*, for all your haste.
This said, he all bemires his Back and Head,
Carrion rolls, where *Rooks* and *Ravens* fed;
to Court goes, so Arm'd with this Disguise
nd noysom Stench, to play his Master-Prize:

And soon he came where the Old *Lion* sate,
Bemelancholliedand Disconsolate.
But when he saw Sir *Reynard* there, he said;
Cousin! draw near, to see you I am glad;
You must for me a Business undertake, (back
Concerns my Life, and Crown! why draw'st th
Come near, and me your King Advice afford,
The Work's too knotty for our Council Board:
They only follow Sport, Eat, Drink, and Droll,
Scarce one a Learned or a Knowing Soul.
Then *Reynard* said, Ah my most Gracious Liege!
I thus bespatter'd with foul Dung and Siege,
Sir, ought not in your Royal Presence stand,
But that I bring you from a Forein Land,
Fair Overtures of Health, nay certain Cure,
For lingring Sickness worse than Calenture;
What Comfort boasts the Emperor of the World
Whose Cheeks bear pale Distempers, Flags unfur
When *Hypochondriack* Fumes, more strong than Spe
Or Pulpits, Conjure up ten thousand Hells,
Legions of Devils, and as many Saints,
Breathing Rebellion, Oaths, and Covenants;
Tortur'd with Fancy worse than his Disease,
He lives or dies, as Court Physicians please.
Observing, Sir, that all in Physick dealt,
Oftner our Purses than our Pulses felt;
And whensoever double Fees not drop,
They leave their Patient then in little hope;
Galenick this, *Chymistrie* that pretends,
Their chiefest Learning *Greek* and *Latin* ends:

So I at last, a great Magician found,
That only dealt with Spirits under Ground;
By me importun'd much, he call'd from Rest,
Old *Æsop*, that renown'd Mythologist;
Who first to Business found the neareſt way,
What in long Sermons Orators could say
Of State-Affairs, of Moral, or Divine,
His *Cock* and *Bull* contracts all in a Line.
Whose pale Shade told me, vain were Med'cines all,
You might, perhaps, linger a Spring and Fall;
But you your Course must finish e'r the Sun
Could through th' Ecliptick annual Periods run.
I grieving much, straight made this sad Reply;
Ah! must my dear and Royal Master die?
When thus he spake in few and pithy words,
One only Med'cine the whole World affords,
Whose Soveraign Power can o'r his Fits prevail;
And that's a *Wolf*, a *Wolf* without a Tail;
Whose brisly Skin must gird him Back and Side,
This in seven days will cure, if well apply'd.
This said, the Vision fled the dazling Light,
Since when I neither rested Day, nor Night,
To bring from Shadows, and the Gates of Hell,
What us must Happy make, and You, Sir, Well.
My Haste and your Necessity, hath made
Me venture in your Presence, thus bewray'd.
Who's there? the King said; On your Lives not fail,
But fetch me straight a *Wolf* without a Tail.
When one reply'd, *Isgrim* late come to Court,
A Rudder wants, or else 'tis wondrous short:

To

To hide his Wants, thus he himſelf hath dreſt,
His Sheep-skin Cloke turn'd to a Coat and Veſt.
Ha! ſaid the Monarch; Bid him hither ſtraight:
No ſooner enter'd, but he met his Fate.
The *Lion* throws him Back upon the Floor,
And off his Skin, and out his Bowels tore.
No ſooner *Reynard* ſaw thus *Iſgrim* ſtripp'd,
But to *Fox-hall* the ſly Inſulter ſlipp'd.

MORAL.

Not he who Firſt, but Laſt, the King's Ear gets,
At ſubtle Plots and Counterminings beats:
Yet they who Foremoſt Charge, cry Traytor Firſt,
Play a Fore-game, and ſeldom get the worſt.

FAB.

FAB. XXIV.

Of the Camel and the Fly.

THat Emblem of Impertinence, the *Fly*,
Mounted upon a *Camel* Steeple-high,
Because the laden Monster slowly went,
Her petulant Humor stirr'd up, did ferment,
Who pitch'd upon a Turbant o're a Pack,
In a high Chafe thus arrogantly spake:
Why, Bunch-back, creep'st thou in so smooth a (Road?
Am I so great a Lady? such a Load?
This Tiffany Whisk, and Sarc'net Cloke of mine
Ne're Navel-gall'd, nor broke a Horses Chine:
Haste, thou dull Lump of Flesh, why dost not go?
This Morning is Sir *Cranion* Wedded know,
To Madam *Lady-Bird*, more Fair and Gay
Than *May* her self, and all the Flowers in *May*;
There will be painted *Flies* of all Degrees,
Prime Courtiers, and the King himself of *Bees*;
Gnats, *Humbles*, *Hornets*, twenty four his Band,
Hybleans Consort ready at Command;
Who late Presented *Jove* a Honey-comb,
Sent with Gifts loaden, and great Honors home,
His Waxen Realms to strengthen and advance,
Above the Power of Change, or fickle Chance:

The

The Married Pair present their Royal Guest
A stately Masque, after a sumptuous Feast;
And I my self, whose Name you needs must know,
Dame *Gadfly*, am Invited to the Show:
Had I a Switch or Spur, I'd pay your Coat,
That thus with calling make so hoarse my Throat.
The *Camel* hearing from his Fardle come
Vexatious Buzzes, and so loud a Hum,
Thought that some Spirit Ranted in the Sky;
But when he saw there but Summer *Fly*,
Why Madam *Gad?* why all this stir? he said,
My Master, for your Place you never paid:
If I could reach thee with my Train or Teeth,
I'd make thee far unfit to Roast, or Seeth;
You that so poor and proud are, one small Lash,
Would turn thee, Boneless Nothing, to a Hash.

MORAL.

The noise of wrangling Gamesters at their Games,
Makes Heavenly Musick to your All-tongu'd Dames:
Eccho a Voice without a Body, strange!
Let Silent Women 'mongst such Wonders range.

FAB

FAB. XXV.

2. *Of the ſame Camel and Fly.*

DAme *Gad-Fly* now that ſuch a puther kept,
Returning home, on the ſame *Camel* ſlept;
Weary with Dancing at the Bridal, where
So many Fleſh-*Flies* and hot Courtiers were;
The laden Beaſt through beaten Tracts jog'd on,
Till both his Journey and the Day were done.
The *Fly* warm ſitting in bright *Phœbus* Beams,
Pav'd all her Paſſage with delightful Dreams;
Whilſt through deep Ways on went the burthen'd (Slug
His Reins and Harneſs ratling, ſhe ſat ſnug:
But when the *Sun* behind th' opacous Globe
Suffer'd Eclipſe, Cold pierc'd her ſlender Robe;
At which ſhe waking, Bruſsles up her Tail,
Then lighting pearch'd upon the neighboring Pale;
With Curtſies after Curtſies, Lady *Gad*,
Thus to the *Camel*, oft repeating, ſaid:
Sir, I'll no farther trouble you to Night,
In compaſſion of your Burthen light,
My many Thanks, I ne'r ſo eaſie rode,
You muſt be weary ſure, with ſuch a Load!
I ſlept all Day, thoſe ſleep ſit heavier far,
than thoſe that wake, and talk, and jocund are;

Your

Your Humble Servant; thousand Kiss-hands; pray
Make use of my House, when you come that way.
The *Camel* then; Pox on thee, art thou there?
Did ever any such a Gossip hear?
Excusive Complements vex ten times more
Than all your petulant ranting Talk before:
Begone, else something on thee I'll bestow
You'll thank me for, since you I nothing owe:
I feel no Lady's weight, th' are all so light,
But Words may load me, that a Ship would freight;
The Hills and Dales I past, Plashes and Banks,
Not so much tir'd me, as your vexing Thanks:
Strange Trouble are your Complemental Gnats,
That neither Money, Manners have, nor Sprats.

MORAL.

Poor and Low Breeding makes Phanatick Elves
Competitors with Kings conceit themselves:
Porters may think they bear a Kingdoms weight,
And are the onely Atlasses *of State.*

FAB

FAB. XXVI.

3. *Of the same Camel and Jupiter.*

OUr *Camel*, he that bore Dame *Fly* of late,
Had got a Maggot now in his own Pate;
Long fed in Pasture, and at plenteous Stalls,
Fat, in a fit of Melancholy falls:
Prick'd up with Provender, and swelling Pride,
To *Jove* thus sadly he himself apply'd.
O thou that Rul'st the low and upper World!
Where nightly thy bright Ensigns fly unfurl'd,
On me, a wretched Beast, take some Remorse,
That undervalued am beneath a Horse.
I am become to all the Field a Scorn:
What Taste hath tender Grass, or purest Corn?
What all my Ease? what my continued Feasts?
Imbitter'd still with Jeers, and biting Jests?
They say, I bear a Fardle on my Back,
And onely need behind a Pedlar's Pack;
Tell me, betwixt my Belly and my Brains
A Gutter falls, as deep as two *Long-lanes*,
To set out my Deformity and Want.
Honor and Arms upon my Temples plant;
Adorn my Frontispiece with stately Horns,
Not with *Ram Belin*'s, but the *Unicorn*'s;

Then

Then I shall keep *Monkeys* and *Apes* in awe,
And from his Perch bring down the jeering *Daw*;
Then I shall be a stately Beast indeed,
And all those Scoffers at my Pleasure Feed.

Then *Jove* said, smiling at his fond Request,
Thou mak'st thy self the same deformed Beast,
By your Petition, and as foolish too,
As when in *Lampoons* they decypher you.
Horns on that Head already rais'd so high!
Sure thou hast some Design upon the Sky,
To strike down Constellations in their March,
Unhinge our Throne on Heavens supremest Arch,
Storm our Twelve Houses, Watches rout, and Ward
Eternal Centries, and Nocturnal Guards:
Since thou for Arms, and such Additions pray'st,
I'll take from thee those Ornaments thou hast.

Hermes, straight fetch, said *Jove*, yon Monster's Ea
And in our Hall 'mongst Crests and Hoods of *Bears*,
'Mongst other Forfeitures to us that fall
On like occasions, nail them to the Wall.

This said, the God descends through crystal Spher
And with a Blast of Lightning crops his Ears:
Heavens Court the *Camel* oft in vain implor'd,
But they the Gates of Hearing ne're restor'd.

MORAL.

Should Princes grant whate're their Subjects ask,
They soon would put them to a second Task,
That Gracious they all Patents would Repeal:
The Giddy Vulgar know not wher th' are well.

FA

FAB. XXVII.

Of the Lamb and the Crow.

A Petulant *Crow* with Carrion Banquets gorg'd,
And noysom Offals, to *Bears College* Barg'd,
Look'd round, a soft and steadier Seat to find,
Than a rough Branch, that danc'd with every Wind:
Spying a *Lamb*, said she, No further search,
On yon soft Couch, that Silken Fleece, I'll perch:
Her short Result put streight in Act, she came,
And Quarters settles on the harmless *Lamb*;
Who when he felt a Burthen on his Back,
And hovering saw one lighted, all in Black,
Supposing some great Lady there had been,
That only Rested, not took up her Inn,
He patiently endur'd: but when she staid
As in her Lodgings, thus the Suff'rer said.
Madam, whate're you are, I not inquire,
But wish to Privacy you would retire;
Though soft the Palat, yet you Curtains want,
Unfit to Duel with a Brisk Gallant:
Need you a moving Brothel? Call a Coach,
There's all Conveniency, and less Reproach:
Be what you will; Court-Dame, Goddess, or Nymph,
I would not bear your Bed, and be your Pimp.

Then said the *Crow*, Why how now sawcie *Jack!*
Thinkst thou a Strumpet sits upon thy Back?
Were I a Pleasure-Lady, here I'd sleep,
And this Place as my own Apartment keep.
The *Lamb* reply'd, Lady, I am content,
If you will pay my Master Chamber-Rent;
He hath a thousand Tricks, a thousand ways,
To lose you in Laws intricating Maze;
A Lawyer, who his Neighbors keeps in awe,
Will Sue them for the turning of a Straw;
A heinous Trespass o're his Hedge to peep:
Lady, agree with him before you sleep.
Then she reply'd, Your Master I will match;
E're he proceed, he first must me attach:
But e're Dog-Sergeants come, I'll take my Flight
Where never Under-Shrieve shall on me light:
Disturb no more, nor keep me from Repose,
Lest I in stead of Parlying, fall to Blows.

MORAL.

Proud and Poor Tenants hard are off to claw,
Possession being Eleven Points of the Law:
Are we not able Tyrants to Supplant?
Better with Patience Suffer, than to Rant.

FAB. XXVIII.

Of the Crow and the Pitcher.

THe *Crow* this ſaid, indulging wholeſom Reſt,
Her Station kept, foul Banquets to digeſt;
hen her from Sleep a hot Alarum wak'd;
es which in *Dog-days Phœbus* ſtew'd and bak'd
nge Inſurrections in her Bowels nurs'd,
ning high Surfeit into raging Thirſt:
n looking round, ſhe on the neighboring Bank
tcher ſpies, well-ſhoulder'd in the Flank;
o ſtreight o're,oy'd, forſakes her Landlord *Lamb*,
d to this Ciſtern for Refreſhment came.

The *Pot* then ſmiling, ſaid, Your Hopes are vain,
Bucket wants my Treaſury to drain;
from my well-neal'd Margents may ſurvey
on my Water Beams reflecting play;
down your Throat one Drop ſhall ne're diſtil,
an's Neck wanting, or the *Crane*'s long Bill.

he thirſty *Crow*, this ſaid, thruſt down her Nib,
ry-Bob finding, for expected Bib;
d and defeated, now ſhe muſt aſſwage
onely burning Thirſt, but burning Rage:

Her Brains she romag'd, her Invention stirr'd,
Fancy presents whate're she saw or heard:
To mind then calling an *Athenian Owl*,
That kept hard by a Philosophick School,
Who much insisted on three Elements,
And how the Liquid yield unto the Dense,
Water shuts Air out, but a Turf or Stone
Makes that to swell, and break its Spherick Cone.

True, said the Bird, were you as deep as Hell,
I'll Conjure up your Liquor with this Spell;
Then labour'd she to vindicate her Cause,
With Pebbles stuff'd her Bill and griping Claws;
To and again with Stones then trudging hops,
And till she saw moist Margents, never stops;
Then pearching on the baffled *Pitchers* Brim,
Exhausted Liquor stretch'd her Bellys Rim.

Sure Dame, you are no Witch, the *Crow* then said,
Although so Eloquent a Speech you made;
You bad at Business are, though good at Words;
You thought like *Pitchers* were Ætherial Birds:
Dull Earthen Clod, that standst like *John-a-Dreams*,
O're Rocks and Mountains Art will carry Streams;
Against the *Austrian Eagles*, *Storks* and *Cranes*
Dry Land to Sea turn'd, Seas to ample Plains,
Us'd Water as they listed; now enrag'd,
Both Armies are midst Standing Corn engag'd;
Flag-ships soon after, on the self-same Spot,
Draw up bold Squadrons plying Cannon-shot.

You that so Wise were in your own Conceit,
Come now, as a Mistress, stand in Debt;
But since no Credit get we by a Fool,
I'll thus at once begin, and break up School.

MORAL.

What unto some Impossible appears,
me, Industry, a Purse, and Conduct, clears:
Tares River, Building Pauls, *and such like Works,*
under Feers, and scribling Poets Jerks.

FAB. XXIX.

Of the Wind and an Earthen Vessel.

TO a grand *Bottle* neiling in the Sun,
Thus *Boreas* in huffing Terms begun:
What art thou, bullie Monster? thou that hast
Such a prodigious *Hogen Mogen* Waste!
As if design'd to empty brimming Quarts,
And when Cork'd up, a Bundle be of ———
Great King of Belly-Gods, I shake to think
What thou wilt be, fill'd up with Barmie Drink!
What Face is that which on thy Stomach seems
To dare the Sun midst all his glaring Beams?
Art thou *Long-Parliament* without a Head?
And that th' old *Speaker* on thy Girdle-stead?
Must in that Womb a *House of Commons* sit?
Frothing and fuming, there their Venom spit?
Which open'd, bouncing Votes aspersе the Sky,
King, *Lords* bespattering, and whoe're stand by.
When *Copper* reign'd, Malt-worms the Helm did st
And Nations Rul'd with cut-throat stinging Geer;
What from so base a Vessel can we hope
Must firment? giddy and mad-headed Tope.

Then ſpake the *Fugg*; Know, Fool, I am not built
For *Dagger-ale*, and *Commoners*, a Tilt;
Which mild at firſt, turn Vinegar grown old,
Too ſharp for Peers, and with their King too bold.
A Merry Boy, the Merrieſt of the Three,
Beſpoke, my Predeceſſor failing, me:
Though *China* Ware, ſo ſtands our brittle Fate,
That we come broken home, early or late;
I muſt ſupply his Major-Generals Place,
Who after Treatments, and a pittanc'd Grace,
All took away, Women, weak Veſſels, gone,
Cries, Battel bid, thoſe that remain fall on;
Bottles forlorn, all *French*, firſt fury ſtands
Bravely a while; *Short Work make many Hands*:
Soon routed comes the Main, a ſtronger Doſſe,
Surrounding me, my Guard *Long-beard'le Groſſe*:
Here Cavaliers true Valor ſhew indeed,
I and my Adamantine Squadrons bleed;
Me to a *Supernaculum* they drain,
Then triumph o're the Numbers of the Slain.
But who art thou that makſt with me ſo bold?
I hear a Voyce, and feel back-biting Cold;
Though in the Sun my Face and Belly bake,
Thou makſt my Neck and tender Shoulders ake:
Yet thou no Sinews, Muſcles haſt thou none,
But vapour'ſt onely in a *Hect'ring* Tone;
I, th' early Product of this ſingle Day,
Have Subſtance, and a Body, though of Clay;
If thou dar'ſt cope, here I ſhall ſtand thy ſhock,
As Waves diſperſe thee beating 'gainſt a Rock;

Thy muſter'd Attoms I'll ſo diſunite,
In routed Eddies they themſelves ſhall fight.
When *Boreas* angry, thus began to huff;
Know Duſt, know empty Pride, and brittle Stuff,
I am a King, with me my fourteen Sons,
All Princes, Govern *Artick* Regions;
Seven *Eurus* Race, ſeven *Zephyres* Daughters Wed,
I onely cold lie in a Single Bed,
Reſiding much in *Caledonian* Coaſts
Eſpous'd to Winter, and eternal Froſts:
Great Power I o're thoſe barren Confines vaunt;
Invincible Neceſſity and Want,
Joyn'd with my ſtarving Blaſts, firſt ſign'd th' Intreague
Of their ſo late dire *Covenanting League*;
Thence march'd we on, with Sword, and Book, & Gun,
I Charg'd the *South* with Snow, with Clouds the *Sun*,
Till *Southern Yeomen*, holp by *Northern Lowns*,
Trampled on *Scutcheons*, *Croſiers*, and *Crowns*,
And topſie-turvie turn'd, in queſt of Spoils,
Three famous Kingdoms, and two fertile Iſles;
But thee I for thy ſawcineſs will tear,
That ſuch Affronters may of Kings beware.
This ſaid, the angry Prince, leſt Breath ſhould fail,
Charg'd with Small-ſhot, a Shower of battering Hail,
And the o'reweening Veſſel at the firſt
In thouſand Shards and uſeleſs Splinters burſt;
Pots, *Pans*, and *Pipkins* no ſmall Sufferers were,
Company their Crime, and onely being there:
The *Potter* wondring at the ſudden Clap,
Loſt in the hurley-burley Storm, his Cap.

Recovering

Recovering Breath, thus Conquering *Boreas* said,
Conceited Fools such Objects should be made.

MORAL.

Princes should not, till they are Setled in
Kingdoms regain'd, a Forein War begin:
Great is the Work old Ruins to Repair,
And fix 'gainst sudden Gusts their Tottering Chair.

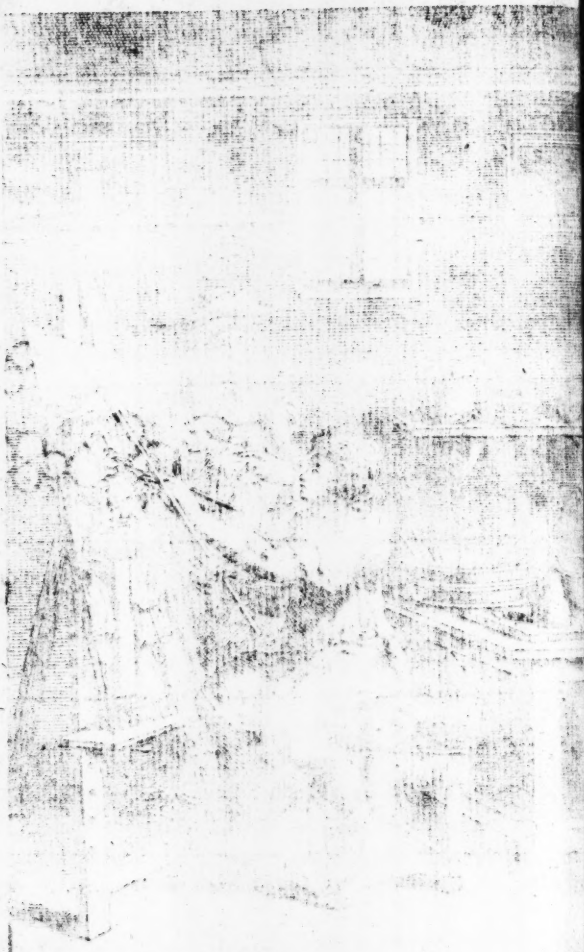
FAB.

FAB. XXX.

Of the Painter and the Devil.

AS in deep Extasie upon a Piece
Must Modern *Latium* stain, and Ancient *Greece*;
The Story various, many Figures in't,
A *Painter* sate; 'mongst which, the *Fiend* in Print,
As most concern'd, must take a special Place,
In his own Colours, and true *Devils* Face:
Yet to be Horrid, as the common Guise,
Horns, spirie Flames, Fire in his glaring Eyes,
His gaping Jaws wyre-drawn from Ear to Ear,
Serpents contorted, mix'd with Elf-lockt Hair,
Would not stand well: A *Devil of the Times*,
A *Demure Fiend*, that holds forth *Godly Crimes*;
That Smiling Stabbs, Cheating with *Yea* and *Nay*,
A handsom *Goblin* for a *Holy-day*,
He now must Draw: At last he falls to Paint
What well might stand for *Satan*, or a *Saint*;
A *China Cacademon*, the Fore-ground
Fills with bold Shadows, like a Statue, round:
Which whilst he Finish'd, heightning touch by touch,
Till, as he fancied, he had Pourtray'd such;
Whilst his new Idol he licks o're and o're,
A Person enters he ne're saw before:

After



After some Formal Conges, Cap and Knee,
Let me, he said, Sir no Disturbance be;
Pray keep your Place: A *Virtuose* I am,
And your Admirer, hither sent by Fame:
Though in this Town I long have frequent been,
And me perhaps in Publick you have seen,
Leading a Troop, or in the Pulpit, where
You seldom Visits make; or if you e're
To the *Long-Parliament* had your self addrest,
Where nothing past without my Worships Teste,
We might have ben acquainted, there I cou'd
Have don a Person of your Worth some good;
So I till now no means could find to own
You, Honou'd Sir, nor make my self thus known.
Whilst th' Artist Eye scarce from his Work did stir,
Answering to all, *Ah Sir, Your Servant Sir,*
He thus went on; This Figure newly drawn,
Which now you seem so much intent upon,
Shews rarely well; you with no sparing Hands
Here dropt your Skill: How boldly off it stands!
Pray let me ask you, Sir, without offence,
Are you acquainted with his Excellence,
Or late from the *Low-Countries* got his Sketch?
Howe're, the World the Work shall never match:
Or should this be a Fancy all your own,
Proving so like that Prince, to me well known,
His Sitting spar'd, some means, Sir, might be made,
That you may double be, and trebly paid.
Who scarce by th' Artist minded, thus went on,
Attention rowsing in a lowder Tone:

Sir,

Sir, Sir, look up, here ſtands he whom you paint,
Monſieur Deveil, the old *Low-Country* Saint;
In my own likeneſs thus my ſelf I ſhow,
That you may ſuch a Friend in Perſon know.
At this the *Painter* ſtarts up from his Place,
On's Picture ſtares, then in the *Devil*'s Face:
To him affrighted, *Hogen Mogen* ſaid,
Be not ſo diſcompos'd, be not afraid;
What ſee you here? no Tempeſt on my Brow,
But all ſerene, juſt as you paint me now!
There ſtands my Self, each Lineament as well
As if the Picture had been drawn in Hell;
And we have ſeveral Famous Painters there,
'Mongſt whom e're long, You, Sir, expected are;
Where we mad *Devils*, merry Boys, and Wags,
Change Fire-brands, mounted on Infernal Hags;
And when grown weary of thoſe rougher Sports,
We Antiques Dance beyond all Maſques in Courts,
And have our Poets in their ſeveral Desks,
Writing *Lampoons*, Plays Riming, and *Bourlesks*;
We act *Ragoue* there, *Sandie*, *Tegue*, and *Thump*,
And merry are, as when you burnt the *Rump*.
You by this Face my Character may find,
Theſe your own Lines are Tables of my Mind,
Slight Fire-ſide Stories, and ſuch idle Dreams:
When we are pleas'd, we are in the Extreams.
For me ſo well thus Pencill'd Fiend and fair,
I would not Gold preſent, encreaſing Care,
Ask ſomething may about your Heart ſit warm,
Againſt all Fears and Jealouſies to Arm;

Bethink

Bethink your self of some Rich Jewel, will
Keep sweet Contentment in your Bosom still.

The Artist, though much troubled and dismaid,
Thought if the Fiend for him a Favor had,
He should uncivil be to slight his Grant,
Though (thanks to God) he knew no Personal Want.
Then romaging his Brains, he cries, My Wife,
O gracious *Devil*, dearer than my Life,
Make her my onely Comfort, Joy of Joys,
Else all this Worlds Felicities are Toys.
Ah! out of your abundant Goodness grant
That none in her Embraces me supplant.

The Fiend reply'd, You know not what you ask;
To Translate Kingdoms is an easier Task!
I that have plaid the Fiend since two years old,
Studied this Point as much as *Devil* could,
Ransack'd the Elements, Earth, Sea, and Hell,
Could ne're find such a Charm, nor binding Spell,
Nor Locks, nor Keys, nor Adamantine Wall,
But when they sweeten once, they break through all.
Yet take this Ring, and put it on; so long
As this you wear, none shall you ever wrong;
This you of Fears and Jealousies will cure,
And your fair Wife for your own Use secure,
Safe from all loose Escapes, and wanton Pranks.
He on his Knees giving old *Satan* Thanks,
The flattering Dream and Golden *Devil* fled,
And he lay waking with his Wife in Bed.

The

The meaning of the Viſion ſoon he found,
His Finger with encircling *Hymen* crown'd.

MORAL.

Fond Jealouſie, a Paſſion all Extremes,
Makes us believe vain Thoughts and idle Dreams:
Wives may be True or Falſe to Husbands Beds,
But Fancied Horns put Devils in their Heads.

FAB. XXXI.

Of the Ruſtick and the Flea.

BLood-ſucker! thou that thus haſt broken in,
Committing Burglary upon my Skin,
hen pleaſant Sleep deſcending from the Pole,
efreſh'd with ſoft *Lethæan* Dew my Soul;
hat ſaiſt thou Wretch? what Rhet'rick can prevail,
hat forfeit Life thou payſt not on the Nail?
onfeſs and Hang, ſuch Favor I'll not grudge,
t am your Executioner and Judge;
an arreſted *Flea* our *Yeoman* ſaid:
hen thus the Pris'ner at the Bar did Plead.

Great King of Creatures, pitty my Miſhap,
ry one faln in thy tormenting Trap;
t my ſad Story melt thy yielding Soul,
o grant a Pardon, or elſe take *Paroll*:
y Priſoner from a Priſon ſcap'd ſo late,
feels the Preſſures of that heavy Fate,
ore I lay ſhackled in a ponderous Chain,
at did a Hundred Golden Links contain:
rongs from the Town and Country, nay, the Court,
ſee my cruel Sufferings made their Sport.

Me

Me when my Master had with no small pains
Truss'd like a Murderer, up to hang in Chains;
He tuter'd to such Activeness and Strength,
That Laden I leap'd ninety times my length:
Wondring Spectators hem the Tables round,
Whilst to the Roof in gemmell'd Gold I bound.
Yet I some Pleasures 'midst these Tortures got,
On Vermil Cheeks I oft became a Spot;
Oft in admiring Ladies Bosoms Top'd,
But never more to purchase Freedom hop'd:
Me and my Treasure up my Master locks
In utter Darkness, in a Silver Box;
When o're and o're my lofty Tricks were shown,
In such a doleful Dungeon lay I thrown,
I, my Jayl open, with no little pains
Unyok'd my curbing Links and bridling Chains;
At last far off from my deserted Box,
I in this Covert hid, your sheltring Flocks:
Three Days and Nights I kept that Wollen Hold,
Till overcome by Hunger, Thirst, and Cold,
I in dark silence neer your Person crept,
Feeling your Warmth, hearing you soundly slept:
There craving *Cerberus* had a little Sop,
Not much above a quarter of a Drop,
Which from your Purple Isle, your Crimson Sea,
Could not be mist, yet sav'd a wandring *Flea*;
This all my Crime, A poor Night-walking Thief,
Rather than die, made bold with your Relief:
Take pity, Sir, since you my Story know,
And Life thus forfeited on me bestow.

The

Then said the *Swain*, Thou Fables dost devise,
Hast hope to save thy Life by telling Lies:
Thou wak'st me from a Dream, beshrew thee for't,
Loss of the Golden Vision breaks my Heart.
To my own Smoky Roofs flung in a trice,
From Seats of Bliss, and Joys of Paradise;
Such an *America*, a New-found World,
Our gentlest Calms seem ruffled, harsh, and curl'd,
To their Serenes; all our Delights, annoys;
Felicities of Princes, irksom Toys.
There I beheld Dames never to be match'd,
Beauties like Stars, not Painted nor be-patch'd;
Nor proudly waddled, but like Clouds did march,
With Pace Majestick, through Heavens Crystal Arch:
'Mongst these, a Lady, one most Heavenly Fair,
Said, Chear up Friend, no more now toil or care;
Spirits no more pour out in briny Sweat,
Early and late the Bread of Sorrow eat:
But here for ever sport in shady Bowers,
Shortning with various Joys the tardie Hours;
A thousand Years in Pleasure at the height,
Shall like your Lovers Minutes take their flight;
Such *Venus* after-games we here shall play,
And ne're be weary, never feel decay.
I ventur'd fair then for a gentle Touch,
To Do—— what any could, they would as much:
When me of all my Hopes thou didst bereave,
And with one Pinch awaking, undeceive;
Thou rob'dst me, Villain of a Heavenly Wife,
And hast confest, so forfeited thy Life.

This ſaid, he ſqueez'd from him the Blood he g
Leaving on either Nail a Purple Spot.

MORAL.

Night-walking Jades, whilſt they Embrace, they Ro
The ſweet Dream flying, leaves an empty Fob:
Moſt ſteal for Want; for Pleaſure few, or Spite;
Yet ſome in Frolicks do the Gallows right.

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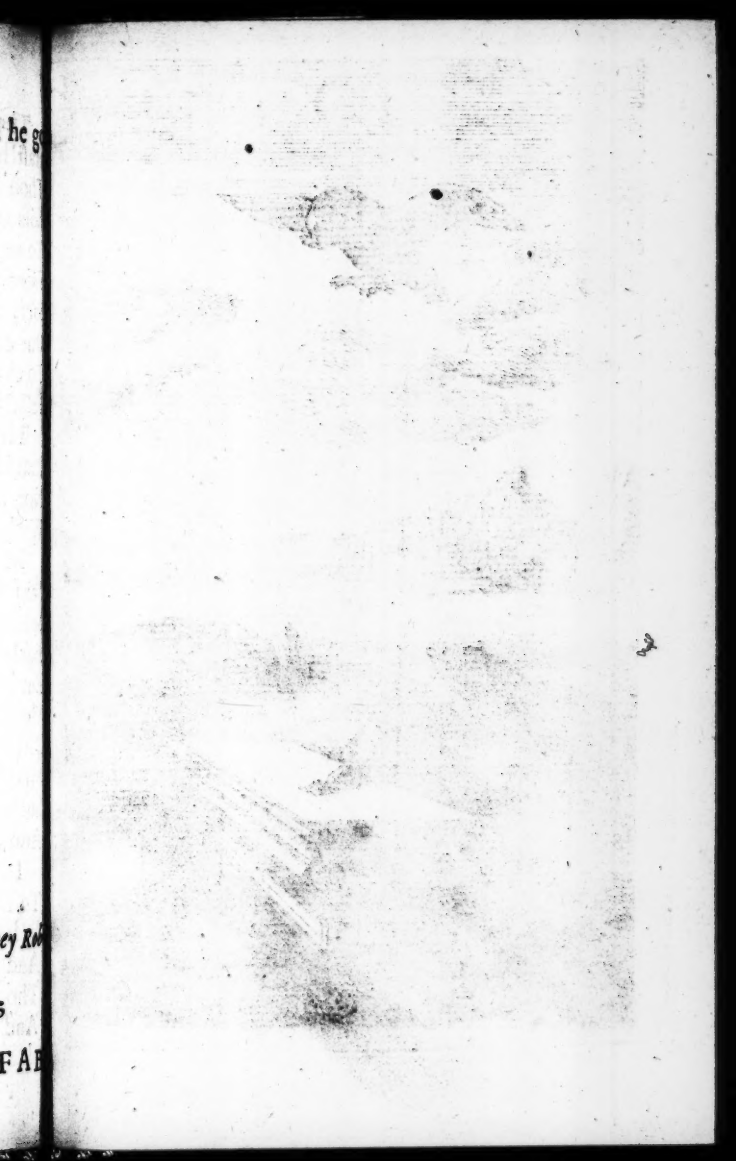


FAB. XXXII.

Of the Eagle, Oyster, Hare, and Daw.

A Huge *Drag-Oyster*, Prince of all the Bed,
'Mongst others born to Market, almost dead,
he Trotter from his many hundreds drops
a High-way, hedg'd by a sheltering Cops:
emlin the *Hare* this Monster heard fall down,
nd saw full Dorsors jogging to the Town,
Whom drawing near, admiring she beholds
he like no Bird nor Beast, in Woods or Woalds!
rious, her Foot, just as the *Oyster* gasp'd,
e vent'ring in, the two-leav'd Volume clasp'd;
nce try'd she how to make the Monster gape,
s oft, if with her Clog she might escape;
all in vain, the *Remora* stuck fast,
d her to Parley thus enforc'd at last.
What're thou art, Sea-wonder, Bird, or Beast!
first that e're I ventur'd on, to Feast,
e my grip'd Foot: You are a Stranger sure!
d under *Fortunes* Frown, not here secure;
d I'll to th' Ocean, if you Water lack,
ith a strong Convoy bear you on my Back,
you in safety setled there my self,
the deep Streams, or bedded on a Shelf:

Deluded with falſe Hopes, the *Oyſter* gapes,
And thence, this ſaid, ingrateful *Kemlin* ſcapes;
No more her Promiſe nor Engagement minds,
But to the Hills out-ſtrips the Weſtern Winds.
The *Eagle* look'd upon them all the while,
In one Diſh plotting both to reconcile,
Leſt this ſhould alſo ſcape, the Monarch ſtoop'd,
Made ſeizure of the Prey ſo ſtrongly coop'd,
Inveſted with a rough and double Shell,
Hard as the Adamantine Gates of Hell.
He whets his Beak, his hooked Talons grinds,
Charg'd often, and as oft Repulſes finds;
Three times ſhe opening Out-works, put him to't,
Once by his Beak, twice hanging by his Foot:
But whilſt the panting King Ceſſation made,
His wide Mouth opening, thus the *Oyſter* ſaid.
This Fortreſs onely Steel or Fire muſt win,
Your Bill and Claws I value not a Pin;
Who firſt to Storm my rough-caſt Out-works dar'd
A King, the valiant'ſt Man alive, declar'd,
His Knife then ſlipping, I but rac'd his Skin,
And this Great Champion dy'd of a Gangrene.
The *Daw* obſerving from Heavens Cryſtal Vau
How much in vain were all his ſtrong Aſſaults,
Thus to his Maſter ſaid; The wiſh'd-for Prize
Bear to the Middle-Region of the Skies,
Then drop th' obdurate on yon harder Rock,
So you your Siege ſhall finiſh at one ſhock.
The Counſel pleas'd, the *Eagle* in a trice
Scal'd Galleries ſtor'd with Rain, Snow, Hail, and
Th

There perpendicular takes steady aim,
And on hard Marble down the *Oyster* came,
The Breaches clattering like a Thunder-crack,
The Fort lay open for the least Attack;
In leaps the *Daw*, and streight to Plunder falls,
There leaving fractur'd Shells and broken Walls.
Then said the King, Though vex'd, I needs must laugh,
Thus to be cheated by a cozening *Chough*:
But if I ever catch the *Rook* at Court,
I'll keep him in my Kitchen fasting for't;
There he shall starve, or, e're he get one Bit,
Petition to be beaten with the Spit.

MORAL.

Who deal with Princes, drive a subtle Trade,
When large Bills swell, for worthless Trifles made:
Who make such Audits mount a thousand ways,
The King's too hard for them, he never pays.

FAB. XXXII.

Of the Cedar and the Shrub.

A *Cedar* whose tall Branches did extend
To kiss the Sky, and Roots to Hell descend,
Puff'd up with Pride, swoln with vain Folly big,
Owl'd with a Bush and staring Periwig,
Which Madam *May* curl'd for his Summer-Cap,
To drop off with the first Autumnal Clap,
Thus proudly spake unto a neighboring *Shrub*:
Thou inconsiderate ill-manner'd Grub,
When I vouchsafe to look thus down on thee,
Scorn'st thou to stoop, and bow that Wooden Knee?
When by my Kindness thou art happy made,
From Wind and Sun protected by my Shade! (Towns
Knowst thou not me, whose Arms build Tow'rs and
Whose Knees make floating Cities on the Downs?
The strongest Marble Arch, without my Wood,
Ne're stood the Violence of a second Flood;
If my huge Branches strengthen not the Frame,
Down comes the Structure, like a Millers Dam:
Nay more, on me the Royal *Eagle* Builds;
The *Lion* and his Train that range the Fields,
When *Boreas* huffs, or scorching *Phœbus* burns,
My Leafy Shadow to his Palace turns:

The

The *Mexicans*, as flying Fame reports,
Not onely of, but in me build their Courts.
The vain Tree boasting thus, no end had made,
But that the Ax unto the Root was laid;
Then boystrous Blows resound, and thundring Strokes,
Such bring proud *Cedars* low, and sturdy *Okes*.
The *Bush* then seeing how her palsied Crown
Sunk by Degrees, just ready to drop down,
Spake to the Dying, at her latest Gasp,
In Deaths Convulsions trembling like an *Asp*.
Hadst thou been Mean as I, th' hadst scap'd all Tax,
Nor hadst thou been condemned to the Ax;
Thou that so late contemn'st an *Heuricane*,
Charg'd with Hail-shot, and Deluges of Rain,
Those *Covenanting Brethren* Thirty two,
Winds that not onely Threaten, but can Do,
That Spring and Fall, each Change of Weather fly,
Not only to the ruin of the Sky,
But in their rage whate're Monarchick, bear
O're Sea and Land, and sweep them through the Air;
Your Parts and Riches, that you so did crack,
Though Tempests could not, lay you on your Back;
Arm'd with Poverty, thus Mean and Low,
Defie the Hatchet, and all Winds that blow.

MORAL.

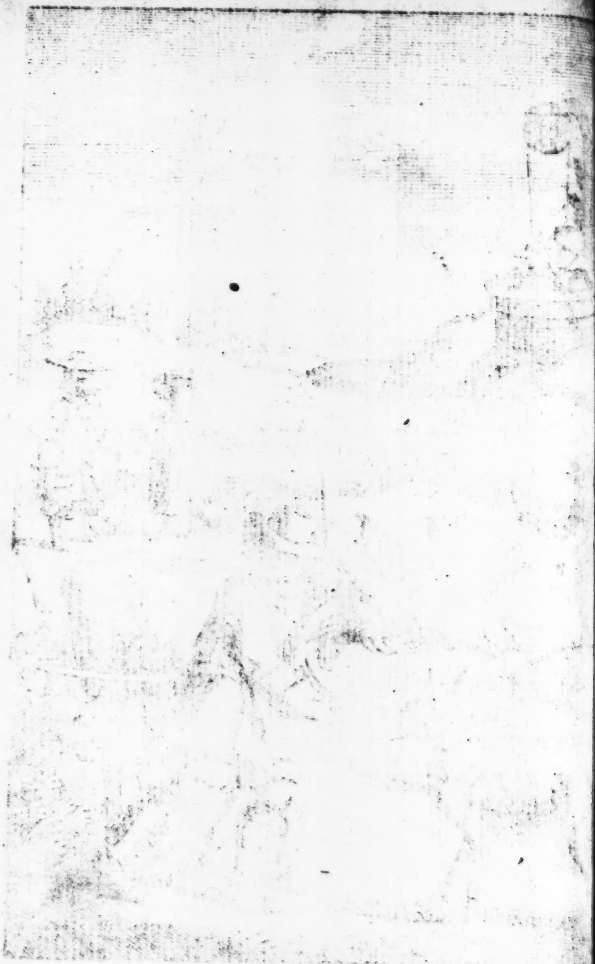
Who have whate're their Wishes could devise,
Should ne're the poor and abject'st Worm despise;
When altering Times, and fickle Fortunes frown
Brings oft the Proudest in a Moment down.

FAB. XXXIV.

Of the Ruſtick and the Wolf.

A Teſty *Swain*, when Beatings not avail'd,
His *Ox* with Execrations thus aſſail'd;
Legion, ten thouſand Devils on thee fall,
And eat thy Quarters up, Atch-bones and all;
Like Summer-flies upon thee feaſting ſit,
Not leaving Poor and Serving-Fiends a Bit:
But if for Beaſts ſuch Spirits little care,
Turks, *Heathens*, *Jews*, and *Sectaries* their Fare
Who living Rebels ſwallow'd at a Gulph
Once Three and twenty thouſand, take him *Wolf*;
Thou that now haunt'ſt theſe Downs, let *Iſgrim*'s Cu
Powder thee up, a Diſh for *Belzebub*;
Or let thy Wife, with Salt and Pepper ſtrow'd,
In Collers roll the up, Beef *a-la-mode*.
The Patrezaring *Wolf*, who lay in wait,
Hearing the *Ruſtick* rail at ſuch a rate,
Himſelf diſcovering, thus puts in his Claim:
I take you at your Word, Sir, here I am;
Swains, ſuch as you, are punctual and juſt,
Keep Promiſe, and prove Faithful to their Truſt;
When the Nobleſs, and Peerage of the Land,
Never pay Debts, and rarely clear a Bond:

Na



Nay, Citizens, and those of primer Rank,
Whose Credits stand unquestion'd as the Bank,
Crack unexpected, and not then prove sound,
When Nine-pence for a Noble they Compound:
Deliver up your Grant, the *Bullock* pay,
And I'll discharge you to this present Day.
Then said the *Swain*, What *Bullock*? who are you?
That talk'st of Grants, and mak'st so much ado?
Art thou his Son that sav'd Sir *Reynard*'s Skin?
Puppy, begon, I owe thee not a Pin.
The *Wolf* reply'd, Think not to put me off,
My Due demanding, with a slighting Scoff:
Though you your racking Landlords so do pay,
Put Nine Months off beyond their Quarter-day,
I look you should be punctual; this my *Steer*
Deliver streight, or it will cost thee dear.
Who thus return'd, Fond *Isgrim*, prate no more,
I gave this *Bullock* to the Devil before,
The first Grant stands; but two besides you yet
Put earlier Titles in, my Pot, and Spit.
This said, he calls his Dog behind the Hedge,
Who, little thought on, rais'd his formal Siege;
Thence in disorder the raw Soldier scudds,
To sheltring Quarters in th' adjacent Woods.
Young *Isgrim* worsted by a Bumkin Blade,
At first thus broken setting up his Trade,
His Reputation crack'd, so much o're-match'd,
Labors his Brains, and all Occasions watch'd
His Credit to redeem, obtain his Right,
Or try his Fortune in a Single Fight.

At

At last the *Rustick* and his *Ox* he found,
Fallow converting into Furrow-ground;
To whom he said, Unconscionable Clown,
To hold me from my Right, and what's my Own,
Whilst I, my Wife, and Children, almost starve:
Ah Heavens! what Punishment do they deserve,
Who care not whom they Rob, nor how they Cheat,
Widows and Orphans Goods, like Morsels, eat;
Resolve whate're they gather so to keep,
Yet as supinely as poor Poets sleep:
But now thou shalt no longer me evade,
Spite of thy Dog, and Devil, I'll be paid.
In quiet then deliver up this *Steer*,
Take my Acquittance, and your Audit's clear.
The *Swain* observ'd how sharp-set *Isgrim* look'd,
Ready to eat him and his *Ox* uncook'd!
Absent his Dog, in danger of his Life,
Streight Arms he disconceals, and draws his Knife,
Putting himself in posture of Defence:
Then said, Come on, your Martial Suit commence;
With this I'll trounce your Tripes, your Gullet rip,
Inspect thy Bowels, and thy Body strip;
Thy Head cut off, I'll carry to the *Kirk*,
The Parish pays me for so good a Work.
The *Wolf*, startled at *Kirk*, and much dismay'd
At his bright Arms, and bold Defiance, said,
Short as you are, as Confident I am
Thee to subdue, as if a Kid or Lamb,
Trusting my Strength, my Courage, and my Cause:
But my Humanity puts in a Clause.

My

My Mother was a *Caledonian* Dame,
Lay-Elder-like, *War-Wolf* my Grandsire came,
And 'midst Devotion mingled *Venus* Work,
As she at Prayers lay groveling in the *Kirk*,
'Midst Groans and feign'd Contrition, her embrac'd,
And pregnant swell'd her then no little Waste:
Some few Months after she had play'd the Rig,
With *Wolvish* Seed, and *Calvinism* big,
With that fermenting *Covenant* enrag'd,
Against th' *Episcopacy* she engag'd,
Threw the first Stone, and after that, her Chair,
Lawn-sleeves upbraiding, and New *Common-Prayer*:
The Signal given, with a hideous Yell
The *Commers*, that sold Cabages and Kell,
Thunder at once, Stools, Cushions, Stones, and Mire,
Distain'd the Magpie's Pontifick Attire:
My Grannie so begun those fatal Broils
Inflam'd three Kingdoms, and two spacious Isles:
Therefore since you and I may be ally'd,
By Arbitration let the Case be try'd:
Wars doubtful are, and long expensive Laws;
Let him who first we meet decide the Cause,
And to his Judgment promise both to stand.
On this th' Agreed, and Seal'd a Counter-bond.

MORAL.

Who ventures on a Foe, and then falls back,
Makes like a Pistol without Ball, a Crack:
When to take up the Business, Friends he moves,
Braggart himself both Fool and Coward proves.

FAB.

FAB. XXXV.

2. *Of the Ruſtick and the Wolf.*

NOr long with Talk did they the Time beguile,
When buſie *Reynard* whips me o're the Stile,
Whoſe Sire th' old *Fox* bred with much Care and Coſt
Up to the Law, nor his Endeavors loſt;
Lucrative Studies, early he, and late,
To Maſter ſtrove, whence Wealth grows ſpite of Fate,
If they to Pleading come, will Sweat, and Trudge:
When both thus ſaid, Behold an able Judge.
So after Conges, to their Work they fell,
And each their Tale to beſt advantage tell.
Then ſaid the *Fox*, To this you'l both abide?
I, I, at once the *Swain* and *Wolf* reply'd.
Then firſt apart he with the *Ruſtick* goes,
And thus affrights; Your Caſe, Sir, fouly ſhows:
You have confeſt, *primo Leonis*, th' Act
Caſts you, 'gainſt thoſe with Evil Spirits Contract;
You to the Devil made a Deed of Gift:
If ſuch Work once we Lawyers come to ſift,
You are undone, your Life in danger too;
Witches have burnt for doing leſs than you;
Victims, to promiſe, execratious Charms,
The *Bullock* falls to him that firſt informs:

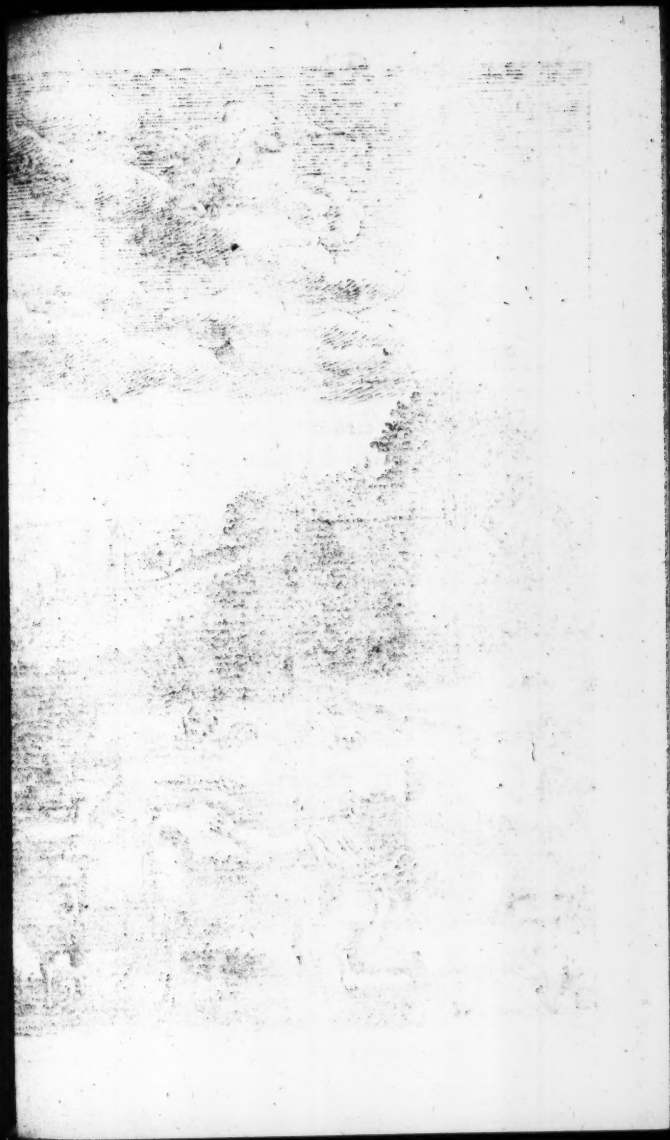
Not

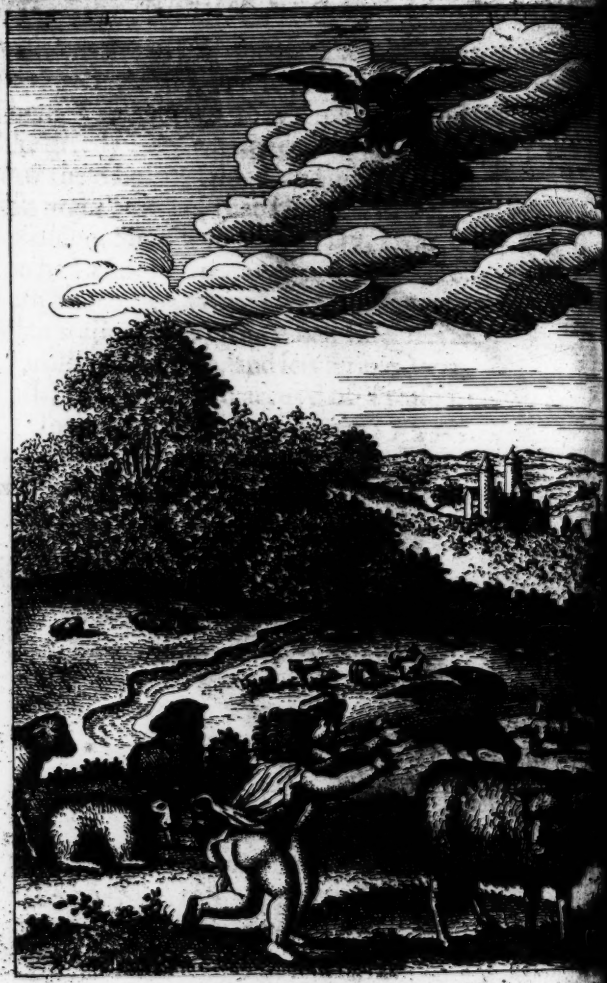
Not Friends at Court would fetch you off, nor Gold,
Should any lay on this Advantage hold.
The nettled *Swain*, with many ill-made Legs,
Of his Furr'd *Foxſhip* kind Aſſiſtance begs;
Whatever Goods and Lands, though ne're ſo Rich,
Let him diſpoſe, e're ſuffer for a Witch.
Who thus reply'd; To make your Buſineſs mine,
Your Purſe muſt ſtretch, whatever I deſign;
A Counſellor or two we firſt muſt make,
Each may a dozen of your Capons take;
Theſe in the Breach muſt ſtand, make good the Gap,
And may, perhaps, your Cauſe e're Hearing ſtop.
The *Bullock* ſend unto the *Lion*'s Guard,
So get your Pardon, and be never Heard:
Me a fat *Gooſe*, ſome Chickens for my Wife,
And we, I warrant, ſoon ſhall huſh all ſtrife.
This to perform, himſelf the *Ruſtick* ty'd:
When cunning *Reynard* thus young *Iſgrim* ply'd;
So pleaſe your *Wolfſhip*, you were much to blame,
To lay your Title in the Devil's Name,
For the foul Fiend; Ah Heavens! Appearance make!
Your wary Sire did never ſo miſtake,
Though he did often *Satan* well adviſe,
And could out-lie the Father of all Lies:
Whene're to canvaſing your Buſineſs comes,
One Load of Fagots will prove both your Dooms.
Your own Confeſſions (Ah! not me employ)
The Plaintiff and Defendant will deſtroy.
But more than this, your loud Conteſt I find,
And wrangling in ſuch Paſſion, taking Wind,

A Bird hath carried, and no falſe Report,
To the King's Ear, and to his hungry Court:
There, Tables down, they empty lye, and watch,
Like greedy Fiſh, whatever Prey to catch;
I ſaw them buſsle, cringe, and making Legs;
This urges Service, that his Promiſe begs:
Be ſudden, Sir, elſe ſoon you'l ſay, I fear,
You had a fair Eſtate, and once you Were.
With Sheep, and fatted Lambs, Peace-offerings make
What's all your Worth, when Life lies at the Stake?
A Drolling Favorite, and leſs ſerious Peer,
Shall, brib'd, although accus'd of Treaſon, clear.
My Uncle, now in old Lord *Iſgrim*'s Place,
Shall, with a Preſent, gain the *Lion*'s Grace.
Send all to me, and I'll your Gifts diſpoſe,
Confirm your Friends, and molifie your Foes.
The *Wolf* thus nettled, ſaid, All this I'll do,
Whate're 'twill coſt me, I'll my Pardon ſue.
Thus ſubtle *Reynard* ended their Debates,
Sharing no little Part of their Eſtates.

MORAL.

Buſineſs to Lawyers Arbitration put,
Whoever Shuffles, they the firſt will Cut,
Go on each ſide a Snip, nor care two Pins,
So they fill up their Mouths, which Party Wins.





FAB. XXXVI.

Of the Eagle and the Chough.

THe Royal *Eagle* down like Lightning came,
And truss'd in griping Sears a tender *Lamb*;
Then to a Cedars Crown that kiss'd the Skies,
To his expecting *Aery* bears the Prize.
This flight a *Chough* with admiration saw,
Who long had been a Student in the Law:
Then said, Why toil we thus at Inns of Courts,
Sweating at Breviates, Cases, and Reports?
Drain *Ployden*, *Dyar*, *Littleton*, and *Cokes*,
About a *Jack-a Styles* and *John-a-Nokes*?
Attend seven Years e're call'd unto the Bar,
When Sutes no Fortunes raise, like Chance of War?
We a long Life may spend, and sweating trudge,
To be a Tell-clock, or a gowty Judge;
Make Term by Term the Hall with Pleadings ring;
Then one Field, one short Battel, Crowns a King,
We spin out Causes, Clients to beguile;
A Lucky Hit concludes the Soldiers Toil.
We onely Fleecers be; this *Eagle* came,
And made one Business both of Fleece and Lamb.
Religious Fools Estates we oft impair,
Get for our selves, perhaps, the better share;

But

But if in Military Power they fall,
Their Lands are ſwallow'd, Moveables and all.
Law and the Gown farewell; I'll now turn Blade
Deſign he puts in Action, ſoon as ſaid,
And with a lofty Flight cuts ambient Skies,
Thence ſtooping, a fat Weather makes his Prize:
Then with his Load thinking to cleave the Clouds,
He found himſelf entrapp'd in Woollen Shrowds;
His Claws and Shanks entangled ſtuck ſo deep,
That he lay Priſ'ner to his Captive Sheep;
As eaſie he might raiſe this pondrous Work,
As bear to Heaven a *Covenanting Kirk.*
The fond Bird ſnapp'd thus in a Fleecie Gin,
The more he labors, ſticks the faſter in;
The Wooll like Quick-ſands working, deeper drew
About his Claws the intricated Clew.
A *Swain* obſerving his ambitious Flight,
A Gowned Lawyer now turn'd Errant Knight,
Thus ſmiling ſaid, Welcom from Inns of Court,
Since you take pleaſure in Wars cruel Sport,
I'll bring you to a Regiment of Wags,
Who from the Fair, mounted on Hobby-Nags,
With Treble Fiddle, Tabers, Pipes, and Drums,
All Merry Boys, and each his Rattle, comes.
He gives him to the Childiſh Troop, this ſaid;
They lay by Nifels, and their trifling Trade,
And ſtreight the Fondlings ſeizing, pull and hale,
His Wings they clip, and mutilate his Tail;
And thronging round, they queſtion, ask his Name
His Nation, Parents, Age, and whence he came:

Who sighing, thus reply'd; I, now your Sport,
Was bred a Lawyer at the Inns of Court;
Thence, like the soaring *Eagle*, thought to flie
From Chamber-work, to Practise in the Skie:
But I now finding how I was mistook,
Confess my self a *Temple-garden Rook*.

MORAL.

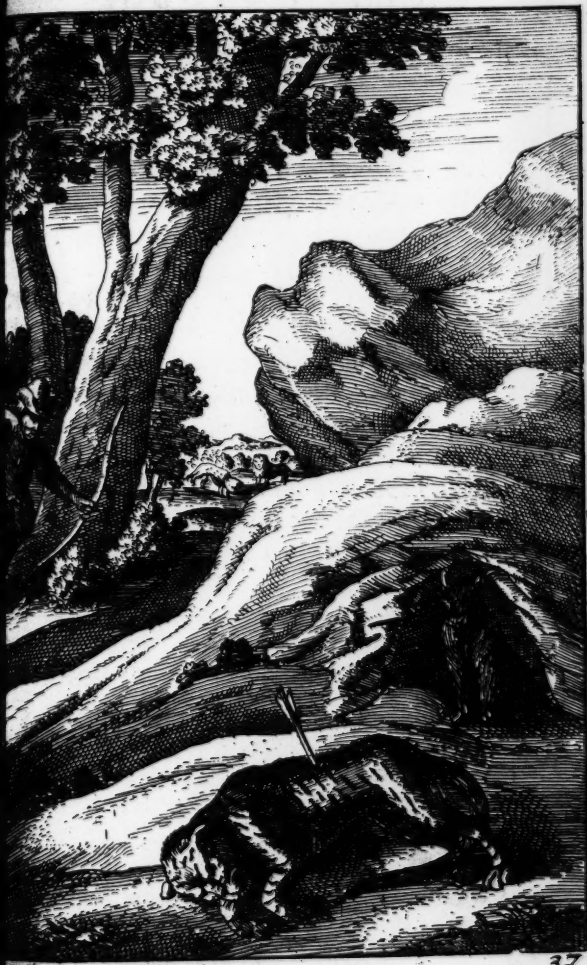
Those who Experience, Strength, or Courage lack,
Taking a Tartar, *may themselves attack:*
But to be Sport for Boys and loytering Facks,
Little of an Infernal Torture lacks.

FAB. XXXVII.

Of the Tyger and the Fox.

WHen Hunting *Nimrods* first began to shoot,
And at strange distance aiming, execute;
Before in Squadrons able Bow-men stood,
Dimming Noon Sun-beams with a Feather'd Wood
Against Wild Beasts they practice new-found Skill,
And *Quadrupeds* felt onely biting Steel:
When in the Forest this dire Work began,
What God they knew not, or more cruel Man
Them thus afflicted; out they could not start,
But here a *Heifer* drops, and there a *Hart*.
No Foe in sight; but loe! th' Infernal Hag
Tisiphone, or else some direr Plague,
Brought a Destruction not to be controll'd,
None sparing, neither Sex, nor Young, nor Old:
So durst they not from sheltring Coverts draw,
But there lay pining with an empty Maw.
When a bold *Tyger* thus inquir'd the Cause;
You Forest-Rangers now who know no Laws,
But your own Wills, who Pleasure onely serve,
What makes you thus pent up to lie and starve?
Or what *Scorbutick* Humor stops your Blood,
That thus you languish here, and seek no Food?

Whe



When one reply'd, We dare not take the Field,
Unless protected with a Tortoise Shield:
Clouds that with *Jove*'s Artillery assail,
Lightning and Thunder, Wind, Snow, Rain, and Hail,
Ne're us surpriz'd, shelter'd in Dens and Holes;
Now not a black Patch seen 'twixt either Poles,
Some God from clear Expansions Bolts lets flie,
Unwing'd with warning Tempest, so we die:
Or if we scape hurt by unseen Serenes,
The Wound not mortal, perish of Gangrenes;
And if we fall where shot, the Lords of Lands
Make us their Prize, and seize for *Deodands*:
So we resolve to spend here lateſt Breath,
Since of all Deaths the worst is sudden Death.
Then said the *Tyger*, *Man* o're Beasts hath odds,
As much as over Men Immortal Gods;
But be it Humane, Heavenly Power, or Hells,
That kills at once, and works such Miracles,
I'll venture a Discovery to make,
And good or bad whate're my Fortune take.
This said, the Bold and Nimble waves Disputes,
And Reason baffled, from the Covert shoots:
No sooner forth, an Archer him discern'd,
Talking and gazing, as not much concern'd;
His Tackle ready, close in Ambuscade,
Drawing his Shaft, thus he to *Phœbus* pray'd.
Grant that yon Monster with the haughty Garb
May receive Sentence from this deadly Barb;
Give Pride a fall; this Arrow in his Breast,
Takeme the Master of his curious Vest,

Which prizing next to Royal Ermin, shall
Hang a gay Trophie up in *Skinners* Hall.
Whilst he at Fears and Vulgar Errors laught,
Apollo grants, and he dismist the Shaft;
Making no obstacle, a Rib it broke,
And through his Bowels fixt upon an Oke.
He felt strange Agonies through every Part,
And Deaths Convulsions shake his trembling Hea
Strikes, tears, and flings, till almost out of breath,
Th' arrested Patient falls, expecting Death:
At his last gasp, whilst yielding up his Soul,
Spake thus slie *Reynard*, peeping from his Hole:
You that but now to venture were so hot,
What? Sink you at a *Privateer's* first Shot?
A close Back-biter, that can well defame,
You ne're shall see, and he ne're miss his Aim:
You are a Courtier in the *Lion*'s Woods,
There you may find many such *Robin Hoods*,
That from the King's own Ear their Aim shall take,
And though in Favor, an Example make.

MORAL.

Back-biters oft infuse such lasting Stains,
That blemish Heirs in after Princes Reigns:
A sland'rous Tongue, although upon no ground,
For ever may fair Reputation *wound.*

FA

FAB. XXXVIII.

Of the Eagle and other Birds.

A Tyrant *Eagle*, that had diſpoſſeſt
His Royal Maſter, and enjoy'd his Neſt,
Which more to Feather, he a thouſand ways,
And griping Counſel, ſtudies how to raiſe:
His pack'd-up *Parliaments* gave what he would,
Enough to build him Forts and Ships of Gold;
Yet though all ſorts of Birds were plum'd and pill'd,
His Clemm'd Exchequers Belly never fill'd;
Pan, Taxes, Pole, his Cuſtom and Exciſe,
Nor in their Rivers, yield ſcarce no Supplies;
Collectors and Receivers, *Rooks* and *Kites*,
Up Pounds to Pence, and Shillings into Mites:
The Tyrant by Neceſſity put to't,
Monopolies and Projects ſets afoot.
At laſt *Religion* cloaks his impious Aims,
He an Annual Holy-day Proclaims
To *Aquila* his Grandſire, who now bears
Jove's puniſhing Thunder in his hooked Sears.
At laſt the Day of Solemnization came,
From all Parts gathering Birds both Wild and Tame;
Peacocks and Geeſe, Turkies, Wild-ducks, and Cranes
To the Decoy-Temple throng, with ſeveral Trains:

They look'd that Griffons there they ſhould behold,
And Flying Horſes, Wing'd with Angel-Gold!
There Birds of Paradiſe! There, would appear
Phœnix, ſcarce ſeen once in five hundred year!
But, ah! In ſtead of Gaudy, Armed Birds,
Bed-Chamber Harpies, Kites, and Craven Lords,
A Guard with griping Tallons ready ſtood,
Thoſe fatal *Veſpers* to conclude in Blood:
Whilſt all with ſudden Conſternations ſhake,
Thus the *Uſurper* in rough Language ſpake.

We with our urgent Wants, and riſing Charge,
Oft mildly have acquainted you at large,
Suppoſing well Our Aims you underſtood,
Not Private ſeeking, but the Publick Good:
But be it what it will, no more now ſhall
Our Will and Pleaſure queſtion'd be at all;
Since Fate hath put me in the Royal Chair,
Of blaſted Reputation I'll beware;
No more I'll wheedle now, cajole, or beg,
Make my own Subjects, for my Right, a Leg:
But thoſe who boldly oft did me oppoſe,
Proſcrib'd, ſhall all now ſuffer here as Foes;
I'll make this day prime Offerings of their Blood,
To *Aquilla*, Our Grandſire, and Our God.

This ſaid, his Guard at once upon them falls,
Turning expected Feaſts to Funerals:
In Heaps lay Maſſacred the Fat and Tame,
The Rich were Criminals, and moſt to blame.
The *Eagle* glad his cruel Project took,
Unto his bloody Murtherers thus ſpoke.

Who would be Absolute, a Real King,
By Fear must down Seditious Subjects bring:
Who goes about a Crimson Deed by Ha'ves,
If one 'mongst thousands his fond Mercy saves,
That proves his Ruin, by imperfect Work.
Off the Prime Heads at once of Poppies jerk,
Then Rule alone: Howe're, a Tyrant's brave,
Descending all in Scarlet to the Grave.

MORAL.

Kings, as inclin'd, on several Hinges move;
This scorns the Peoples Hate, that courts their Love:
But who with general liking quiet Reigns,
A skilful Riders Reputation gains.

FAB. XXXIX.

Of the Pedlar and his Ass.

MUst I be always at this heavy pass,
Still the Sides tawing of a stubborn *Ass*?
Will you not mend your Pace, so light your Load,
Such pleasant Weather, and so fair a Road?
Thus to his restie Beast the Master said,
Whilst tabring on his Coat the Cudgel plaid:
But he the Storm with surly patience stood,
As if a Sea-wash'd Rock, or made of Wood;
Nor more would from his Resolution budge,
Then the severest Sentence-passing Judge.
Since Blows could not his *tender Conscience* force,
He thus assaies him with a milder Course.
Jog *Assinego*, step by step, make proof
Of this smooth Tract, with your imprinting Hoof;
Here are no Plashes, Clods, nor lumpy Clay,
Here, had we time, us two at Dice might play:
No more I'll wreak my Anger on thy Ribs,
But my self feed thee at repleniſh'd Cribs,
And like a Lord, although an *Ass*, attend,
And *Filly-foal* shall be thy Bosom-friend.
Not so the *Polish* Chapman and his Mag
Rais'd vast Estates, a *Galloway* their Nag,

Still chearful bore his Wealth-encreasing Pack,
Till he march'd forth a General from a Jack.
When thus grown desperate, spake the moody Beast,
Thee, and thy Fairs and Markets, I detest;
After so many Stripes, that me wouldst sooth,
To fettle early in thy Cheating Booth:
Last night your Guz'ling got into your Pate,
And I must suffer, cause you rose so late.
My Father told me, dying, whom you made
Like me, your Slave, like me, your Pack-horse Jade,
You more by favoring of that Rebel *Scot*,
Than by your Pedling, this your Fortune got:
You with seditious Pamphlets stuff'd your Load,
Long e're *Mercuriusses* appear'd abroad,
Before Fame plum'd on Paper Wings could flie,
Plain *Truth* trod under by proud Madam *Lie*,
Fill'd the illiterate Dorps and Country Towns
With *Cleaver*'s works, with *Subtcliff*'s, *Dod*'s, & *Brown*'s;
On every Shelf and Cup-boards-head they lay,
Opening to grand Rebellion the way.
My hapless Father, at his latest Breath,
Laid to your Loads and Cruelty his Death;
I suffering thus like him, resolve so too,
And dying here, my Murther lay on you.
This said, no longer he sustains his Load,
But stretch'd himself athwart the beaten Road.
When to the Desperate, thus th' Inrag'd replies;
Wilt thou lye here, not do thy Work, nor rise?
If to the Devil thou intend'st to go,
I'll find thee Tortures worse than those below;

Thy

Thy endleſs Beatings ſhall fill all Parts with din;
I'll in twelve Tabers cantle out thy Skin;
At Childrens Feaſts, at Puppet-plays, and Fairs,
Thoſe reſtleſs Furies, Puddings, Apes, and Hares,
Shall Taw thy Hide, and with perpetual noiſe,
Call to lewd Shews, light Girls, and loytring Boys:
Perpetual Baſtings, always to be ſlamm'd,
If thou ſo well approv'ſt, Die and be damn'd.
The *Aſs* then in a melancholy vein,
Splenetick fumes ſuggeſting Hell and Pain,
Dire Tortures after Death! began to think,
No lucid Intervals, no Meat nor Drink!
But always Furies labouring on his Pelt!
Better that Hell wherein he living dwelt,
Where he 'mongſt Toil and blows might reſt and feed:
Then riſing, he out-went an *Aſſes* ſpeed.

MORAL.

Such Criminals whom ſoft nor threatning Words
Will make confeſs, cock'd Piſtols, nor drawn Swords;
Tell them of Tortures, and Infernal Flames,
That brings all out, and greateſt Monſters tames.

FAB.

FAB. XL.

Of Jupiter and the Ape.

TRansform'd to *Wolves* by *Jove*, *Lycaon*'s Race
Once more themselves transform to *Babes of Grace*;
The brisly Beast a Sheep-skin Tunick clouds,
And they, though living, walk in Woollen Shrouds:
Thus carrying on a damnable Design,
Not Heaven to take by Storm, but undermine;
Monarchick Power up Root and Branch they'l grub,
Thundring from Hell, the Pulpit, and the Tub,
Heavens Gates not battering, thus they will unhinge,
To satiate both their Avarice and Revenge;
And Lords of the Ascendant, swallow down
Bright Constellations, Jewels of the Crown,
Level Revenues, share his Starry Robes,
Joyning Cœlestial and Terrestrial Globes.
Which *Jove* perceiving, soon remembred well
How on his Palace Earth-born Bumkins fell,
Those ranting *Tytanois* in hurley-burley,
(Like ruder Sea-men after Pay grown surley)
Drove Heavens Twelve Houses down at once to tear,
Crying They all Light *Venus* Mansions were.

Then

Then said Great *Jove*, *Wolves* threaten my Aboads,
Their Faction powerful grown 'mongst favoring Gods:
What shall I do? And Man's deceitful Stock,
Though me with loaden Altars they invoke,
Yet in the Giants War not one did list,
Nor Us in that great Exigence assist:
Well, I with Beasts will fight the Bestial Foe,
Commissioning our *Quadrupeds* below.
This said, he musters up both Wild and Tame;
All free from this so dire Infection came:
'Mongst these, the King of *Apeland* did engage,
Attended with a *Gallick* Equipage,
Trunk-hos'd *Baboons*, and Livery'd *Drills*, *Lacqueis*,
Which *Jove* himself took pleasure on to gaze:
When drawing neer, with *John-an-Apes* his Son,
Thrice Congeing, to the Thunderer thus begun.

Though in our Kingdom Pulpit-*Wolves* we have,
Hyena's, such as make the Vulgar rave;
Yet by our Care not far their Poyson taints,
Within our Walls preach no dissembling Saints;
Free from the Witchcraft of their powerful Charms,
I'll forty thousand thee present in Arms,
'Gainst all the World my Army I'll maintain
To march up Hill, and so come down again.
But for this Service one small Boon I beg,
Behold my Son, thus mounted on one Leg,
Which if that Miracles not yet are ceas'd,
Stands th' onely Wonder betwixt Man and Beast!

Should

Should I his Qualities but reckon, they
Would take up the whole Business of the day;
Therefore, great King of Kings, on him bestow
Some Grant that may your signal Favors show.

Then *Jove* reply'd; To give shall be my task;
And you to find, what's worth your while to ask,
Present me your desires, what you would have:
As ready I'm to grant, as you to crave.

Nor long consulting th' *Apeland* Monarch stays,
But thus upon his Knee *Jove* humbly prays:

Since you are pleas'd my Off-spring to advance,
Make him a King, a good King *John* of *France*:
E're Rolls of Fate (some say) are quite unfurl'd,
An Apish Prince may Rule the VVestern VVorld;
I beg this, Sir, upon our Injuries score,
Forces to Land upon the *British* Shore,
My Brother, and his Uncle, to redeem
From *Paris-garden*, one I much esteem,
VVhom now at Pension amongst nasty Bears,
A guarded Jerkin without Breeches wears,
There making Pastime on a gall'd Horse back,
And though a Prince at home, they call him *Jack*.

To be the King of *France*, said angry *Jove*!
On such a high Concern no further move;
The *French* King might have past, he not unfit
To Rule that Nation by his Parts and VVit:

But

But since he after such Preferment gapes,
To be a Monarch, though a *Jack-an-Apes*,
Your Brother and his Uncle never shall
From *Paris-Garden* be releas'd at all;
But when his Master please, shew Tricks, and Dance,
To meanest Subjects of the King of *France*.

MORAL.

Clandestine Plots more dangerous are by far,
Than all Hostilities of open War:
Let your Petitions modest be, and fit,
And ten to one if any thing you get.

FAB

FAB. XLI.

Of the Carpenter and Mercury.

THis Artiſt, who no ſmall Task undertook,
No petty Tenements, nor paltry Nook,
or for ſome Trees contracted, but whole VVoods,
build a ſtately Temple for the Gods,
huge *Pantheon*, where they all muſt ſtand
hat e're were worſhipp'd yet in any Land,
nd empty Nieches left for many more,
w *Lights* might move hereafter to implore.
ch where the Groves reſound with boyſtrous ſtrokes,
falls of groaning Pines, and dying Okes;
is VVork he plies, ſo that in Ranks and Files
hick ſtands a Foreſt in congeſted Piles.
This Alteration ſetled *Eagles* felt,
Who had in Cedar Courts three Ages dwelt,
poſing the Eſtate for ever theirs,
leaſt, long Leaſes for themſelves and Heirs:
ongſt theſe, he on a ſpecial Tree did look,
riſuled with an incircling Brook;
ongſt ſpreading Boughs, that dangled o're the ſtream,
fancied one would make a fitting Beam,
Which ſtriding, while he Sprigs and Foliage tops,
ſie to clear the VVork, his Hatchet drops

'Mongſt

'Mongſt troubled VVaters, hard to be regain'd,
Deep with a Shower, dark with fermented Sand:
Then the Cœleſtials all he did implore,
His Ax, employ'd for them, they would reſtore.
VVhen *Hermes*, whom this Artiſt late had Carv'd
And much for ſuch a Maſter-piece deſerv'd,
VVhich in his Shop ſhew'd like an unlick'd Bear,
But an eighth VVonder mounted in the Air,
VVith his *Caduceus*, ſtanding on one Leg,
Appearing, ſaid, In a good Hour you beg,
You building are the Gods a ſtately *Fane*,
VVho work for them, they hear, when they compla
VVho thus reply'd; My Ax, whilſt here I lopt
Boughs for their Service, in the River dropt;
Lately new edg'd, and fitted to my Hands,
VVhich whilſt I want, a Turret tottering ſtands.
This ſaid, the God deſcends, and in a Thought
Him from deep Streams a Golden Hatchet brought,
Asking if that were his; which when he ſpy'd,
That's none of mine, I dropt none ſuch he cry'd;
I ne're had any Ax ſhin'd half ſo bright;
For ſervice mine, more than for ſhew and ſight.
Thence *Hermes* diving, brings another Bait,
Both Helve and Hatchet all of maſſie Plate.
That neither, cries the Artiſt, that's not mine.
Finding no Fraud to anſwer his Deſign,
Hermes well-pleas'd, preſents him with his own,
Dipt thrice in *Styx*, Stick-free 'gainſt Steel and Ston
More worth than thrice its weight in ſolid Gold,
VVhoſe Edge ſhould never blunt, never grow old.
Whi

Whilst he gives thanks, commixt with Vows & Pray'rs,
The disappearing God to Heaven repairs.

MORAL.

Artists whose Square a Leather Apron girds,
Articles bind not, Promises, nor Words:
Their worthy Company small Musters makes,
That for their own, would leave a Golden Ax.

FAB. XLII.

2. *Of the same Carpenter and Mercury.*

WHilst pratling Fame this to his Servants t
Their Master had refus'd an Ax of Gold
Amongst these, one, who, 'midst their emptying P
Drew on wet Tables Ichnographick Plots,
Models, and Forms; this heard, his Fancy racks,
How to be Master of a Golden Ax:
Hot on his new-laid Project, thence he slips,
And on the same Tree mounted, hews, and chips;
Then (as design'd) straining a Branch to lop,
Down lets his Hatchet in the Water drop,
And to the Gods conceives these feigned Prayers:
You Powers that pittying look on Mens Affairs,
And the most abject help when they implore,
My Hatchet, ah! my Hatchet me restore;
Which wanting, I shall ne're perform my Work,
Though but to build a *Caledonian* Kirk.
Hermes the Hypocrite's Petition heard,
And above Waves with a bright Ax appeard,
And thus, who durst trepan the Gods, trepann'd;
If this be yours, this Hatchet, ease my Hand,
Which I'm not able longer up to hold,
Although a Deity, all of massie Gold;

Soo

Stoop, stoop, Friend, quickly, and receive your own.
Which said, the Wretch streight bending, tumbled down,
And at Shades grasping, fell into the Stream,
Where soon he waken'd from his Golden Dream;
Thence scrabling out, safe on the River side,
He at his Girdle his own Hatchet spy'd,
And at the Transformation wondring stood,
The Helve turn'd Marble, and the Steel grown Wood:
When thus he said, A very fine Exploit,
To get a Golden Ax not worth a Doit.

MORAL.

Artists that Toil, hard Livings wring from Sweat,
Strangely affect what's purchas'd by a Cheat:
Who Courts or Churches Build, or else Repair,
Of such John Joyners *let them take some care.*

FAB. XLIII.

Of the Dog and Wolf.

THis *Dog* with care attends his Masters Flocks,
Protecting from the *Wolf* and subtle *Fox*,
Long winter nights would walk his Rounds, & watch
For Trust and Assiduity unmatch'd:
Yet for perpetual *Vigils*, constant Guards,
Blows and long *Lents* were onely his Rewards,
Who for such Pains Encouragement deserv'd,
Neglected went, clemm'd up, and almost sterv'd.
To whom, thus *Isgrim* at a Parley spake;
You that such Pains for Blows and Hunger take,
Adventuring Life so oft, and nothing spare,
But *Bare-bones* to be call'd for all your Care;
I wonder at, and pitty, though a Foe,
Others that serve your Master are not so;
His Auditors, and those that bear the Bag,
Their Sides are larded, their stuff'd Bellys sag;
Who set his Lands, and Tenements demise,
Their Cheeks and Noses Bow-dy'd Scarlet dyes.
Who thus reply'd; I'm but his Shepherd's *Dog*:
Spaniels and Foysting-hounds, that lie and cog,
Filling his Ears with Tales and idle Prate,
Pick up their Crums, when out soon me they rate:

e values more a Fool, or ſawcie Knave,
han one whoſe Wiſdom might a City ſave:
ur Lord great Places holds, hath ſtore of Lands,
f which, no more than I, he underſtands;
e knows not what his Rents are, what his Books,
or Buſineſs, onely after Pleaſure looks;
et them with Forty Pieces ſtuff his Fob,
o loſe at Gaming, or rig forth ſome Drab,
is work there ends, that done, concludes all Cares,
oth of the Publick, and his own Affairs;
et Ships and Cities be conſum'd in Flame,
ll's one to him, his Principles the ſame.
Then *Iſgrim* ſaid, Once take a Foes advice;
Would you new ſheath'd, and fat be in a trice?
ancy me yonder Lamb, I'll ask no more,
le're to your Belly after run aſcore:
nd this the means; I'll ſeize your *Cur-ſhips* Gift,
ollow you me, I know you fierce and ſwft;
When you are neer, juſt catching at my Throat,
eigning, fall down, and let me take my Lot:
his will your Maſter, and the reſt obſerve,
nd for their own ends you no more ſhall ſterve.
The Common Foe and a falſe Servant joyn'd,
ut ſtraight in Act what well they had deſign'd;
Whilſt all beheld how *Iſgrim* ſeiz'd the Lamb,
nd *Hylax* after, like a Tempeſt, came,
he tender Prey was ready to regain,
le ſeeming faints, nor could his Speed maintain;
he *Wolf* his Prize to ſheltring Coverts bore;
he *Dog* is worth his Weight in Gold, they ſwore,

And without queſtion had the Loſs regain'd,
Had he for Service better been maintain'd:
Both Town and Country then of him took care,
And each-where Treated, he grew Fat and Fair.

MORAL.

'Tis hard to Cark all Day, to Care and Moil,
And find at Night our Labor for our Toil;
When by ſome Trick in Trade, or new Trepan,
Up from a Broker ſtarts an Alderman.

FA

FAB. XLIV.

2. *Of the same Dog and Wolf.*

HIs *Curship Hylax*, now grown sleek and plump,
Dog in a Doublet with a Velvet Jump,
ais'd by his Master's Lord's especial Grace,
rom Turn-spit, to the *Major-Domo's* Place,
ad both the Kitchin, Pantry, Larder, all
hat were below-stairs ready at his call;
aniels, nay Mastives, veil'd to him their Caps,
nd Foisting-hounds, though in their Ladies Laps;
Who late some Scruples taking 'bove his Dose,
large Potation, and a short Repose,
Walk'd forth this Morning, better to repair
is queasie Stomach with refreshing Air:
Where under harder Planets *Isgrim* sate,
epining at inexorable Fate.
oon as the *Wolf* his old Acquaintance spy'd,
raving an Alms, thus he himself apply'd:
Take pitty, Sir; behold my sordid Coat,
y clemm'd up Belly, and my rivell'd Throat;
ince you that tender Bit on me bestow'd,
never tasted Flesh, nor drank warm Blood;
h! with sweet Creature-comforts me supply,
hat once more I may eat before I die.

I wave all former Merits, neither hint
Counsel, that since hath prov'd to you a Mint,
That well your Back hath cloth'd, your Purse we
Ah! let my Wants your soft Compassion find. (lin
Dog Steward then reply'd, *Isgrim*, 'tis true,
To rob my Master I conspir'd with you,
And I so well did your first Lesson learn,
I onely studied since my own Concern;
By which I rais'd my self in little space
Up from a Scullion, to the Caterer's Place:
A Basket in my Mouth, a Bill that bid
The Butcher furnish me with Veal or Kid,
Beef, Lamb, or Mutton, which I day by day
Brought to the Cook, ne're asking what's to pay:
But once as I went luggering home my Load,
I saw two Mastiffs fighting in the Road;
Straight to be Stickler, down my Charge I set,
When the great Battel prov'd an arrant Cheat,
And they to plundring of my Basket fell:
I thought I might put in my Claim as well;
So we together did divide the Spoil.
My Lord saw this, and laughing all the while,
Tickled with Mischief, and my ready Wit,
Since me to make his Steward hath thought fit;
And I'm no more a down-right Shepherd's Cur,
But as you see; Your humble Servant, Sir,
Confesseth that you rais'd me, nor shall scorn,
As Courtiers use, to make a kind Return:
I'll put you on a handsom Project shall
Once more your Belly fill, fall what may fall.

Sou

Soon as grown dark, you to our Larder may
Find by a new-made Breach, an eade way;
There you may Wants supply, there highly Feast,
Which I could wish you may as well digest.
This said, the joyful *Wolf* did thence depart;
And home went *Hylax*, Treachery in his Heart.

MORAL.

Who get Advancement by Sinister ends,
Prove seldom to thir Raisers Cordial Friends:
The Debt too great to pay, some State-trick must,
By Ruin or Disgrace, Accounts adjust.

FAB.

FAB. XLV.

3. *Of the ſame Dog and Wolf.*

SOon as Sun-ſetting rais'd Nights Sable Flags,
And Stars dreſt up, laid by their muffling Bags,
Forth *Iſgrim* did from dark Receſſes ſteal,
Venturing ſweet Life againſt one plenteous Meal;
Through Shades and Silence the old Robber drew,
Where Breaches lay expos'd to open view:
Low and neglected Out-works ſoon he mounts,
The Wealthy Plunder all his own accounts.
Fierce, on cold Lamb and Mutton firſt he falls;
Next, breaches makes in Ven'ſon Paſty Walls;
Then up and down pickeering, tears and eats,
Making a Maſſacre of broken Meats.
Rich Wine in open Bottles laſt he marks,
Whoſe windy Ferment had blown up their Corks,
Th' uneven Floor turning to Pools and Iſles;
He *French* and *Spaniſh* Difference reconciles:
Fear of Surpriſal vanquiſhed with Wine,
He calls the Vault his Caſtle, cries, All's mine;
Plots the falſe Steward (though his Friend) to kill,
There fix his Throne, and Govern in that Cell:
Tuning his Pipes, then he began to ſing
The Ballad of *Lycaon*, once a King;

How

How he with Humane Diſhes *Jove* did Feaſt,
On Mans Fleſh treated his Cœleſtial Gueſt;
Herbage for Beaſts, Beaſts Men, Man Angels Food;
What beſt with them agreed, might pleaſe a God.
But he as him, and ſuch choice Banquets ſtorms,
And for his Kindneſs, to a *Wolf* transforms,
Cloſing each *Stanza* with Phanatick Rage,
Should *Jove* more than Gygantick Stirs engage,
Lycaon to his Seat reſtore again,
And injur'd *Saints*, *Wolves* turn'd to *Men*, ſhould Raign.
Such dire Notes *Iſgrim* ſung, while down he trowls,
After his ſavory Morſels, cheering P
Dog Steward, that well his Voice, ough ſinging,
From Ambuſcade out with a Party drew, (knew,
At lock'd Doors entring, they beſet the Breach,
Crying the *Wolf* another Song they'l teach;
Who ſeeing he muſt periſh on the Spot,
Seiz'd his falſe Friend, the Steward, by the Throat;
Though all to looſe him did what-e're they could,
With deadly Wounds, the *Wolf* ſtill kept his hold.
So grapled, they in Death's Convulſion lay,
And dead, were thrown out on the King's High-way.

MORAL.

Feign'd Friends, who beſt may Villanies complot,
Oft their Deſigns miſcarry on the Spot:
A Dram this of the Deadly Bottle gets,
Which for his dangerous Compeer he ſets.

FAB.

FAB. XLVI.

Of the Fox and the Eagle.

So fair the Morning, that you could not spy
The smalleſt Mote in Heaven's great Cryſtal Ey
And ſuch the *Halcyon*, that in *Phœbus* Rays
Light Attoms c'd no Laborynthian Hays;
Whilſt the plum'd Quire to audit Winter Scores,
And long neglected Love, call brisk Amours;
Earth clad in Green, bids *February* flie,
The warm Sun's gallant now in *Gemini*.
When thus Sir *Reynard*'s Heir, that hopeful Spark,
His Mother cogs to wanton in the Park.
Give me, dear Mammy, leave a while to play
On yonder Mantlings, this inviting day:
How finely ſhines the Sun? how clear and warm?
And I'll a Chicken from that neighboring Farm
Perhaps convey, bearing a-pick a-pack,
Like Daddie with a Gander on his Back.
Then ſhe reply'd, Go *Reynie*, but beware
Leſt th' *Eagle* thee a further Voyage bear;
I ſaw her truſs a Lamb, ſo long did mark
Her flying, that ſhe leſſned to a Lark;
Thee if ſhe light on, and thy little Prize,
She'll carry to her Caſtle in the Skies,

Whe

46 : 47

Where Chick and you she will together dress,
And her expecting *Aiery* so Caress.
This said, the Wanton leaves their shadie Court,
Caution forgot, and onely follows Sport;
Whom soon *Mount-Eagle*, more than Steeple high,
Saw, and descending from the Liquid Skie,
Siz'd on the heedless Cub, and thence conveys
To Feast her Young, through Airs untracted Ways:
The Busle hearing, out Dame *Ermelin* flies,
Thus th' *Eagle* courting to forsake her Prize.
A Mother hear, since you a Mother are;
Vex not a frantick Female to Despair:
My Son deliver, wave whate're your Claim,
And I'll present you with a tender Lamb,
Or else a Tortoise in the Shell I'll dress,
Shall better thee and thy fair Young Cates.
She neither her Complaints nor Proffers minds,
But to her Cedar Court out-strips the Winds,
Where for their Shares her sharp-set *Aiery* gapes,
Young *Reynie* wondring at their *Indian* Shapes.
But she, *Mount-Eagle* finding no remorse,
Sudden resolves upon a desperate Course,
And from th' High-Altar at Devotion stole
A smoking Fire-brand, tipp'd with blazing Cole,
Thence, wing'd with Rage, like *Draco Volans*, flies,
And th' *Eagles* Palace grapples in the Skies:
Thus proffering Terms, Give me my Son, or Fire
Shall make thy Lofty Seat a Funeral Pyre,
Thy Off-spring and their Nest to Ashes burn,
And if thou stay'st, thy Bones with them in-Urn.

Startled

Startled to see a blazing Weapon shine,
Aloud she crys, Thy Off-spring I resign;
Ask what thou wilt, and Articles prepare,
And I will Sign them, whatsoe're they are:
And who so long despis'd both Men and Gods,
Shall pay thee Homage at thy own Aboads.
Dispatch then, *Ermelin* cries: She, soon as said,
Young *Reynie* in his Mothers Bosom laid;
Who joyful, told her he had been so far,
That he had catch'd, almost, a Blazing-Star.

MORAL.

The Greedy onely his own Interest minds,
Complaints lull him asleep, like murmuring Winds:
Oft highest Spirits, when you put them to't,
Fall prostitute as humbly at your Foot.

FAB. XLVII.

2. *Of the Fox and the Eagle.*

MAdam *Mount-Eagle* forc'd to ſtoop thus low,
As if ſome Dunghil Bird, or Carrion Crow,
To *Reynard*'s Wife on baſe Conditions yield,
No Battel, yet ſhe Miſtreſs of the Field;
Thus ſtorming ſaid, What will of me become?
Abroad a Laughing-ſtock, and jeer'd at home!
Dreſt in *Lampoons* 'mongſt *Common-Garden* Birds?
Fools Bolts will fly, and *Aſſes* biting Guirds;
Me they'l *Burleſque* with ſuch Rhyme-doggerel Pens,
Make *Griffons* Robbins, Royal *Eagles* Wrens:
Blood muſt more eaſie move this grating Hinge,
No Salve for Reputation like Revenge.

To *Merlin* then, her truſty Page, ſhe ſpake;
From me to *Reynard*'s Wife a Viſit make,
Say, I my ſelf on her would willing wait,
But I my Charge attend early and late;
Either if leiſure grant her leave to walk,
We better may of kind Concernments talk.

The Long-wing'd on his Meſſage flies with ſpeed,
And told Dame *Ermelin* what his Lady bid;

Though

Though full of Thoughts, invited thus, she came,
And sate as other Madams, by Madam.

Then spake the *Eagle*, a Branch higher perch'd,
A Female difference not at first well search'd,
May seem to heal under a formal Skin,
When the clos'd Orifice ulcerates within.

Therefore my Lord, and yours, now both from hom
I have aparted a convenient Room,
Which, please you to accept, and Rent-free too,
The Friendship to confirm 'twixt me and you;
Since we live single, keep a slender Train,
You Chamber'd in the Cedar may remain,
Where we may visit one another oft;
Unplyant Grudges Frequency makes soft.

Whom Profit blinds, perceive no reaching Drift:
She streight accepts the cunning *Eagle*'s Gift,
Her self and all her little ones removes,
From sure Foundations, to deceitful Groves.

When going early forth (her usual guise,)
Markets to make, in manner of Reprise,
Mount-Eagle skilful at Dame *Ermelins* Trade,
A Tragick Scene in her short absence play'd,
Enters new Lodgings, on her Children falls,
Makes bloody Banquets with their Funerals,
Serves the whole Brood to her expecting Young,
And Feasted, down their Bones and Offals flung;

hen boasting said, I'm now reveng'd to th' height,
et Parrots prate, and idle Goose quills write.

MORAL.

In War to Conquer, be at Court preferr'd,
ur Love-suit kindly by your Mistress heard,
ipwrack to scape, these much Contentment bring;
t sweet Revenge of Foy's the onely King.

FAB. XLVIII.

3. *Of the Fox and the Eagle.*

MEan while Dame *Ermelin* following her Tr
A Stubble-*Goose* her own by Purchase ma
Claim putting in by Seizure, thwart her Back
She threw her Booty like a Pedlar's Pack,
Thence speeding home her little ones to Treat;
Where soon as enter'd, down her Fardel set,
Them by their Names she calls, *Squire*, *Sly*, and Sl
To Breakfast, here's good Cheer, no picking Work
Missing her Cubs within, her Round she went,
But them nor heard, nor saw, nor found by scent:
Then thus she cries. Some cursed Cavalier
Hath with his Blood-hounds ransacking been here,
Who of my Children hath made Meat for Dogs,
Or Captive led, condemn'd to Chains and Clogs.
How like his Father, *Squire*, my eldest Cub,
Would Preach in Pulpit, or Hold forth in Tub,
From tender-conscienc'd *Geese* removing Doubt,
Would Orthodox and Refractory rout!
How would my second with drawn Pizzle lie,
Rook an old *Rook*, a Carrion *Crow*, or *Pye*!
The third for Policy and Valor might,
Ah! had he liv'd, been, like his Sire, a Knight.

This heard *Mount-Eagle*, and her Doubts to clear,
id, Moan no longer, your three Sons are here;
nd as she spake, down a pick'd Carcass flung,
hus her upbraiding with a bitter Tongue.
Another Firebrand, noysom scented Brache,
thou canst find one, from the Altar snatch:
ristian Religion cuts off *Heathen Rites*,
ow each-where shines the *Gospel* with *New Lights*;
stead of *Hecatombs* that *Jove* Carest,
fling with Smoke the Mansions of the Blest,
nely a *Contrite Heart* they offer up,
d their *Libation* a *Communion Cup*.
Then full of Grief and Rage, replies the *Fox*,
ou maist be met with, *Kite*, for all thy Mocks:
is said, to former Dwellings she retreats,
d there long mourning, neither drinks nor eats.
Soon after, in an unconverted Town,
hange of Religion by Degrees march'd down
om populous Cities, introduc'd by Arms,
Pagan Bumkins, Villages, and Farms)
Bacchus Festivals a Goat they paid,
e Vive-destroyer on his Altar laid;
d whilst with Rural Ditties they advanc'd,
ongst oyl'd *Borrachios* leap'd, and fell, and danc'd,
unt-Eagle stoops like Lightning from the Pole,
d snatch'd a Morsel on a hissing Cole,
hich bearing to her Nest, the Cinder catch'd,
r Palace smokes, with Reeds and Stubble thatch'd:
hope left now to quench the rising Flame,
icking aloud, at last th' affrighted Dame,

E're ſprinkling Sparks had ſing'd her callow Young,
She on the Ground, like ripe Fruit falling, flung;
Which *Ermelin* ſpying, ſtreight upon them falls,
And ſlaughtering, thus unto their Mother calls.

Robber and Murthereſs, thou that haſt thy Tow
Above the reach of Beaſts, or Humane Power;
Yet Divine Juſtice conquers all theſe Odds:
Judgment, though late, comes certain from the God

MORAL.

The fierceſt Tyrants, though they Guarded are
With all the Strength and Policy of War,
That Fortune ſcorn, that Heaven and Hell dare fig
Oft loſe themſelves by one ſmall Overſight.

FAB. XLIX.

Of the Panther and Ruſticks.

A Foreign *Panther* faln into a Pit,
Vain finding Strength, Activity, and Wit,
y patient at the mercy of thoſe *Swains*,
ther'd in Throngs from the Adjacent Plains,
miring his rich Coat, and dappled Veſt;
whom thus humbly made he his Requeſt.
You harmleſs Shepherds, you who here reſide,
from Contention, Avarice, and Pride;
who enjoy long Lives and laſting Healths,
m Changes free of Crowns and Commonwealths,
o old feel no decay, but Strength ſtill keep,
ng in extreme Age, as faln aſleep;
who ſo bleſt are, pity my ſad Caſe,
free me from theſe Gyves and doleful Place.
he giddie Rout this ſaid, divided are:
breach of Hoſpitality beware,
ind to Strangers, theſe cry, ſince the Gods,
Pilgrims, viſit oft poor *Swains* Aboads.
Whilſt others bawl, No Hoſpitable breach;
ght as our Priſoner him let us impeach,
forfeit Life, divide his gaudy Spoils;
not for Friends pitch here intrapping Toils.

Discording Clamors clash, loud Shouts and Cries
Of siding Parties battel in the Skies;
To Animosity Contention grows,
And soon the Storm had melted into Blows,
But that a Father, who in former Stirs
Had felt the Miseries of Civil Wars,
To silence did the frantick Rout beseech,
Then gravely makes this reconciling Speech.

You that are Friends and Brethren, ah! forbear;
Raise not on slender grounds intestine War;
But let a middle course all difference wave,
Let us this Stranger neither kill nor save;
Be what he will, thus faln into our Gin,
Let him get out himself, as he got in:
If he scape, so; if perish in our Toils,
We guiltless are, and yet obtain his Spoils.

All pleas'd with this Perswasion, thence depart,
Leaving the *Panther* with a heavy Heart.

MORAL.

Fly Golden Means, when the Extremes are good;
Grant General Pardons, or else lavish Blood:
Oft lukewarm Counsels, neither harsh, nor mild,
The Subtlest to their Ruins have beguil'd.

FAB. L.

2. *Of the Panther and Ruſticks.*

WHo from the bottom thus of deep Deſpair,
And hard embraces of a cruel Snare,
No leſs then Death expecting, down he lies
In woful poſture, cloſing his own Eyes;
When through dark Shades a tender Virgin ſtole,
And him enfranchis'd from that diſmal Hole.
As one who had been rais'd up by a Spell,
From Death, and Adamantine Gates of Hell,
So joy'd he, viewing the Ætherial Sky,
His kind and fair Deliverer ſtanding by:
And thus he ſaid; To thee who me haſt ſav'd,
And for my Freedom thus thy ſelf behav'd,
Advent'ring forth in ſuch a Night, ſo dark,
When all Heavens Canopy not ſhews one Spark,
What ſhall I ſay, or how return, ſince ſhort
Are all acknowledgements to thy Deſert?
Soft Operations of a tender Breaſt
Are 'bove Rewards, and not to be expreſt;
Untainted Plains breed Innocence like you,
Spotleſs their Cheeks, ſpotleſs their Boſoms too.
But go with me to Court; who me redeem'd
There ſhall take Place, be like my ſelf eſteem'd;

On you the King shall smile, and my dear Spouse
Shall wait upon, though of the *Lion*'s House;
Be safe and happy there; for I, e're long,
These Plains shall visit Forty thousand strong;
On those would neither Evil do, nor Good,
For luke-warm Counsel shall pay reeking Blood.
Then she reply'd, If so resolv'd you are,
My Parents, Me, and my Relations spare;
But if you love your Life, no longer stay,
The East grows Purple with the rising Day;
If early *Rusticks* find us lingring here,
We both shall pay for our Neglect too dear.
This said, they part: To *Arden* he repairs,
To move the *Lion* in these Grand Affairs;
Nor fell he in his Expectation short,
No sooner being arrived at the Court,
His Cause being heard, the King Assistance grants,
And whate're else supplies an Armies Wants;
Which soon Array'd, he march'd to fertile Plains,
With Fire and Sword chastizing surley Swains:
Alarum'd thus, they in distracted Swarms,
Not knowing how to fly, or take up Arms,
Meet and conclude down at his Feet to fall,
And not by vain Resistance venture All;
The Maid that help'd their General from the Pit,
As th' onely Mediator they thought fit.
The Embassy she willing undertook;
Oft Conquerors are conquer'd by a Look:
With her a Train of Rural Beauties march'd,
Not by rough Winds impeach'd, nor *Phœbus* parch'd

Face

Faces who never Vizard-mask had on,
Yet scorn'd all Weathers, and defi'd the Sun.
Attended thus, up draws she to the Van,
And thus to plead her Countries Cause began:
Here, Sir, you are, and Forty thousand strong,
Us to destroy, that never did you wrong;
You fell into a Pit, catch'd in a Hay,
For hungry Courtiers made, and Beasts of Prey,
By whom we suffer'd much, and do so still;
Your Life we spar'd, though we such Vermin kill:
But when Invasion calls, th' ambitious Prince
On slight Foundations builds a fair Pretence.
Take pity, Sir, your Arms not here employ,
Let not the greedy Soldier all destroy:
Though strangely barbarous many were to you,
Yet, Sir, your Party more were than a few;
What, must your Friends and Foes together fall?
In one Calamity thus suffer all!
Call you to mind those left you in the Pit,
And such who had Compassion forget?
His Eye then fixing on th' imploring Maid,
He knew her streight, and rising up, thus said;
Art thou here me releas'd in dead of Night,
Brought'st me to live, and view Æthereal Light?
That Life call thine, dear Virgin, thou didst save,
Ask what thou wilt, thou needst but ask and have.
Then she; Since such your favours you not scant,
A General Pardon and Oblivion grant,
Let not tumultuous passions take their swinge,
But feast on Mercy higher than Revenge.

Then

Then he reply'd; Here falls my Wrath and Spleen,
Them I indulge, and You proclaim their Queen;
They shall for thee a Royal Seat erect,
And pay due Homage too, with all respect;
And when thou dost Espouse some Noble Swain,
Thou in thy Pallace, and not he shall Raign.
Then march'd the *Panther* off in fair array,
When he had Crown'd her Lady of the *May*.

MORAL.

Foul Hags may raise a War, the horrid Work
Begun with Stools and Cushions in the Kirk:
But never Conjure down, when Beauties charms
Makes angry Mars *lay down late took up Arms.*

ANDRO

ANDROCLEUS:

OR, THE

Roman Slave.

SECTION I.

FRom Shipwrack, mounted on a broken Maſt,
Androcleus wet and weary, Tempeſt-toſt,
From Quick-ſands, and inhoſpitable *Syrts*,
Recover'd now rough *Lybia's* barren Skirts;
Where on the Proſpect of a Towrie Rock,
A ſad Survey he of the Country took:
For Vales that flow with Honey, Milk, and Balm,
He Shrubs beheld, and Pairs of Wedded Palm;
For Corn and Paſture, Villages and Swains,
Wilds, Sandy Mountains, and deſerted Plains.

When

When weeping thus he said, I most accurst,
Better had dy'd at *Rome*, there suffer'd first,
Falsly accus'd, condemned for a Rape,
Than from a Dungeon, Gyves and Drowning scape
Here to be starv'd, 'mongst Rocks and barren Heath,
And so unpitied, meet a lingring Death.
This said, descending, he in woful plight,
Resolv'd to seek the worst of Fortunes spight;
When sandy Hills which each Wind changing shifts,
Dispiersing th'old in new congested Drifts,
Their Squadrons muster with a rising Gale,
And him with Atoms infinite assail,
Battering his Eyes, and vollying in his Face,
Impreſt from Iron Earth, and Skies of Brass.
Choak'd with the Storm, not able long to strive,
In heaps of Dust, almost Entomb'd alive;
No longer sooth'd with hopes his Life to save,
His better Fate directs him to a Cave;
Fenc'd 'gainst all Weathers, Winds, and Sun's assault,
With joy he enters the auspicious Vault;
Fainting with Drowth, and suffocating Heat,
There rests the weary on a Marble Seat.
When thus he said, How happy now thou art,
Here undisturb'd, in Peace I may depart!
From burning Sands free, and the raging Deep,
Ending Lifes Pilgrimage, as fall'n asleep.
Scarce said, he at the Portal entring, spies
A horrid Monster of prodigious size!
No means to flie, no sculking Hole, no Gap,
That from a hungry *Lion* he might scape.

When

When thus he sigh'd, Ah miserable Doom!
Must that stern Fury's Belly me Entomb?
My reeking Blood those greedy Jaws distain?
And my torn Entrails dye that shaggy Main?
Ah! could I but that Strength and Courage boast
Which late I had, all should not so be lost;
Ere he this Bosom enter, Plunder here,
His Victory perhaps might cost him dear;
I in a sharp Dispute would plead my Cause,
Thrust in this Arm into the Monster's Jaws,
Seize on his lolling Tongue with such a Grasp,
That I might live to see his lateſt Gasp;
Now *Locomotive* Faculties I lack,
The smalleſt Straw not able to attack:
But I my Race have run, this Cave the Goal,
Take Fiend my Body, and leave Heaven my Soul.

SECT.

SECT. II.

WHilst thus *Androcleus*, Death expecting, stands
The *Lion* drawing near him, kist his Hands,
As a Petitioner himself addrest,
And humbly thus preferr'd his sad Request.
O thou of Humane Race, be not afeard;
Live long and happy, and whene're Interr'd,
Ah! may not Transmigrated be thy Soul,
But when Translated, re-ascend the Pole;
If with an *Eagles* Eye, and *Lions* Heart,
And gentle Hand, thou ease me of my Smart:
This Foot so swoln, with which I Scepters sway'd,
Proud Rebels routed, Loyal Friends array'd,
Now losing Power, unnerv'd with raging Pain,
Subjects Conspire, and I no longer Reign.
Soon as they felt me weak, and thus disarm'd,
Each-where tumultuous Commotions swarm'd;
Much 'gainst my *Evil Counsel* they alledge,
Prerogative trampling down by *Privilege*;
Stuff'd with Aspersions, *Protestations* frame,
Raising an *Army* by my *Power and Name*:
But what more heavy on my Spirit sits,
My Train, my Eaters, and my Mas-ca-dits,
Deserting me, to Rising Power resort,
And, as you see, left thus an empty Court:

Before,

Before, this Room, these Galleries, and Halls,
Were full of Bestial Lords, and sly Jackalls;
Now none attends, or lights me to my Bed,
Who Pensions had, and at my Tables fed:
Thus you my sad Condition understand,
And Ruin near, without your helping Hand.
The *Lion* thus implor'd *Androcleus* Aid,
And in his Lap the Foot imposthum'd laid.
Whilst he at large preferr'd this humble Suit,
Warm Spirits *Androcleus* Bosom fresh recruit,
Who gently then turns up his fester'd Paw,
And 'mongst the Fibers a swoln Tumor saw
For Perforation ripe, and 'midst the Joynts
A barbed Thorn, stak'd in with brisly Points:
Then with a well-edg'd Flint lay there by chance,
The dangerous Insurrection did lance;
Streight from the Fountainel sharp Quitter gush'd,
Which more to disembogue, he softly crush'd.
Thus freed from gnawing of th' imprison'd Bane,
The King resumes his former Power again,
His Foot the Ground hits firm, no favouring Hault,
He now Rebellious Subjects may assault.

SECT.

SECT. III.

THe King then wondring at himſelf ſo well,
Cur'd ſtrange and ſudden, thought a Miracle!
That in the ſmalleſt parcel of an Hour,
Reſtor'd him Courage, Health, and Soveraign Pow
When thus he ſpake, Amidſt my Joys I moum,
Not knowing how to make a fit return;
Revenues of our Crown unſetled yet,
So much for this my Happineſs in Debt;
If you not favor'd are by fickle Chance,
Enforc'd to follow ill-adviſing Wants:
The Power your help recover'd, Us affords
Houſe-keeping, and to ſettle former Boards;
Proviſion for the Belly we'll not lack,
Slight Raiment ſerves, where ſeldom Colds attack;
And if with plenteous Fare when highly fed,
You want a kind Companion in your Bed,
For mix'd Amours are not, nor would deface
Man's comely Features with a Bi-form'd Race,
To quench in youthful Blood unruly Flames,
My *Satyrs* and *Hyenna's* by their Names,
Shall comely Girls from neighboring Dorps intice,
Taking them up for thee, at the King's Price;
My truſty and Right Honorable Pimps
Shall cull the choiceſt Wood and Mountain Nymph

d Spirit hither all on thy Account,
ich Patch'd and Painted Ladies far surmount,
e Virgins, not Decays, piec'd up and vamp'd,
sh and fresh Quarters where none e'r Encamp'd,
e shall receive, still hanselling new Laps,
varied Joys, and fear no After-claps.
When faint *Androcleus* thus himself expreſt:
quench my Thirst some Water I request,
t ready almost am now to expire,
m Drowning scap'd, and suffocating Fire,
! for a little Rest, and some Repast,
else I suddenly must breathe my last.
The King, where Nature deep his Cellar laid,
ther his Guest with all Respect convey'd,
here from the living Rock a Crystal Spring
th murmuring Falls made ecchoing Arches ring;
rocleus stooping, the cold Nymph salutes,
d circulating Blood with Draughts recruits.
The *Lion* then conducts him to a Bed,
th Skins the Spoils of Beasts and Foliage spread;
e Sir then, said the King, repose a while,
gentle Sleep slow moving Time beguile,
lere you wake, the Business shall go hard,
omething not for Supper be prepar'd.

SECT. IV.

THe *Lion* thus weary *Androcleus* leaves;
Whilst working Fancy several Projects weave
Some savorie Morsel sudden how to get,
Should make the Stranger up a handsom Treat.
Should I, said he, thus in full Power appear,
All would disperse, surpriz'd with sudden Fear,
And up themselves in Woods and Fastnes shut,
And me to trouble of long Leaguers put,
Days sultry Heats, by Night Serenes t' endure,
When sudden Action makes a speedy Cure;
I'll counterfeit, and Cripple up yon Hill,
As if my Title were defective still,
Weakness dissemble, and there stooping low,
My self upon the Bestial People throw.
This said, he hasting from the Palace Gates,
His Subjects heard themselves proclaiming State;
Bulls, *Bears*, and *Wolves*, leading his own Train'd-b
Saw marching towards his Palace, o're the *Strand*.
But on the Summit when their King they saw,
His Presence struck a Reverential Awe;
To whom he beck'ning with a Lamb-like Look,
Seeming much discompos'd, thus mildly spoke.
Why thus appear you in Defensive Arms,
Seduc'd by Rumors, and bewitching Charms?

Do Fears and Jealousies so much affright,
That you draw up 'gainst empty Walls to fight?
Your King alone, without *Jackal* or Page,
Stands ready to receive your utmost Rage:
Are *Priv'leges of Parliament* infring'd?
Fall all on me, and be at once reveng'd:
Have I upon your *Liberties* intrench'd?
Then let your Fury with my Blood be quench'd:
Whilst weak my pond'rous Scepter I not wield,
For one for me declaring in the Field,
In vain you *Solemn Leagues* and *Cov'nants* joyn,
When I'm resolv'd what-e're you Ask, to Sign;
My Hand and Seal receive in ready Blanks,
And in my Name give *Both the Houses Thanks*;
Your *Grievances* let Reams of Paper fill,
And when Engrost, and Past, I'll Sign the Bill:
Cease then these Tumults, of Our Grace accept.
The King, this said, pausing, extremely wept.

SECT. V.

THis ſoftning Speech concluded with a Tear,
In ſalvage Factions they divided were;
Some cry, The King is Pious, Meek, and Juſt:
Others, Beware; Kings Promiſes not Truſt;
When changing Times, and fickle Fortune frowns,
What will not Monarchs to preſerve their Crowns?
But when the gather'd Storm is over blown,
A Scepter'd Prince who queſtions in the Throne?
The *Lion* them thus finding at a ſtand,
A ſign for Silence, beckned with his Hand;
When noiſing Parties Murmurs were allay'd,
Thus in a ſad and weaker Tone he ſaid:
My Lords and gentle Beaſts, aſſembled here,
Who whilſt I had a Sword, my Subjects were,
If you ſtrike deeper, have a further Drift,
And me from my acquir'd Throne would lift;
If preſent *Junctо's* and revolving Fates,
(That States to Kingdoms turn, Kingdoms to States)
Finiſh in me a ſingle Perſon's Sway,
I the Decree ſhall willingly obey:
Why ſhould I prop what of it ſelf would fall?
Approaching Death will ſoon ſurrender all;
Which will the Peoples Majeſty receive,
As glad as they'll accept it, I ſhall leave;

An Sect 5

hen I this woful Life now near an end,
Prayers for your Prosperity may spend.
ut, Sirs, let me advise the best I may,
your Election let one Person sway;
o a new Prince, to one still make Appeals,
y giddy Rota's, Meagrim'd Common-Weals,
o good the Goverment of many brings;
rliament Members sitting, all are Kings:
'mongst those Monarchs, one or other still
is Supreme Power, and orders what he will;
publicks vain, when'er put to a stand,
ust put their Power into a single Hand.
But since I am not able to walk down,
o please you, I'll surrender here my Crown;
ith my Phang-Tooth the Abdication Sign,
my whole Right in Publick I'll resign.
At these his unexpected Proffers, all
hange Resolution, to fresh Councils fall,
n' inticing Bait of sacred Power, a Crown,
reedy to Govern, straight they swallow down.
No sooner they near to the *Lion* draw,
ithin the compass of his ready Paw,
t like himself he 'mongst the thickest flew,
nd most of the Commission'd Cattel slew.
Amaz'd to see their Monarch's Force and Rage,
o dire a Scene, and such a bloody Stage!
hey all dispers'd, and struck with *Panick* Fear,
utstripp'd the Winds, flying they knew not where.
The *Lion* to *Androcleus* retreats,
ell furnish'd now with several sorts of Cates.

SECT. VI.

THe Rebels Rout each-where divulg'd by *Fa*
To Court, from all Parts, no ſmall Conco
His flattering Lords, *Buffoons*, and ſlie *Jackalls*, (ca
Again repleniſh deſolated Halls:
(For many Fav'rites by the King advanc'd,
Firſt to the *Lilt* of *Reformation* danc'd,
And Friends amongſt the *Godly Party* made,
Acquainting them with what he did, or ſaid;
Others whom he no longer could Protect,
To their own well-ſtuff'd ſeveral Manſions ſneak'd,
Expecting there what the Event might prove,
And as things fall, accordingly to move.)
All theſe return'd, ſtand round their Gracious Li
And with obſequious Fawnings him Beſieg'd;
Whoſe Palace now with all Proviſions ſtor'd,
Sets up once more his late neglected Board.
His Table furniſh'd, at the upper end
His Huiſhers he *Androcleus* bids attend;
Whom when the *Lion* kindly had embrac'd,
Much Honoring, at his Royal Elbow plac'd;
All ſet at ſeveral Boards, to Meat they fall,
Unlading freighted Diſhes through the Hall.
Whilſt by the King his Friend but ſadly ſits,
Nothing he ſaw his queaſie Stomach fits;

To Kid or Lamb, to Beef or Mutton, raw,
Swimming in Gore, he had but little Maw.
The *Lion*, as *Androcleus* he obſerv'd,
At ſuch a Treatment ſitting almoſt ſterv'd,
Comes *Mounſieur* King of *Apes*, dreſt like a Page,
Preſenting him a *Haſh*, and *French* Potage;
Then at his Elbow diligently waits,
Supplies him with rich Wine, and ſhifts his Plates:
Androcleus pleas'd, then plentifully ſups,
Mixing with ſavorie Morſels, ſparkling Cups.
When thus the King to his brisk Waiter ſpoke;
Whoe're thou art that didſt theſe Diſhes Cook,
So well have pleas'd my Friend, from Us receive
What's fit for thee to ask, or me to give:
If it be Freedom, Ranſomleſs depart,
Or what-e're elſe may anſwer thy Deſert.

SECT. VII.

THen said th' officious Waiter, stooping low,
I am a Prince, Sir, in my Country, know;
But by a *Roman* Consul Pris'ner took,
In *Gaule* attending him, I learnt to Cook;
For him, *Ragoos*, *Bisks*, *Oleos* I dreſt,
And still my Seasoning pleas'd his Pallat best:
I with the best of those *Que ditez vous*,
Their Boxes could, and several Spices use,
Would with an Ounce of Beef, of Mutton less,
For *Gallick Monsieurs* make a gallant Mess:
But after that, condemn'd unto a Clog,
Hugging to Death my Ladys foysting-Dog;
And some suspecting that a Prank I play'd
For my Release, with Madams Chamber-Maid:
'Tis true, she squeak'd not, and I boarded straight,
And for a nine Months Voyage her did fraight;
Nay our great Mistris once but little miss'd,
When my sweet Breath commending, me she kiss'd,
Who growing kind, I had her in the Hug,
But then the Consul entring, startl'd Pug.
Question'd for driving such a subtle Trade,
Private Escape I to *Marseiles* made;
To *Carthage* in a Vessel got from thence,
Where I from *Apeland* had Intelligence

An sect 7

A second *Macedon* was drawing down,
Would soon deveſt me of my Realm and Crown,
If I my ſelf in Perſon not aſſiſt,
Deriv'd from that renowned Martialiſt
My Anceſtor, who bravely kept his Poſt
'Gainſt *Alexander* and his Conquering Hoſt;
Whom when the Worlds Subduer then beheld,
Draw glittering *Phalanxes* into the Field;
The pointed Wedge extending Ranks and Files,
Shields lining Shields, bright Javelins threatning Piles,
Admiring, from Hoſtility did ceaſe,
And join'd with us in everlaſting Peace;
Me in my Way your Troops did intercept,
And for a Diſh your Stomach queaſie kept:
To whom I hinting this your mighty Feaſt
Not one Diſh had to pleaſe a Humane Gueſt,
They let me theſe prepare, nor ſhall he want,
So pleaſe you to confirm your Royal Grant;
My Liberty, Great Sir, I only crave,
That I my Country may and People ſave.
The King conſents, *Androcleus* and all,
The Paſſage pleas'd, ſat Feaſting in the Hall.

SECT.

SECT. VIII.

THe grateful King well pleas'd to see his Guest
Relish those Dishes in such manner dreſt,
Thus smiling said, I'm wondrous glad that you
To this strange Fare so handsomly fall to:
I once abhorr'd raw Treatments mixt with Gore,
Then Wine, not Water, swell'd my Goblet o're;
I had——What had I not! A Princely House,
Attendants, Nobles, and a beauteous Spouse;
A Humane Prince, not in a shady Den
Commanding Beasts, once was I King of Men;
Where I, transform'd by wicked Arts, became
A *Lion*, such as now you see I am.
Come, let's be merry, and of this no more;
Thank Heaven you are a Man, though ne're so poor:
I not in Bestial Sovereignty rejoyce,
Though all the Forest trembles at my Voyce;
My high Condition wretched seems and base,
Husk'd in a shaggy Main and hairy Face;
I rather would, arm'd with my Lench and Aul,
A Cobler be, Inthron'd beneath a Stall,
Drive some such subtle Trade to purchase Bread,
Than be o're Beasts the Universal Head,
Though 'mongst the numerous Animals that be,
Next *Man*, the *Lion* takes the first Degree.

Fetching

Fetching a Sigh, this ſaid, the King lean'd back,
When to his Royal Hoſt *Androcleus* ſpake.
Sir, you amaze me; may I be ſo bold
To crave this wondrous Riddle you'll unfold:
We have Fictitious Stories not a few,
Of *Metamorphoſes* both old and new;
But you that really tranſmuted were,
Your Self relating, asks a ſerious Ear;
Therefore the Honor I, and Favor beg,
That I may underſtand this ſtrange Intreague.
Then ſpake the King, Though much my Boſom yerns,
Reminding thus my ſorrowful Concerns,
So full of Horror, height of Rage and Grief,
Such wondrous Paſſages, paſt all Belief;
Yet may it pleaſe you, my deſerving Friend,
Though each Word pierce my Heart, I condeſcend.
Sprung from a *Dynaſtie* of Kings, I ſway'd
Once fertile *Ægypt*, honor'd and obey'd;
My Power and Wealth ſo great, that flying *Fame*
Spread through the many-Peopled World my Name,
King *Amaſis*; ſtupendious Works I did,
Built for my Tomb a ſtately *Pyramid*,
Beyond whoſe Baſe, the lofty Spire, no Shade
When they are longeſt, at Sun-ſetting, made.
A high-born Queen I had, ſweet, young, and fair,
A fitting Mold to caſt a hopeful Heir;
But we no Iſſue had: When from the *Eaſt*
Came a *Chaldean*, *Magick* Arts profeſt,
Who undertook, applying powerful Charms,
My Queen t' impregnate next when in my Arms:

Nay

Nay more, he promis'd me, that by his skill,
I ſhould march forth, ſubduing whom I will;
Who could ſhape Serpents out of limber Rods,
Could private Men make Princes, Princes Gods;
In ſhort time I ſhould for the World ſet fair,
Which great Work muſt be finiſh'd by my Heir;
He my Nativity had caſt, he ſaid,
Mars in the *Lion*, help'd by Magicks aid,
Sol, *Venus*, *Mercury*, in th' Aſcendant join'd,
Should carry all before wheree'r deſign'd.

SECT.

SECT. IX.

I That lov'd War, for Wars sake; that abhorr'd
All Purchase if not gotten by the Sword;
Swallow'd his specious Baits, mad after Power,
Whate'r he set before me did devour;
With subtle Novelties he drew me on,
Till sure intangled in his great Trepan;
My Wife and Crown he for himself design'd,
Whilst me he did with Mists and Shadows blind;
Soon he by Sorcery won her to his Lust,
And me out of my self and Kingdom thrust;
A *Soporiferous* Drink he first did make,
Which under certain Aspects I must take,
My Soul in Sleep then eas'd from heavy Limbs,
With Angels should converse, and Cherubims;
Inspection through Earth's dismal Entrails make,
Sit with black *Functo's* in the *Stygian* Lake;
Quick, as from Star to Star we cast our Eyes,
Climb vast Expansions of th' Enammell'd Skies;
Mongst Gulphs and fluctuating Atoms hurl'd,
Mount Sphere from Sphere, & so from World to World!
With what mad Follies had he stuff'd my Head,
Ere me he fitted for the fatal Bed!
Thicker than Motes, he told me, in the Sun,
Our *Demons* and our *Cacademons* run

In

In busie Hayes, on Humane Business fly,
Courts vexing, and Star-Chambers of the Sky;
There I should see *Fate* spinning Mortals Webs,
Their highest Fortunes, and their lowest Ebbs;
But mine with Aspects bright I should behold,
In Milkie Looms, in Silver wove, and Gold.

Th' appointed time fit for Projection come,
We enter in the Spell-prepared Room;
There I must Drink, there must the Work be done
To raise an Empire, and beget a Son.
Faint Heart ne're Realm did, nor Fair Lady win.
So up he sew'd me in a *Lion*'s Skin;
My fitted Legs and Arms up close he lac'd,
The Shape stuck to my Shoulders and my Waste:

Said he, *Alcides* had been thrice as strong,
Had he thus buttron'd what he loosly hung;
Girt in such Spoils, Twelve Labors had been slight,
The World had bow'd to him by Conquest right.

Then gave he me the Fate-foretelling Bowl,
That must such Wings add to my fleeting Soul:
I saw the Bottom, though the Drench was deep,
Which soon my Eye-lids clos'd in fett'ring Sleep;
Then laid me on a Quilt of Sheep-skins warm,
To strengthen Fancy, and impower the Charm:
Secur'd thus, as his Plot before he laid,
He to my Queen with Joy himself convey'd.

SECT.

An sect 10

SECT. X.

Soon faln asleep, I no such Visions saw,
But dreamt of Blood, and eating warm Flesh raw,
Inspecting Entrails of Fat Cattel slain,
How Gore my Jaws and Bosom did distain,
Last, how a bunch-backt *Camel* I had kill'd,
Still feasting on him, and yet never fill'd.
Thus various Fancies raging whilst I slept,
Up dreaming from the fatal Couch I leapt,
Not knowing what I did, nor where I was,
My Brains a *Chaos*, a confused Mass,
Where Humane Thoughts with Bestial mixing, bred
A thousand Monsters without Tail or Head.
Filled with dire distraction, out I went,
First stumbling on my Queens Apartment;
Doors which I gently shov'd, in Shivers flew,
So little of my wondrous Strength I knew;
My Queen and Priest, though loud I gave th' Alarm,
There found I sleeping, circled Arm in Arm;
Some sense regain'd I at so strange a sight,
My onely Joy, sole Comfort, and Delight,
More dear than Life, or Conquest of the World,
To see thus up in his Embraces furl'd.
My Wife first waking, strangely terrifi'd,
When such a horrid Monster she espy'd

Ready

Ready to tear her up, bolts from the Bed,
And with a shriek into her Closet fled;
At which he starts, muttering too weak a Charm
An injur'd Husband's Fury to disarm;
I thought to seize him, apprehend no more,
When his torn Entrails reek'd upon the Flore;
Defil'd Sheets dy'd in Blood, the lustful Priest
Ript from his Collar Bone down to the Twist;
My precious Wife then I pursuing, found
Unnerv'd with terror grovelling on the Ground;
But when she me, ready to seize her, spy'd,
With a faint Shriek breathing her last, she dy'd;
Seeing her draw her lateſt Gasp, I felt
Compassion, Rage into Remorse did melt;
Then first I call'd to mind what her so scar'd,
My dreadful shape, rough Mayn, and horrid Beard;
So went I to slip off my *Lion*'s Case,
Began t' untie, unbutton, and unlace;
Striving to shift, the more my self I hurt,
The Shape stuck fast like *Dianira*'s Shirt:
I found then I no property was in,
No Monsters Fur, but my own monstrous Skin;
My self I next did in the Mirror view,
And from my own reflecting Shadow flew;
Though I had seen all sorts of *Lions* store,
Ne'r such a Prodigy I saw before;
I call'd for help, my Voice grown strangely loud,
Like Thunder rung broke from a prisoning Cloud;
Like mouthing Tempest, or a Water-Breach;
Or Battels join'd, ten thousand Men in each;

both Shape and Underſtanding now transform'd,
mane no more, a dreadful *Lion* ſtorm'd.
hing from thence into my Palace-yard,
ed and roar'd, that Court and City heard,
re whoſoe're beheld me, ſhrieking fled:
Captain of my Horſe, though, made a Head,
d my own Life-Guard up againſt me drew;
thick as Hail light Darts and Javelins flew:
n with a Grove of Spears me hedging round,
e wing'd Lightning broke their Brazen Pound,
d through the thickeſt with ſtrange Fury got,
d Men and Horſe left gaſping on the Spot.
whole Troop routed, marching down the Street,
fly amaz'd, and into Houſes get:
my City, Court, and Kingdom left,
Reaſon and Humanity bereft,
ongſt Wild Beaſts in Wilderneſſes dwelt,
d long the Injuries of all Weathers felt.

SECT. XI.

TO Bestial Society thus cast,
Condemn'd to range in Wilds and Desarts
I soon 'mongst Forest People gain'd Renown
Changing my Humane to a Salvage Crown;
Once more a King proclaim'd, a Sovereign Liege,
I with large Grants my Subjects did oblige,
So metamorphos'd set my Heart at rest,
A *Lyon* being of all Mutations best;
So th' Empire of these Desarts I obtain'd,
And under me Kings, petty *Lyons* Reign'd;
On Expeditions Armies I could raise,
Nor Plotted we for Spoil clandestine ways,
Lying whole Nights in silent Ambuscades,
But took the Field by Day in bold Brigades;
And like a falling Deluge swept up all,
Emptying at once both Pasture, Coat, and Stall;
Nay more, on Skirts of Cities durst we Prey,
Ships Boarding at Low-water in the Bay.

Thus formidable grown, being wondrous strong
I ror'd *Leontick*, lost th' *Ægyptian* Tongue,
Though Beasts and Birds use several Dialects,
That less than Humane Voices have Defects,
Uttering Soul Dictates both more clear and brief,
Hatred and Love, Fear, Hope, their Joy and Grief

Leo Lingua who not understands?
rds Edicts are, each Syllable Commands;
Lyon's *Fiats* quicker than his Nods,
Angels Tongues, or Language of the Gods.
Then my grave Counsel me advis'd to Wed,
loyal Issue from a Princely Bed;
des, the Comfort of a dear Consort
Power would strengthen, and my Crown support;
k with a *Lioness* Majestick Brows,
sparkling Eyes, a Maid I did Espouse;
we e'r long a hopeful Issue had, (add,
whom, when Time should Strength and Courage
reasing mine, they Salvage Bands might lead,
Govern loyal Subjects in my stead.
Thus had I what the Deserts could afford,
all my People honor'd and ador'd,
new-rais'd Throne so fix'd and firmly plac'd,
any Ages not to be defac'd.

SECT. XII.

BUt my ſo Powerful and well ſetled State,
Under the preſſure ſunk of heavy Fate;
Bruine, not to be nam'd, that greedy Lord,
By inſtigation of his Stomach ſtirr'd:
That *Epicurean* Beaſt, could nothing elſe
Pleaſe, but a Diſh of tender *Lyonells*;
That ript a Woman up the Day before,
And from her Womb the tender Infant tore.
Our Palace empty, gone as we are wont,
My Queen and I, the ſportive *Aſs* to hunt;
In ruſh'd the Fiend, and all our Hopes and Joys,
To pleaſe his beaſtial Appetite deſtroys.
Returning, for our little ones we call,
(Wondring at ſcatter'd Offals ſpread the Hall)
Vain Echo anſwering, none elſe there reply'd,
When more diſtinctly we gnawn Bones eſpy'd;
And dipt in Purple, Tufts of yellow Hair,
Soon we perceiv'd our Children murther'd were;
My Queen deſpairing rais'd a hideous Yell,
And Roring, I rung out a ſecond Knell;
Which out from vaulted Courts like Thunder ſou
And upwards flying, Scales Heavens ſtarry Roun
Then firſt I ſpake, Let's quit our woful Cave,
Purſue Revenge, a while all ſorrow wave.

This ſaid, in high Diſtraction forth we went,
d following hot upon the Monſter's Scent,
e made not many Miles a privy Search,
t found him where proud Eagles uſe to Perch,
in a Buſhy Tree he ſat aſtride,
d did our Power and Majeſty deride;
en ſcoffing ſaid, Your Children here are warm,
mfort your ſelves, go home and never ſtorm;
t of your Juriſdiction quite am I,
u know not how to climb, and worſer flie;
meet for ſweet Revenge, inſulting Girds,
War Engage too, 'gainſt the King of Birds;
new not how thwart Paſſions to aſſwage,
rowning in Sorrow, burning in my Rage.
Then to my Queen I ſpake, watch here with care,
t up in his own Fort this curſed *Bear*;
hilſt I raiſe aid, and Forces ſeek abroad,
his ſaid, I haſted to a beaten Road,
m'd with an Ax, there I an Artiſt met,
on him I with fawning Poſture ſet,
frighted flies, who finding me too ſwift,
d that his Life lay only in my Gift,
Lybians uſe, fell humbly on his Knees,
d Quarter begs, I pointed to the Trees;
en put his new ground Hatchet in his Hand,
on as my Pleaſure he did underſtand,
t the leaſt time the ſturdy Workman ſlips,
ll he had hew'd thick Timber into Chips,
e aged Elm thrice nodding groans her laſt,
d falling down her ugly Rider caſt:

I and my Queen ſtraight on the Murtherer flew,
And as an Offering to our Children ſlew:
So my Auxiliarie I ſafe diſmiſt,
Him promiſing when e'r diſtreſt t' aſſiſt:
Thus ſomething eas'd, we to our Court return,
And our irreparable Loſſes mourn.

SECT. XIII.

After a while our Grief and Mourning's o're,
We put our Selves in Posture as before;
y Queen and I, our Losses to repair,
mutual Joys expect a second Heir;
hen to our Realm from *Gaule* a *Panther* came,
ell vers'd in Courtship, brisk at *Venus* Game,
d that Amours might better be advanc'd,
ly he Sung, in a new manner Danc'd;
strain'd in lofty Galliards, high *La vaults*,
low *Corantoes* upon one Leg halts,
lat Brawls simpring, pinch'd with vexing Corns,
ngerly moving as he trod on Thorns;
fore the *Turn above Ground*, and *Cross Points*,
r Youth perform'd, as if they had no Joints;
ith *Capriolls antishoes* so high would go,
ey hit the Roofs, and noiseless fell as Snow.
s easier way our crazy Lords did please,
d Courtiers Clapt inforc'd to fancy ease.
r Dames on him could ne'r look on enough,
ll else seem'd antiquated, rude and rough;
w he Salutes, how Cringes, what a *Miene?*
Breath perfum'd, how soft his painted Skin?
sieur, in brief, so well himself behav'd,
at she who Rul'd a Monarch he enslav'd;

In which so cunningly her part she plaid,
That I a King her Property she made,
Seem'd not t' endure his *Modes*, at him would laugh,
And his spruce Congees imitating, scoff;
Thus blinding me, with him th' Adultress meets,
Plies stoln Embraces in unlawful Sheets;
So pregnant grown, and drawing near her Time,
Knowing to be discover'd was the Crime;
Her second Batch would prove too like the Sire,
She plots how from the Court she might retire,
Of me begs at her Mothers to Lye-in.

I tender, nor deny'd my fraighted Queen:
So with a small Retinue down she went,
Me leaving betwixt pleas'd and discontent;
Whilst in her absence various Fancies thwart,
And Jealousie lay nibling at her Heart.

When sending word how she miscarried there,
In a Dream frighted with that fatal *Bear*;
My second Issue were brought forth all dead,
When Strength recover'd rais'd her from her Bed,
She with all speed would leave that woful Place,
Seeking fresh Comfort in my dear Embrace.

This eas'd my Fits, kept Quiet up a while,
(But who a jealous Lover can beguile?)
In a dark Night when Clouds had mask'd the Pole,
I from my Court disguised, thither stole,
Past all her Out-guards and sly Pimps unseen,
Until I found Sir *Panther* and my Queen,
In Posture more familiar than befits,
A second time I raging lost my Wits;

Me first a Woman frenzi'd, now a Beast,
But a whole *Ætna* fir'd within my Breast,
When Playing I beheld her speckled Brats,
Py'd like their Sire, Tabbi'd like Mountain-Cats.
Beholding me, of whom they little dreamt,
And thought secure from any such Attempt,
Busie with Crown Affairs, and State Intregues,
War there Proclaiming, here conjoining Leagues;
When they perceiv'd my Eyes like Beacons shin'd,
And raising Rage my self then Disciplin'd,
And gave him such a general Assault,
He flying to a well-contrived Vault,
That on the Trap-door him ript up, I flung
In his own Urine weltring Blood and Dung,
His Heart and Members torn at her I cast,
Then o'r his Corps th' Adultress breath'd her last,
The surreptitious Brood next piece-meal tore,
Spattering the Walls and Pavement with their Gore;
Slew all their Pimps, and her grave Mother Bawd,
Then for just Vengeance I my self applaud:
Next made the Peers my Injury understand,
And none to put on Mourning, gave Command.

SECT.

SECT. XIV.

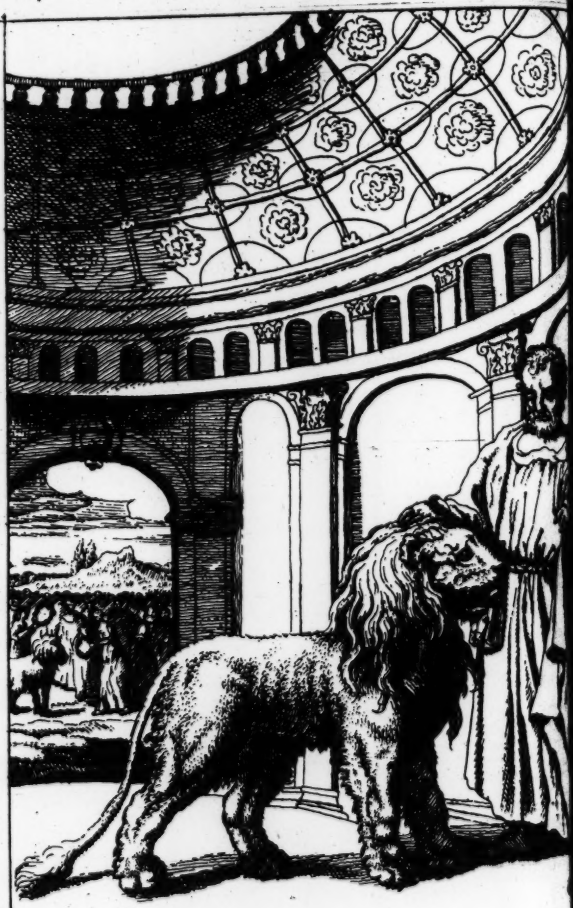
After o'r-power'd by melancholy Dreams,
I loſt my Wits in oppoſite Extremes,
Conſidering deeply of my woful State,
Condemn'd to Beſtiality by Fate,
I loath'd ſuch Crowns and Dignities that ſtood
By Rapine, Arbitrary Power, and Blood;
Courts who Religion and all Laws explode,
Their Will ſtil'd Juſtice, what they can their God;
Why ſhould I Tables, a Retinue keep,
That no Exchequer had, Parks, Herds, nor Sheep,
Out-law'd in Deſarts dwell, there Kill and Steal,
No help for Plaintiffs, nor the leaſt Appeal?
So ſtole I from my Subjects, Court, and Crown,
Scepter and Royal Ermins laying down,
My ſelf of all Regalities diſrobe,
In Want to wander the Terreſtrial Globe:
Vaſt Wilds and Foreſts left, at laſt I found
Meadows Hedg'd in, and Cultivated Ground,
Saw ſprinkling Villages, and fertile Plains,
Sheep Grazing, Steers at Plough, and buſie Swains;
Who ſeeing me, their ſeveral Tasks forſook,
And to ſafe Shelters ſoon themſelves betook.
'Mongſt theſe I fancying ſingled out a Swain,
Who ſeem'd ingenious by his Looks, though plain,
Whom

Whom I purſuing, when he found it hard
To ſcape by flying, ſtood upon his Guard,
Putting himſelf in Poſture of Defence,
But I not War intending to Commence,
As if already Conquer'd, cowring went,
And up my ſelf his Priſ'ner did preſent,
Lay at his Feet, and humbly kiſs'd his Hands.
At laſt my Suit the *Ruſtick* underſtands,
And me a King to his Protection took,
And did for Fealty and Homage look;
Then claps a Collar on my ſhaggy Main,
And leads grown gentle in a twiſted Skain.
At laſt his Pleaſure he to ſerious turn'd,
His toilſom Farm and Country Work adjourn'd,
And me he ſhew'd in Dorps and neighboring Towns,
So pick'd up Pence till Audits ſwell to Crowns;
From Markets then to Fairs we ſtrol'd along;
From all Parts near greedy Spectators throng;
Then grown a Company to th' City came
A *Kid*, my Fellow Actor, and a *Lamb*.
There rais'd a Stock, in ſeveral Shapes I play'd,
And my own Parts Extemporary made;
And when we ſomething did was rare and new,
My Fellow Actors had from me their *Qu*.
Oft when a King I Acted and look'd big,
Some Fool would call and make me Dance a Jig.
All Trades was common, *Lamb*, and I, and *Kid*,
Tript *Mars* and *Venus* to a ſingle Fid;
And I the Net like limping *Vulcan* ſpread,
And took God *Kid*, and Goddeſs *Lamb* in Bed,

Such

Such novel Sights a mighty Concourſe drew,
And we clapt off ſtill by th' admiring Crew.
Thus by my means my Maſter's Purſe ran o'e,
So much his Grandchildren could ne'r be poor;
I put him to ſmall Charge, a ſlender Board,
Water and Bread, a Carrot, or a Gourd;
Yet on good Days he made me better Dine,
Boil'd Mutton, Honey, a ſpic'd Cake in Wine:
Thus I my Paſſions rul'd, commanding more
Than when I Govern'd Men or Beaſts before.

SECT.



SECT. XV.

ONce to the Temple me my Maſter led, (ſpread,
Where ſlaughter'd Sheep the Floor and Cattel
Whilſt curling Clouds from blazing Sacrifice,
Mask'd with opacous Fogs tranſparent Skies;
At reeking Entrails I ne'r made a ſtop,
Nor long'd to taſte of recent Blood one Drop;
Where Learned *Apollonius* I beheld,
Whoſe Skill in Tongues of Birds and Beaſts excell'd;
To him I walk'd, tir'd with my ſtroling Trade,
My ſelf at's Feet in humble Poſture laid,
All wondring what I meant, to this effect
I ſpake in the *Leontick* Dialect:
King *Amaſis* transform'd into a Beaſt,
Begs from his Slavery to be releas'd,
Let me no more ſhew antick Tricks and Jokes,
A Laughing-ſtock to every Fool and Cokes;
Move the *Ægyptians* here with ſpeed that they
Would me their hapleſs Prince from hence convey.
This ſaid, the Reverend Sage ſtroking my Back,
To the Spectators, there admiring, ſpake:
Who knows not here King *Amaſis* ſad Fate?
This *Lyon* which ſo much you wonder at,
His Soul informs, by wicked Charms diſguis'd,
Let him not be, whate'r he ſeems, deſpis'd;

Though

Though chang'd, here *Saye's* renowned Monarch ſtands,
Who Rul'd you mildly under juſt Commands.
This I with Sighs and Groans confirming, ſeal'd,
Which from my former Subjects Tears compell'd:
Who thus went on; Sirs, let me you adviſe,
Since in this Living Tomb your late King lies,
If e're you had of that good Prince eſteem,
His Ranſom pay, this Royal Beaſt redeem,
And to *Leontis* hence with ſpeed convey,
There him due Worſhip in his Temple pay.
Th' *Egyptians Apollonius* Counſel take,
For ſolemn Progreſs preparation make;
My Maſter's paid: Next day you might behold
Me deck'd with Garlands, Gems, and Chains of Gold;
With all the Gayeties and Splendor dreſt,
Our Realms could boaſt, or purchaſe from the Weſt;
People and Prieſts conducting me in Throngs,
Chanting my Praiſe in Hymns and Sacred Songs:
And to that *Fane* which for my ſelf I made,
They their new God Religiouſly convey'd,
Order'd me Lodgings, and a Plenteous Board,
And more to be than any Power ador'd.

SECT.

SECT. XVI.

R Evenues fix'd my Honor to maintain, (wain;
Whilst Suns should set and rise, Moons wax and
riests and Lay-brothers Means allow'd, and large,
ach Place and several Function to discharge;
hysician, Chirurgeon, Pothecary, Cook,
hat might to me in Health and Sickness look;
many wait in their appointed Rooms,
k Stairs, my Privy, and Bed-chamber Grooms;
riests in my Chappel a new Service sing,
hanting Great *Amasis* their God and King,
ploring when the Royal Soul his Fate
ould to a nobler Living House translate,
Embrio Prince t' inform; or else they pray,
mongst Vegetives, the honor'd *Bay*.
Thus Publick Institutions were observ'd,
r much a while from Private Orders swerv'd;
ho should until their God had feasted, staid,
ghing at those so foolish Statutes made,
n as my usual Dishes up were serv'd,
y for themselves, their Wives, and Children carv'd,
like a Dog gave me their Plates to lick,
owing their Offal and gnawn Bones to pick;
licious Wines, my whole Allowance, quaff'd,
d at my savory lapping Water, laugh'd:

In

In wild *Moriſcoes* heightned thus they Dance,
Shins over Stools and Tables take their chance;
When a fat Prieſt had almoſt broke my Chine,
Throwing athwart me his foul Concubine:
This I paſs'd o'r, but I began to ſtare,
When Owl-fac'd *Malkin* Feaſted in my Chair;
They truly honor'd her, in State there ſat,
Fed with my Dainties a ridiculous *Cat*:
But the fat Prieſt who her did moſt adore
In Private, was in Publick her Amour.

To tear them piece-meal thrice I was reſolv'd,
But I had been too much in Blood involv'd;
So loathing Man's Society once more,
I fled to Deſarts where I Rul'd before;
Here ſoon my Peers re-fix'd me in my Throne,
Additional Garlands voting to my Crown;
Me all theſe Deſarts honor'd and obey'd,
So long as ſtrenuouſly I Scepters ſway'd;
Grown weak, they in my Title found a Flaw,
(Beaſts free-born are, they cry'd, by Foreſt Law:)
Now by your helping Hand again reſtor'd,
As erſt, I Reign, and ſettle here my Boar'd.

Thus my ſtrange Story I in brief have told;
Now if you pleaſe, the Night not yet grown old,
I long to know what brought you to our Court,
So far from Humane Buſineſs and Reſort,
Unleſs ſome ſcattering Dorps that near us lie,
With whom our Right and Title oft we try;
Cuſtoms demanding, a fat Sheep or Steer,
Of the great World's Affairs we little hear:

This, if the trouble will not prove too great,
a return for mine, Sir, I intreat.

SECT. XVII.

WHen to the King *Androcleus* thus reply'd;
How to these Wilds, Great Sir, and D
My Fortune threw me in such woful plight, (
Scorch'd up by Day, wrack'd in a stormy Night,
Since you desire to know, brief as I may,
I shall relate, and your Commands obey.
In *Rome* my well-descended Parents dwelt;
Whose fair Estate small diminution felt,
Until my hapless Father found a way
To lose himself, and all he had, by Play:
My Mother dying, House we broke up streight;
The Furniture, her Jewels, and his Plate,
Whate're was his, and might be after mine,
As cumbersom, he turn'd to ready Coin;
The frail Die handling, and the slippery Card,
Much by degrees his Fortune had impair'd:
Who now resolv'd those Losses up to make,
By venturing deep, and setting all at Stake:
Fortune assists the Bold; would him e're long
Make at one lucky Hit Ten thousand strong.
After a Feast, the Gamesters went one Day
Up to their Golden Chamber; deep they play,
Huge Heaps are set; vent'ring at All, he threw,
And Lawrell'd *Cæsars* up by hundreds drew;

An Soc 27

many dazling Golden Emperors got,
ell to have ſoder'd up his broke Eſtate.
hiſper'd him, intreating to give o're,
w he might pay all Debts, cleer every Score:
minds not me, nor from his Golden Fleece
ncy'd *Androcleus* with one ſingle Piece.
laſt the Table cover'd all in Gold,
ght Ore in Mountains heap'd you might behold,
lat a Chance now to be Loſt or Won,
ever made, for ever elſe undone;
kes doubled at each Throw, long th' After-game,
each ſide favoring Fortune ſmiling came,
often frowns; my Father had the odds,
en threw what he could ask for of the Gods;
hich when he ſaw, as a dire Chance he curſt,
d blind with Rage, o'reſeeing, play'd the worſt;
hat the Dice gave, took with a *Why not*, loſt.
A while he ſtood, ſtiff, like a ſenſleſs Poſt;
when he ſaw the Golden Mountains ſwept,
all he had, and Hopes for ever ſtript,
his own Sottiſhneſs, and what ſeem'd worſe,
Dice nor Evil Fortune left to curſe;
falls upon himſelf, his Peruque tore,
d thundring Execrations, direly ſwore.
After a while, his Rage Ceſſation makes;
ſelf then ſtripping, ſtreight his Garments ſtakes:
er and under Weeds at firſt Aſſault
ch o're, and to the Conquering Foe revolt;
hich gone, with me aſide he kindly ſlips,
whilſt I there in vain lamented, ſtrips.

My Clothes thus added to his laſt Miſhap;
They in one Fardle up as Lumber wrap;
Next Trafficking for a ſmall Sum of Gold,
Himſelf unto a Fencing-Maſter ſold;
Upon his Body ſets a certain Price,
Which ſtraight condemn'd by arbitrary Dice;
His Pris'ner to the fatal School he drew,
Whom, at next Shew, a *Gladiator* ſlew.

SECT. XVIII.

'Hen out of Doors turn'd, only in my Shirt,
Which truſſing, I about my Middle girt,
ce I muſt fall unto the Begging Trade,
p my ſelf a fitting Habit made,
d thwart my Shoulders skewr'd up Darnix Rags;
e Mantle looſe in Labels hung and Jags,
ch Corner I inſpect, each Dunghil rake,
lowts to collect might up my Wardrobe make;
Scrip and Diſh, *ſans* Crown a Brimleſs Hat,
fenſive Arms 'gainſt Dogs, I bore a Bat.
Thus at all Points Accouter'd and Adorn'd,
quaintance I, Friends and Relations ſcorn'd
they would me, my Father being dead,
I'mongſt Strangers only begg'd my Bread;
mouldy Cruſts in muſty Drink would ſop,
metimes got ſavoury Bits and higher Tope;
Night in Porches and dark Entries ſculk,
Prince, if I obtain'd a Stall or Bulk;
nd thoſe whoever knew me, though I balk'd,
t once I to the Ordinary walk'd,
ongſt Gameſters that ſo late Diviſion made,
f my poor Father's Life, and all he had;
Mongſt them thus torn and totter'd, direly poor,
by their Names did, weeping, Alms implore;

Me e'en ſtark naked ſeeing, cut and ſlaſh'd
In Steaks and Morſels, Robes ſo neatly haſh'd,
Pleas'd with my Fancy in ſuch queint Attire,
Thus grinning made reply; How now, young Squire
Your Father, were he living would be ſad,
That for his Heir he ſuch a Spendthrift had,
Thus to be cut and pinkt: What Taylors can!
Their Coats, not Heralds, make the Gentleman.
Thus paſſing by, they a proud Scoff, or ſo,
On me in ſo much miſery beſtow;
Of all my Father's Thouſands they had ſhar'd,
Not one *Denecre* his ſtarving Son they ſpar'd:
But I theſe greedy Harpies knew before,
Who never fancied Servants, nor the Poor,
Who wait on them whole nights, ev'n ſtarve with cold
When Fortune ſhowers on them whole Seas of Gold.
Who Game their Buſineſs make, ſtudy the Wracks
Of hopeful Youth, familiar Toms *and* Jacks:
The Suburbs Plague Owl'd in a Periwig,
Their Paunches ſwoln with Night Deboſhes big:
Such proud and idle Hectors, the whole Gang,
If th' are not fit to Baniſh, let them Hang.
Soon after I 'mongſt other Poor did wait,
Expecting Alms at a great Patriot's Gate,
Whoſe Steward pick'd me from the clamoring Throng
Not in my Features much deform'd, and young;
By my conſent enroll'd his Patron's Slave,
Shew'd me my Tasks, and fitting Habit gave.

SECT

SECT. XIX.

THere Toiling hard, yet plentifully fed,
Taller I ſhot by th' Shoulders and the Head,
When callow Down firſt Marks proclaiming Man,
Upon my Chin and ruddy Cheeks began;
At Exerciſes active grown, and ſtrong,
Beat at the *Ceſt* none could, or Wreſtling wrong,
Out-run, out-leap, Vault higher; few could far
Break Ground beyond me with a Stone or Bar:
My Joynts then knitting, Breaſt and Shoulders broad,
As much as two could carry at a Load.
The Steward, who on all the reſt look'd grim,
Oft ſmil'd on me, and held in fair Eſteem;
Our Grand Patrone would ſtill, as paſſing by,
Caſt me both Money, and a favouring Eye.
Madam Patroneſs, a high-going Dame,
Whoſe Honeſty had but a ſcanty Fame,
Her Lord grown old, of Buſineſs full, and Cares,
About the Publick, or his own Affairs,
Too ſoon of me had inkling by her Pimps,
And at her Window then by chance a Glimpſe,
Whilſt nimbly up the Steps I bore a Sack,
As if a Fly had ſate upon my Back;
Nor reſted ſhe, feeling a kindled Flame,
But down 'mongſt us with one Attendant came,

The Palace empty, and for me ſhe asks,
Then 'mongſt my Fellows, buſie at our Tasks,
A Work diſpatching muſt with ſpeed be done.
I would have Waſh'd, and put freſh Garments on,
When ſhe far off me, thus conſulting, ſpy'd,
Come naked as you are, aloud ſhe cry'd;
So up I march'd, and her Commands obey'd,
Who thus in gentle Language ſmiling, ſaid:
Of your good Parts, *Androcleus*, I have heard,
Merits where-ever plac'd we ſhould regard,
Though you your Fortune to ſuch Toil condemns,
Jewels though ſet in Lead, yet ſtill are Gems;
I hear that you carry from all the Prize,
At Youthful Sports, and Manly Exerciſe;
Since I am preſent, I would gladly ſee
A Proof or ſo of your Activity.
Then made ſhe me firſt Run, then Leap, and Vau
So gave her ſelf a general Aſſault;
I ſaw her Boſom beat with looſe Alarms,
Viewing my Shoulders, Breaſt, and Muſcley Arms:
Then ſhe departing, kindly threw her Purſe,
Which I look'd on no better than a Curſe.

SECT

SECT. XX.

NO sooner gone, but all about me throng,
To see what Largess bounteous Madam flung,
Which op'ning soon bright *Cæsars* they behold,
All cry, At Night to Wine convert the Gold;
She wants your help, and you your Freedom lack,
The Wealthy Fort courageously attack;
Good use make of your Time whilst kind Stars wait,
Women inconstant else turn Love to hate.
Thus hinted they, whilst I my self deplore,
Contracted to a Virgin late before;
Our Steward's Daughter, and his only Heir,
Her Mother lately dead, she young and Fair,
Me long with Signs and silent Rhetorick woo'd,
And by her conquering Eyes at last subdu'd:
I not at Riches nor my Freedom aim'd,
Her Vertue more than Beauty me inflam'd;
Her sweet Simplicity stirr'd gentle Fires,
From Wanton free, and turbulent Desires.
When her soft Passion once she had reveal'd,
With Tears and Kisses we Affection seal'd;
Vows interchanging, just at breaking Gold,
A while, said she, e'r we go further, hold;
I am a *Christian*, and so must be you,
Else here we separate, and once more are two;

Since

Since such Dissentings may in Marriage-life
Commotions raise, and a perpetual Strife:
Light *Venus*, Drunken *Bacchus*, Hect'ring *Mars*,
Trepanning *Hermes*, look on as a Farse;
Th' whole List abolish of these Stones and Stocks,
Once Bosoms of the Grove, and Wombs of Rocks:
I not *Marina*, but *Maria* am;
Androcleus to *Andreas* change your Name.
She soon prevailing, easie Conquest made;
What could not she and her fair Eyes perswade?
Besides, I saw them daily at the Stake,
And Persecutions still more Converts make;
I knew our Gods Exemplars were of Sin,
And we on Wood and Stone Petitions pin:
So I consenting, me she kindly kist,
Contracted, we each other streight dismist;
Upon a private Meeting next agreed,
Where no Occasion might Suspicion breed.

SECT.

SECT. XXI.

Soon after going at th' appointed time,
To meet, where chaſt Embraces were no Crime,
With my *Maria*, her there to acquaint
With what did much my troubled Spirits daunt,
And to conſult together how to wave
Approaching Luſt, inſatiate as the Grave:
The Houſe all clear, gone forth to hear a Cauſe
Till Night would puzzle Lawyers and the Laws;
A little Girl from a ſtraight Envoy came,
And beckning to me, call'd me by my Name:
I thought that my dear Miſtreſs her had ſent,
Of Plots but little dreaming, after went;
Who in a lower Chamber turns me ſtraight,
And clapping faſt the Door, leaves there to wait.
Then I began the Buſineſs to ſuſpect,
And from a dangerous Cauſe, a dire Effect;
When entring on the other ſide appear'd
Our Madams Confident, who me thus cheer'd:
Androcleus, welcom; though you are betray'd,
The Plot is much for your Advantage laid;
Wealth, Honor, Beauty, Love, on you attend,
A Great, a Kind, and Everlaſting Friend,
Such as the Emperor's Self, the Worlds great Head,
Might pride in the Enjoyments of her Bed.

Nay,

Nay, ſtart not back, nor proffer'd Fortunes wave,
Poſſeſs a Paradiſe, or elſe a Grave:
Death, or a Happy Life, one you muſt chuſe,
Take heed, ſo high a Favor to refuſe.
Thus now confirm'd of what I firſt did doubt,
I ſtraight reſolv'd whate'r to ſee it out;
And though I ſaw a Sword hung o'r my Head,
Each Step I trod upon a Serpent's Bed,
I follow'd her thence up a private Stairs,
A cloſe Conveyance for the like Affairs:
Whence me ſhe firſt into a Wardrobe brought,
Hung with rich Garments, Gowns, and Mantles (wrought,
Upon the Table lay a gorgeous Veſt
Fit for a Prince bid to a Marriage Feaſt.
When thus ſhe ſaid; You in ſo high Reſpect,
Thus ſuting your Preferment muſt be deckt,
None to our Ladys privacy muſt come,
Nor enter worſer clad, her Golden Room,
And here for you, as if her Lord, ſhe hath
Order'd rich Unguents, and a chearing Bath.
This ſaid, my ſlaviſh Habit off I ſlipt,
And down in warm and perfum'd Water leapt,
My Arms and Boſom cleans'd from Sweat and Soil,
'Nointing my Limbs with odoriferous Oyl;
My ſelf then dreſſing ſprucely *A-la-mode*,
I entred like a Heroe or a God;
For looking in the Mirror as I paſt,
I at my Transformation ſtood agaſt!
Viewing my ſupple Limbs and noble Face,
The Room then treading with Majeſtick Pace;

Whe

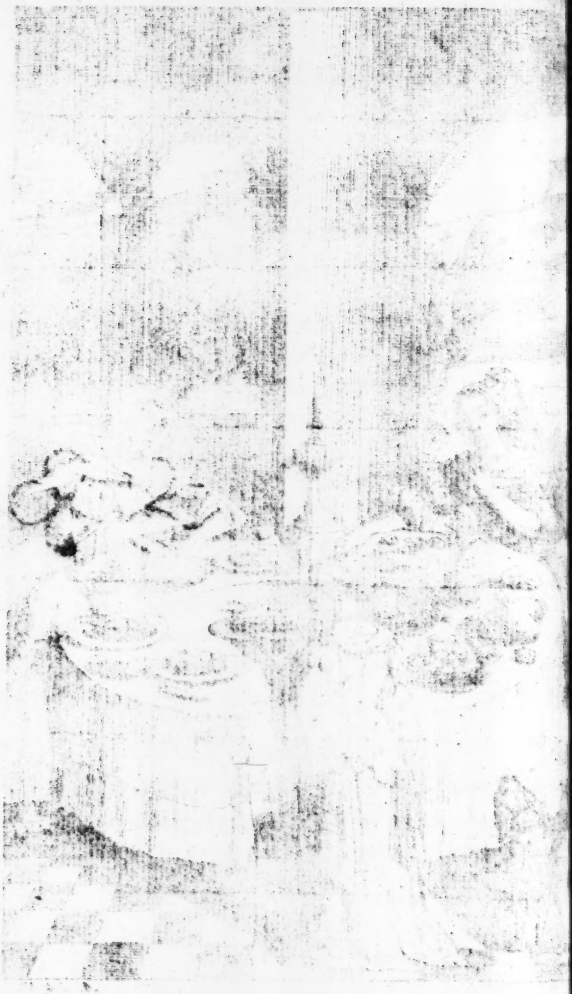
When me she saw thus handsomly Array'd,
I, now you are a Prince indeed, she said;
You no *Androcleus* now, no Bond-slave are,
But some Ambassador late come from far;
Move in a Royal Sphere, and fitting State,
You must forget whate're you were of late.
This said, she me through several Rooms conducts,
And all the way with Learned Smiles instructs.

SECT.

SECT. XXII.

AT last she brought me to a darkned Room,
Where shut-out *Phœbus* beams could never come,
Which yet out-shin'd the Day, and stain'd the Skies,
With Tapers bright, in branching *Gallaxies*.
Here none of all the Houshold durst presume
So to prophane, as once look in the Room,
Onely one Woman; this she kept distinct,
At which her Husband, glad to please her, wink'd.
There looking round, rare Tapstry I beheld,
Which far my Master's Furniture excell'd,
With new-found Silk and Gold most richly wrought,
Far fetch'd and dear, from utmost *Persia* brought;
Where *Venus* lively sate in *Mars* his Lap,
And peeping *Vulcan* catch'd in *Cupid*'s Trap;
Where whilst the stump-foot God, fast by the Leg,
Seem'd Freedom of his wanton Son to beg,
She and her brisk Gallant the Pris'ner mocks,
Both pointing at him, sitting in the Stocks:
The Border Silver Doves and *Cupids* fill'd,
And Lovers bleeding Hearts, though never kill'd:
Next a *Triclinium* with congested Plates,
Furnish'd from Two Worlds with the choicest Cates,
All high Provocatives, Venerial Food,
Would empty Veins repleniſh with a Flood:

A Sec 22



A canted Couch, for Eaſe and Dalliance fit,
Where three might lean at pleaſure, lie, and ſit:
Next ſaw I emboſs'd Flaggons, antique Mold,
Not full with Wine, but brimming o're with Old,
Which Kings and Tetrachs, that his Clients were,
When well went Cauſes had preſented her:
Whole Cities pawn'd to pay their Patron's Fees,
They humbly offer'd her ſuch Toys as theſe.
Next, on a Porphyre Cupboard I eſpy'd,
Inſtead of Drinking Plates, Gems, Stars out-vy'd,
And as neglected, in a Corner lay
A Silver Mountain might nine Legions pay.
The Superficial of her Treaſure, theſe;
She Jewels had were worth whole Provinces:
All which as Enemies I underſtood,
'Gainſt them reſolv'd to make my Party good,
Whate're befalls, to run the dangerous Riſque,
Rather than her, to top a *Baſiliſk*;
So much I valu'd my plain modeſt Girl,
Beyond a Heaven of Jewels, Gold, or Pearl,
Beyond her Glories, Luxury, and Pride,
Beyond whatever in the World beſide:
I that a *Chriſtian* promis'd to be, muſt
Seven deadly Champions fight, eſpecial Luſt:
Before my Youth and Marrow her ſhould treat,
A Strumpet prey upon, though ne're ſo Great,
Let theſe full Veins a *Hectick* drain, and I
Pale in a lingering Conſumption die.

SECT.

SECT. XXIII.

WHilſt I on all theſe look'd with diſregard,
A Song and Muſick I in Conſort heard;
Which pleas'd ſurprizal my Attention mov'd,
Love th' Argument, and Joys of being belov'd;
Of *Cupid*'s Power in Heaven, Earth, and below,
All under the Obedience of his Bow;
They Sung, his Club laid by, and Lyons Skin,
How *Hercules*, *Omphale* taught to Spin,
Who, when his Miſtris faulty found the Thred,
Suffer'd her break the Diſtaff o'r his Head.
Jove's ſcapes I heard, and how the baſhful Moon
Danc'd to the Pipe of young *Endymion*.
At laſt appears with a Majeſtick Pace,
A Beauty fitting for a Gods Embrace;
Robes flowing, in a Heaven of Jewels deckt,
And entring, ſmiles on me with kind Reſpect;
Little I dreamt that e'r I her had ſeen,
She muſt ſome Goddeſs be, at leaſt a Queen!
Who as I ſtaring ſtood, amaz'd and mute,
Firſt charg'd me with a kiſſing ſweet Salute.
When thus ſhe ſaid, *Androcleus*, now I ſee
Y'are born no Slave, nor one of mean Degree;
Perſons of low Birth, though they Features have,
Know not which way to look when they are brave;

ew her then, but could not make reply,
illy routed by her conquering Eye:
ilſt ſhe then turning whiſper'd to her Maid,
ewel good *Chriſtian*, to my ſelf, I ſaid;
reen-ſick Girl, a new Religion minc'd,
aſham'd, and utterly convinc'd:
me of Heavenly Bliſs, and Worlds to come!
e preſent Joys are worth a Martyrdom;
Crowns of Glory who would not aſpire,
es Fiery Tryals ſuffering in ſuch Fire?
me one Night move in that Starry Sphere,
n let there Devils me in pieces tear.
en with a wounding Smile ſhe turning, ſaid,

Why ſtands *Androcleus* thus? why ſo diſmaid?
not what you in my Apartment ſee
le your Eyes, but make your Object Me;
ot ſo mute, freely your ſelf behave,
Old Man's no more, but now you are my Slave,
I ſhall put you to a harder Task,
t more than all your Strength, will Courage ask.
here you ſee inſtructs you what to do,
s ſlender Banquet ſtands prepar'd for you;
uld not have ſuch Entertainment loſt
on a gilded Sign, or painted Poſt.

Encourag'd thus, though I in Flames did fry,
ely ſtar'd, but could make no reply,
r *Locomotive* Faculties command:
hich ſhe perceiving, took me by the Hand,

And gently wringing, to the Table led,
Placing me by her on the Festive Bed.

SEC

SECT. XXIV.

THus poor *Androcleus* with a Lady ſate,
The Wealth of Queens but mean to her Eſtate.
hat e're the greateſt *Epicure* could wiſh,
taſte delicious Wines, there ſtood the Diſh;
hatever Wine to quench the Seaſon'd Bit,
at this Table might his Palat fit.
On us her Confident did onely wait,
ho ply'd my Cup, and often chang'd my Plate,
ll Love thus heightned Fancy did enrich,
chain'd my Tongue, and Freedom gave to Speech;
ding Diſcourſe, my Wits with *Bacchus* edg'd,
us ſtorm'd I her, and formally beſieg'd.
Madam, Theſe Miracles I here behold,
ur Beauty, theſe bright Gems, that Plate and Gold;
is Room ſo furniſh'd, ſet with Lights ſo thick,
at more than Stars confound Arithmetick;
yſelf in this rich Habit, like a Prince;
h Entertainment, at ſo vaſt Expenſe;
d me, a Slave, thus, by your ſpecial Grace,
lding in this your Heaven a ſecond Place;
kes me the greater Wonder, that am not
n'd an admiring Statue on the Spot:
d now my Spirits ſeeming to revive,
ueſtion if I dead am, or alive;

Or from Earth mounted, my deliver'd Soul
Found this your Paradise beyond the Pole:
These, and th' inchanting Musick that I hear,
Makes me suppose that this is *Venus* Sphere,
And you th' Intelligence, that Goddess are,
Ruling our Morning and our Evening Star:
If that I Wake, am Dead, or in a Dream,
Since *Woe nor Weal lasts long in the Extreme*;
If Truth or Fancy, put it to the Test,
Really finish, or Dream out the rest.
Surpriz'd at such a rate to hear me speak,
Thus in no common Torrent forth to break;
Androcleus, said she, I am doubtful too
If I'm not in a Trance, as well as you;
To hear such Language, hear you talk so brave:
None but a Prince can Act a Royal Slave.
Such Notions are no Birth of Toil and Sweat.
Sir, I'll on you no lesser Value set,
Than if some God descended from the Sky,
Would my Embraces at Heavens Purchase buy.
This said, my Hand she in her Bosom slips,
And I made bold to venture on her Lips:
When thus I said, Dear Madam, I shall burst;
At once you make me Happy and Accurst:
Such Cordials far off from the Joy of Joys,
In tantalizing Pleasures me destroys.
Then the bold Strumpet me embracing, kist,
Twining a Chain of Pearl about my Wrist;
Accept this Earnest of my Love she said:
And me to further Privacy convey'd.

SEC

An Act

SECT. XXV.

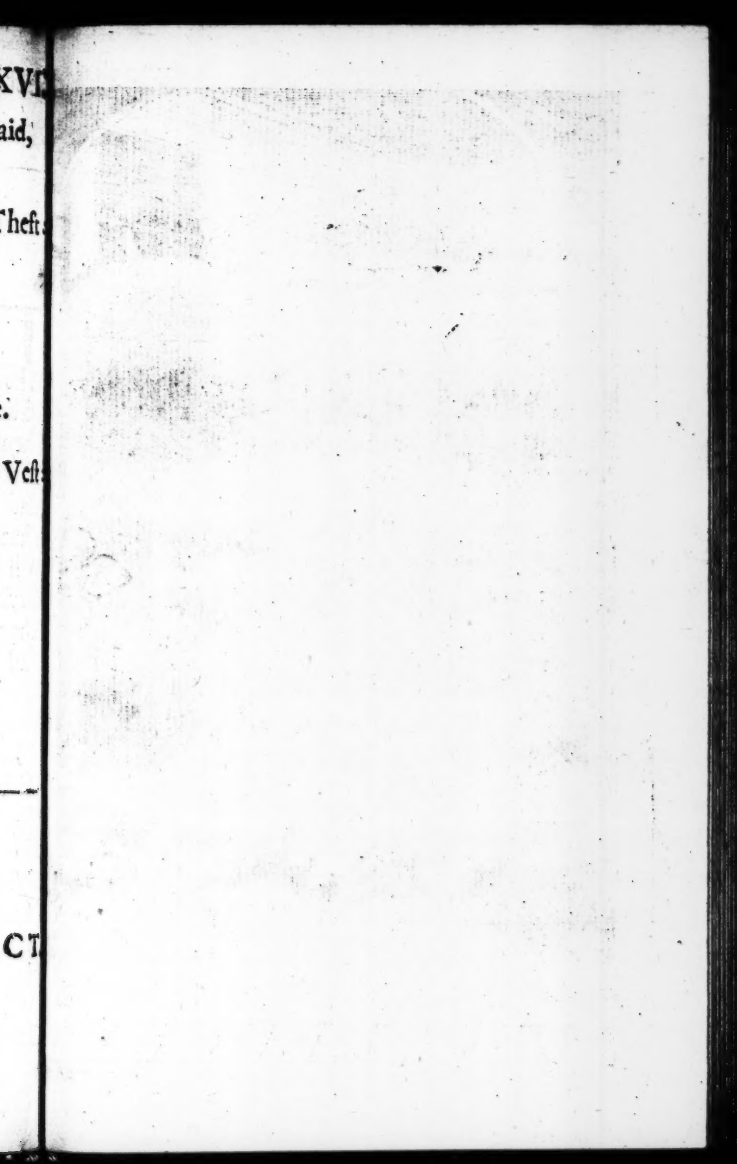
Where ſtood a ſtately Bed in her *Alcove*,
Fit for ſweet Theſts,& ſtoln Delights of Love,
here Kings and Queens in Wedlock might embrace,
d Princes breed their own Illuſtrious Race.
When drawing nigh, me ſudden Terror ſtruck,
e Curtains trembled, and the Hangings ſhook,
d ſtreight a Voice, not Humane, pierc'd my Ear,
ſtian Andreas, mind thy Soul, forbear.
My Name that muſt be, and this ſtrange Advice,
n'd to a Hell expected Paradiſe,
es Torches quench'd, hot Fancies routed quite:
n'd, I ſweat in horrible affright;
warm Blood curdling, I grew ſtiff and cold,
one that twice had fifty Winters told.
She ſeeing me ſtand as I had blaſted been,
t never look'd on looſe Eſcapes as Sin,
w now *Androcleus*, ſaid ſhe, why ſo pale?
ed, a Lady, and your Spirits fail!
Then caſting up my Eye on her, who ſeem'd
e 'bove all Worldly Joys to be eſteem'd;
conquering Beauty, ſo Divinely Fair,
e the leaſt Mark appear'd, or ſmalleſt Air:
here I before enough could never gaze,
hold, a Map of Ruins and Decays;

Furrow'd her Brows, Cheeks painted and bepatch'd,
Her Temples round with curled Serpents thatch'd,
Her wither'd Breasts in her foul Bosom sag,
A Goddess late, now an Infernal Hag;
To whom in high distraction thus I spake,
Thou swallowing Gulph, thou all-devouring Lake,
That now art leading me unto the Brink,
Where falling, I eternally must sink:
Ah, how thou star'st! Clap no more *Gorgons* on,
I feel my self already turning Stone;
I'll fly, e're I am famish'd, e're I stand
A Statue carv'd by an Adultress Hand.
This said, I left her, and the loathed Bed,
And whilst she dire Revenge stood plotting, fled;
Out at a Window jutting forward leapt,
And hid with Darkness, to my Cabin crept
Unseen by any; fast the Door then lock'd,
Resolv'd to none to open, whoe're knock'd.

SECT. XXVI.

THus I within my own Works seem'd secure,
Able a Winter Leaguer to endure;
When second thoughts a farther Prospect made,
I saw no means my Ruin to evade:
Then I repented my distracted Flight,
That could not me preserve one single Night;
Mad that th' Adultéress I had not slain,
That *Syren*, that enticing common Bane,
Who long since could not chang'd Amours adjust,
Serving with such varieties her Lust:
Then I had done a meritorious Act,
And could but Death have suffer'd for the Fact;
Left living to accuse me, I am sure
Exquisite Tortures dying to endure.
Discoursing thus, a sudden noise I hear
Of busie Servants busling here and there;
Shut up the Gates, whilst out the Steward comes,
Bids diligent search to make through all the Rooms.
Streight I put up my Chain of Pearl, and Vest,
My self in my accustom'd Habit drest,
And as alarm'd, soon mingled with my Mates,
Hoping to get o're Walls, or thorow Gates,
And busie with the Steward walk't the Round;
But no suspicious Person could be found.

When at a ſtand, that Girl, that treach'rous Maid,
Which me into the Trap at firſt betray'd,
Brought in her Lap thoſe Clothes behind I left,
Charging their Owner with worſe Crimes than Theft.
My fellow Slaves all knew them at firſt ſight,
Whom I ſo treated but the former Night,
And ſo much fatal Gold on them did ſpend,
They were the firſt that me did appehend,
And Oaths on Oaths, with Proteſtations, ſwore
They were the ſame which I that Morning wore.
To ſearch my Cabin next they made requeſt,
Whence ſoon they brought the Orient Chain & Veſt.
All Circumſtances clear the Steward found,
And calls for Jives, and me in Fetters bound;
Then to the Dungeon, thence himſelf conveys,
And leaves me in the Stocks, at little eaſe.



SECT. XXVII.

Left in a Dungeon Manacled and Jiv'd,
Of Light, of Comfort, of all Hopes depriv'd,
Gall'd with the narrow Stocks, and pinching Chains,
My Sorrows heavy, and acute my Pains,
Musing on my sad Condition sate,
Thrown to a Prison from a Bed of State;
But more for my *Maria* was my smart,
For her, a bitterer Grief transpierc'd my Heart
Than all the wounding Woes which there I felt,
That with my Dear so treacherously I dealt,
Out of my Mind my Vows and her to raze,
Took with patch'd Beauty, and a painted Face.
Thus drown'd in deep despair, o'rwhelm'd with night,
I heard soft Steps, and saw a glimmering Light,
Which through the Key-hole and the Crannies broke;
When suddenly the well-oyl'd Wards unlock,
And like a silent Shade, in noiseless stole
Maria, as an Angel from the Pole,
Bringing down Comfort in my Griefs extreme;
When thus she spake, and real made my Dream.
Our precious Time not lavish now away,
Else forfeit Life this Morning you must pay:
Then with a Kiss my Spirit she revives,
Frees from the Stocks, my Fetters, and my Jives,

Bids

Bids me tread ſoftly, whilſt ſhe locks the Door,
Leaving all faſt in poſture as before;
Then leading on, like noiſleſs Air ſhe ſlips,
Whilſt lightly I reprint the Virgins ſteps,
Until we entred in an obſcure Yard,
Where ſetled Walls not to aſcend were hard;
When thus ſhe ſaid, Put on this Forein Shape,
Then fly to *Oſtia*, as a Stranger ſcape:
I heard my Lady our Patron engage,
Onely your Death muſt pacifie her Rage:
She told him, How in Princely Habit dreſt,
At her Devotions, in you rudely preſt,
When ſhe amaz'd at One thus broken in,
Ready to ſwoon, had been enforc'd to ſin,
But that her Woman entring with a Light,
The Project ſpoil'd, and put the Slave to flight.
But I of this dare not one Word believe,
Nor Credit to her Accuſation give;
The whole Houſe thinks you guiltleſs, who lament,
And whiſpering, your Misfortune much reſent.
But you muſt hence, and I muſt ſtreight away,
Under my Father's Pillow to convey
Theſe Keys, which whilſt he ſlept from thence I ſtole,
Thus to redeem you from that diſmal Hole:
Here, take this Purſe, ſhe ſaid; then me ſhe kiſt,
And vowing Conſtancy, with Tears diſmiſt.
Diſguis'd, thence o're low Battlements I leapt,
And through dark Suburbs and long Alleys crept.

SECT

A sec 28.

SECT. XVII.

FRom thence to *Oſtia*, where by Fortune lay
Ships ready freighted, bound for *Africa*,
The *Conſul*'s Goods and Servants left behind,
Haſting Aboard: Fair blew th' expected Wind.
I, amongſt others, got into a Ship;
All Anchors weigh, and hoiſe their Sails a-trip,
And to the *Offin* with a Northern Gale,
Hoping for ſhort and happy Paſſage, Sail:
Keep Forelands ſet, and diſtant Mountains fly,
Till nothing we beheld but Sea and Sky.
That Night ſo pleaſant on the Decks I lay,
With Cares awake, expecting bleſſed Day.
But whilſt our groaning Prow ſalt Billows plow'd,
Juſt a-head eſpy'd a riſing Cloud,
Built up in Stories like a ſpiry Tower,
Threatning foul Weather, and a Thunder-ſhower;
When our fair Wind us by degrees did fail,
Our Canvas flats, nor longer could we Sail;
Streight up they furl their Sheets, and ply the Oar,
Before it blows to faſten on the Shore.
The Sky, all ſtreight in cloſe long Mourning hung,
Lightens, a Peal of Heavens Artillery rung,
Hideous Shower of Fire, of Hail, and Rain,
Falls in a Deluge with a *Heuricane*;

The

The blustering Northern Lords, East, West, and South
Twice sixteen Angles open as one Mouth:
When not in Mountains did swoln Billows rise,
But pil'd up Pyramids salute the Skies;
Waves fight and fly, rough Floods encounter Floods,
Till all the Sea was laver'd into Suds.
When thus I cry'd, Ah! happy had I been,
If I at home had suffer'd for my Sin;
Better than this infortunate Escape,
Bravely t' have dy'd condemned for a Rape,
A *Roman* Dame, one of so high Remark,
Than now feed Sword-fish, or some Hectring Shark.
Whilst to the Winds vain Grief I thus divulg'd,
Our Vessel striking, in an instant bulg'd;
The Ship, though stout, yields to tempestuous Waves,
And sudden in a thousand shatters staves:
Each for themselves, a broken Mast I strode,
And buffeted by Winds and Billows, rode,
Until the Tempest ceasing, I alone
Upon this Coast was thus this Morning thrown;
Where Landed, I encountred new Extremes,
Choak'd with hot Sands, & scorcht with *Phœbus* beams:
Fainting with Thirst, and ready for my Grave,
My better Stars shew'd me your Royal Cave,
Where now, by special Favor, I your Guest
Sit at your Table, and 'mongst Princes Feast.
Androcleus Story told, then growing late,
The *Lion* rising, his *Jackalls* in State,
With Gloworms, Touch-wood, and such Lights, attend
Their Royal Master, leading in his Friend.

Then

Then all dispers'd unto their several Homes,
Courtiers retiring to appointed Rooms.

SECT.

SECT. XXIX.

THus dwelt *Androcleus* in a *Lion*'s Den,
A Prince 'mongſt Beaſts, a Bondſlave among
Till weary of that Life, and ſpurr'd with Love, (Men
He fix'd his Reſolution to remove,
Watching an Opportunity to fly,
Rather than live in Wilds, at *Rome* to die;
Although the King him lov'd, and honor'd moſt
Of all his Peers and Captains of his Hoſt;
Nor could he e're be quiet Day nor Night,
Androcleus but a Minute out of ſight.
So in a Starry Night from thence he ſtole,
His Courſe directing by the *Artick* Pole;
Through ſandy Wilds and Wilderneſſes paſt,
And came to ſcattering Villages at laſt,
Which him with Goats-milk, Cheeſe, and Whay re
Soon after he at *Carthage* Walls arriv'd, (viv'd
Where, with that Purſe he from *Maria* had,
Himſelf he ſtreight in handſom Habit clad,
Hoping that undiſcover'd ſo, once more
To ſeek his Fortune on th' *Auſonian* Shore,
In that great World of *Rome*, diſguis'd, he might
E're Death be happy with his Miſtreſs ſight.
Whom ſoon the Conſul there, his Patron's Friend
Did by one ſent on purpoſe apprehend,

is fellow-Bondman, and his great Consort,
quiring for a Ship him to transport:
o as a heynous Criminal attach'd,
oaden with Chains, thence he to *Rome* dispatch'd.
But when the *Lion* his Companion mist,
e could not raging Love and Grief resist,
or sends to Officers, nor trusts *Jackalls*,
t follows on the scent to *Carthage* Walls;
s if his Feet were Wings, runs o're the Downs,
nd frights the neighboring Villages and Towns,
ffending none, nor minding Prey nor Rest.
ll wonder that so terrible a Beast
ould fly so fast, none seeing him pursue:
At last to *Carthage* the Distracted drew;
hom tir'd and spent, a Troop of Horse beset,
nd without wounding, drove into the Net:
is bushie Tail and shaggy Main th' admire,
is Teeth like Needles, and his Eyes like Fire.
Whom streight the Consul to the Emperor sent,
nd, as a Wonder, did the Beast present;
hom in his *Amphitheater* he plac'd,
nd like a King with frequent Visits grac'd,
dmiring his huge Size, and awful Face,
is Royal Carriage, and Majestick Pace.

SECT.

SECT. XXX.

THe Sentence past, soon came th' expected time
Androcleus must suffer for his Crime,
When to the Emperor's *Lion* he that Day
Must be in th' *Amphitheater* a Prey:
Which through all *Rome* divulg'd by busie Fame,
As glad Spectators of this horrid Game,
Both *Patriots* and *Plebeians*, Old and Young,
From all the City thick in Clusters throng:
A Slave condemn'd, encounters in the Lists
A *Lion* naked, onely with his Fists;
Such a huge Monster, terrible and keen,
Upon the publick Stage yet never seen.
By Noon the *Theater* huge Concourse thwack,
The loaden Seats and Classes like to crack;
The Emperor and Empress in State,
The Conscript Fathers, and the Commons sate.
When the Scene opening, from a large *Boscage*
Androcleus comes to meet the *Lion*'s Rage;
His Breast, his Shoulders, brawny Arms, and Thighs,
Waste slender, Manly Face, and sparkling Eyes,
In Matrons stirring Pitty, kindled Flame,
And all his great Accuser much did blame.
The *Lion* then, on purpose fasting kept,
Forth to his Prey eager with Hunger leapt,

SPQR
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Feaſt prepar'd, then ready to attack,
is Face beholding, ſuddenly ſtarts back,
hen he his deareſt Friend peruſing knew;
hen in an humble Poſture near he drew,
ſſing his Feet, his Hands, and well-known Face;
hen they each other hugg'd in dear Embrace.
e knows the *Lion*, though ſo curl'd and kemb'd;
d he *Androcleus*, guiltleſly condemn'd.
To ſee the Monſter that ſhould him aſſail,
wn like a Spaniel, wag his buſhie Tail;
d him that ſtood an Offering to be ſlain,
hen clap his Back, ſtroking his ſhaggy Main,
h' admiring Houſe made with Applauſes ring,
d Purſes him of Gold and Silver fling;
hundred thouſand Hands ſpeak loud Applauſe,
ad the Defendant ſcap't the *Lion*'s Jaws.
All cry, *The Gods do Innocence protect,*
d by their Great Example Men direct
Piety and Pity; and that he
w'd by their Mercy, ſhould be ſtreight ſet free.

SECT. XXXI.

WHen a Prime Herald, after Silence made,
Thus in the Emperor's Name, & Senate, said:
This Slave, by Heavens especial Favor blest,
Streight by their Order here must be releast;
They also him a Golden Talent give,
And that at *Rome* as Free-born he may live:
The *Lion* him the Emperor doth present.
Joyful Applauses scale the Firmament.
But when *Androcleus* them his Story told,
Showers from the Galleries, Silver, Gems, and Gold,
Rain'd on his Head, and pour'd into his Hands.
Thus freed from cruel Death, and servile Bonds,
He from the *Theater* in Triumph led
His Friend releast, whilst thus the People said,
As they in busie Throngs about them prest;
The Man and Lion! see, the Host and Guest.
The Senates Gift, and what Spectators gave,
Turn'd to a Wealthy Citizen a Slave;
Recovering soon his Father's Morgag'd State,
His Houses, Jewels, and embezell'd Plate.
Andreas now *Maria* did espouse,
And solemn Nuptials kept in his own House,
Fair Issue had, in Reputation dwelt,
Nor Storms of Persecution ever felt,

ll Emperors themſelves pluck'd Idols down,
n got for Piety and Zeal, Renown.
But of the *Lion* after what become,
oſt Writers are defective, ſome quite dumb:
r one ſays, He reſum'd his Shape agen,
om Ruling Beaſts, became a King of Men,
Chriſtian Pray'rs; and how the Senate had
Order for his Reſtauration made,
which he his *Ægyptian* Realm regain'd,
nd many Years in Peace and Plenty Reign'd.
If ſo, or not, I ſhall no more inſiſt;
hus far I Dreamt, Dream out the reſt that liſt.'

THE EPHESIAN MATRON: OR, WIDOWS TEARS.

SECTION I.

AT *Ephesus*, of old so much Renown'd,
Whose lofty Tow'rs *Diana*'s Temple crown'd,
To whom (when leaving Mansions of the Gods,
that Worlds Wonder setling her Aboads)
hast Votresses with Vows and Offerings came,
wes Power despising, and the *Cyprian* Dame:
he Cold Infection through the City spreads,
o Girls of Pleasure scapes, nor sportive Beds;
anty and lusty Youth at *Cupid*'s Shaft,
pointed not, forsooth, with Marriage laugh'd;

Whilst great at *Ephesus Diana*'s Name,
Kept chast Court-Madams, chast the City-Dame.
'Mongst these Exemplars a fair Lady dwelt,
With whom kind Fates auspiciously had dealt;
She and her Spouse so eminent a Pair,
That all the City their Admirers were.
When seven fill'd Circles brought their Holiday,
The last of seven in perpetual *May*,
On which they yearly kept the Wedding Feast,
Their Friends and Kindred still invited Guests;
They in their Garden walking Arm in Arm,
The Spring in all her Gaiety and warm,
Changing his Note, he in a sadder Tone
Than ever they discours'd in, thus begun:
My onely Happiness, my dearest Wife,
More lov'd than Day, than Joys of Health or Life;
Who would not leave the Hopes of Heaven to be
As you and I, so blest on Earth as we?
Since our seventh Stage so happily we reach,
Without one Cloud, the smallest Flaw or Breach,
More than the Gods can boast, though stil'd the Blest
Them anxious Fears and Jealousies molest,
That some suppose the Stars are all but Spies,
And Constellations, Guards with watching Eyes.
But now sad Fancies harbor in my Breast,
And Melancholy, ne're before a Guest:
Why vex I thus my self with idle Fear?
Startle at that I ne're shall see nor hear?
I'll tell the, Love, my Happiness is such,
That the Felicity I Princes grutch;

Thoug

Though Fate did as your Servant me employ,
Thou art too good for any to enjoy.
I fear that you and I e're long must part,
Something I feel sits heavy at my Heart:
To die not grieves me, but to leave thee here;
What signifies *Elizium*, thou not there?
For your own sake then live a Single Life,
And let my Dust be proud you were my Wife:
Though Stories I suspect, and idle Talk,
That in the Night our troubled Spirits walk;
Which if they should, my angry Ghost, I fear,
Thee from th' Embraces of a King would tear.
Take this my last Will, which doth thee declare
My sole Executrix, and onely Heir:
Nor are you bound by loss of Part to be
My Relict; no, Dear, I have left you Free;
But as my last Request, I onely sue,
As you my Wife are, be my Widow too.
She weeping, ready to make large Replies,
And Protestations; Oh! I'm sick, he cries;
A dire Distemper shoots through every Part,
My Head, my Back, my Stomach, ah, my Heart!
Over my Eyes Nights sable Curtains spread:
Dearest, farewel; keep chast our Marriage-bed.
She shrieking out, streight Friends about them swarm,
Finding the Dead and Living Arm in Arm:
The sad News flies, invited Guests depart,
And leave high Treatments with a heavy Heart.

SECT. II.

THis dire Disaster routing such a Feast,
A Face of Sorrow, not to be expresst,
Fill'd the sad House, thence carried up and down
By woful Friends returning, through the Town:
Such were his Merits, so concern'd they were,
Who not for him contributed a Tear:
But she sate mourning in a dismal Room,
Dark as that Night shuts up the Day of Doom,
When o're Sun, Moon, and Stars, no hope of Dawn
Foul *Chaos* hath eternal Curtains drawn:
Whilst for his Funerals they seek whate're
For Shew and Pompous Sorrow fitting were;
First into Blacks they *Tyrian* Scarlets dy'd,
From *Ægypt* and *Arabia* provide,
To make the Corps Pomander, Nard and Spice,
And odoriferous Gums, at any Price.
Which done, when Tears a short Cessation gave,
She drest th' embalmed Corps in Garments brave,
Then his pale Cheeks with tinct'ring Vermil dyes,
Corrals his Lips, sets Jewels o're his Eyes,
And on a Pillow, as his Marriage-Bed,
Curling his Tresses, bolsters up his Head.
Her Friends mean while got Consecrated Ground
Without the City, Trench'd and Pal'd in round;

Amidst

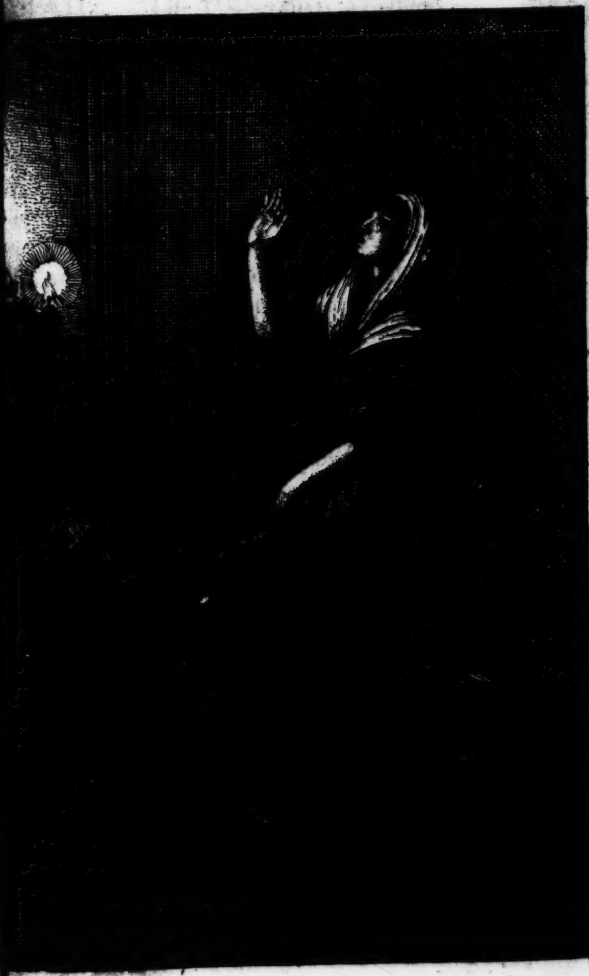
midſt digg'd deep, then arch'd a gloomy Vault,
Which Sun, nor Stars, nor Winds could e're aſſault;
And o're, a Lodge with all Convenience made,
Where her old Servant, if they could perſuade
There to attend their Lady, as at home,
Where ſhe, truce took with Sorrow, up might come,
And leave ſometimes the Herſe, the better ſo
To ſpin out Grief, and proſecute long Wo:
For ſhe reſolv'd one Year ne're to adjourn,
But in the Tomb o're her dead Husband mourn.
And now Solemnities expected come,
The Corps to follow to its lateſt Home;
All march as they by Heralds Order'd were;
The Magiſtrates and the whole Senate there.
After the Herſe ſhe comes with Shrieks and Cries,
Forc'd Tears from Kindred, Friends, nay, Strangers Eyes:
Senſe of her Loſs now more than e're ſhe felt,
Curſing the Stars ſo hardly with her dealt.
But as the Corps deſcended to the Vault,
Her tender Boſom giving an Aſſault,
Tearing her Hair, ſhe leaps into the Cave,
And there reſolv'd to dig her ſelf a Grave;
Shrieks from beneath, above a general Cry,
Like Thunder, volleys through the echoing Sky.
Thence all diſperſing, to their Homes retreat,
And leave the Mourner in a doleful Seat.

SECT.

SECT. III.

AFter the noising Concourse were return'd,
Both sad Beholders, & their Friends that mourn'd
When conquering Night Days Standard down h
And drove the Sun into another World; (hur
Then setled in her solitary Vault,
New-muster'd Sorrows her afresh assault;
The Herse before her, and a glimmering Lamp,
Infolded Arms, the sad Cave cold and damp:
She triumphs in her Grief, her Woes seem brave,
With Misery surrounded, and the Grave;
The Novelty of such a dismal Place,
Put Majesty in Melancholies Face;
Then kneeling by the Coarse, in such a Shade,
She smiling at her new Condition, said,
How blest am I, that shall within this Cell
With thee a Year, perhaps for ever, dwell:
Thus said she weeping, and unveils his Face,
Which when she had beheld a little space,
She stood, her Hands and Eyes erected, calm,
As if some God had given her healing Balm;
With a full Deluge then, and Sighs more loud,
Thus raves she, thundring from the broken Clod:
Ah! that when first I came into this World,
A Storm had me on barren Mountains hurl'd,

Ther



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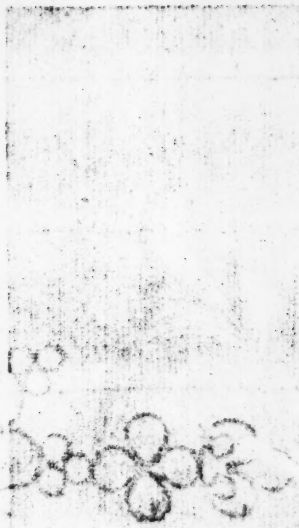


There to have starv'd, or been to Beasts a Prey,
Or made my Cradle in the swallowing Sea;
Then I had never seen this woful Hour,
And thee, cut off, lie like a faded Flower,
Cold as a Rock wash'd at the Mountains feet,
Nothing of what thou wert, but onely Sweet:
Speak then, my Dear; come, rise, and let us walk,
Of Love, ah me! and former Pleasures talk:
In such a Place we never were before,
Rocks all above, an Adamantine Floor;
Here comes no Sun, no South-winds sultry Breath,
These are the pleasant Shades of quiet Death;
How couldst thou die, that always hadst thy Health,
Friends, and fair Houses, Happiness, and Wealth,
Whate're for Use or Pleasure in this Life;
Nay, more than all, hadst Me, thy loving Wife?
What will you speak no more now you are dead?
Them your last Words, *Keep Chast our Marriage-Bed?*
To be Exemplar, therefore, here I stay,
Else I with thee had gone that woful Day;
And now I long to seek thee under Ground,
Mongst Regions ne're by lying Mortals found;
Then we'll not part, till you are soundly chid:
What Follies, ah! my raving Fancy feed?
Lie still in peace, thy Spirit, never fear,
Me, raging, from a second Spouse should tear:
Should *Jove* himself, descending from the Sky,
Nuptials propose, and lay his *Juno* by,
Thunder in one, Heavens Crown in th' other Hand,
I'll bid him fire, and, though a God, withstand:

Here

Here in this Bosom dead thou shalt survive,
Or else let Earth first swallow me alive;
Let me with changing Thoughts sink down to Hell,
And there 'mongst Fiends in endless Tortures dwell.
Then ran she all the Keys of Sorrow ore,
Till she could Weep, nor Sigh, nor say no more.
When *Somnus* gliding softly from the Pole,
Smooth'd the swoln Passions of her troubled Soul,
Sprinkling her Temples with *Lethæan* Drops,
Infus'd a Golden Dream, all Joy and Hopes;
Down in her Chair close by the Herse she sate,
And Woes, as if they never were, forgot.

SECT.

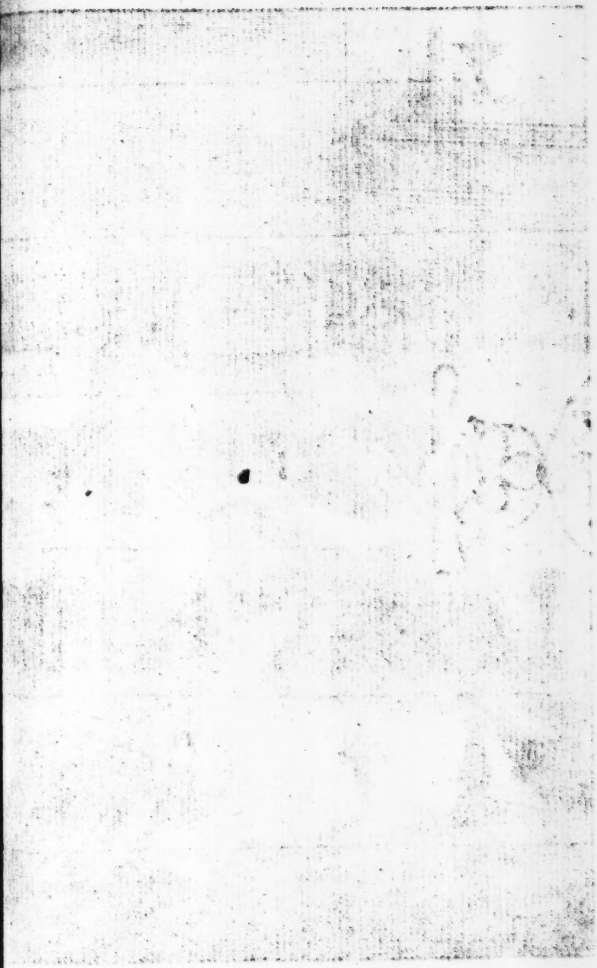
SECT. IV.

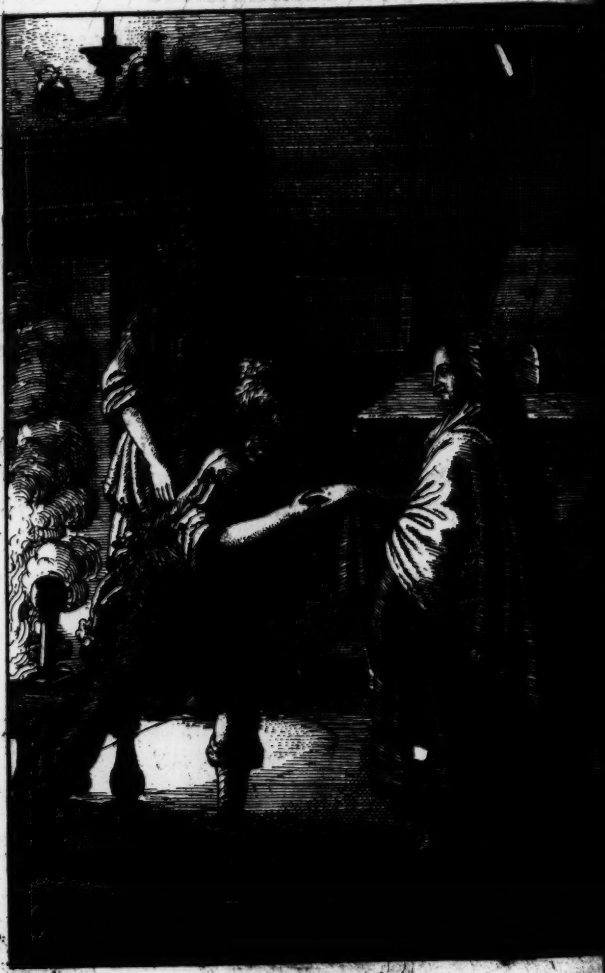
THe night that rose with Constellations crown'd,
Her Purple Robe with Seed-Pearls broider'd round,
Suddenly *Boreas* husk'd in sullen Clouds,
And all her great and lesser Glories shrowds;
With Rain, Hail, Snow, drawn up in three Brigades,
He the fair Issue of the Spring invades,
Large Sheets of Snow in Pennance hides all o're,
The like not seen in many Years before.
The Morning past on the adjacent Plains
A Malefactor they had hung in Chains:
The Martial, there a Place of Eminence,
Lest that his friends should steal his Corps from thence;
On pain of Death attended by Command;
This foul Night hapning, long he kept his Stand,
Till Numbness seiz'd his Bosom, Lifes warm Hold,
At last he shrinks, o're-power'd with eager Cold.
When thus he said; How shall I live till Day?
Who in this Storm the Corps can hence convey?
I for past Service better may deserve;
I'll rather suffer, than stay here and starve.
But whither shall I fly? where shelter find?
For there's no running, though before the Wind;
The Gates are shut, all miserable dark,
No Glimpse appearing, nor the smallest Spark.

When

When like a Gloworm through th' opacous Night
He from the Lodge perceives a glimmering Light;
Thither he haſtes, there he his Life muſt ſave,
His laſt Redemption in a dead Man's Grave;
When knocking gently, thus he ſhivering ſpake:
Ah! ſave a Life; if e're, now pity take:
My Spirits fail, quite almoſt out of breath,
Elſe on your Threſhold I ſhall freeze to death.
The Maid reply'd; No more, I pray Sir, knock;
So late I dare not for the World unlock,
My Lady to diſturb, who this foul Night
Took firſt poſſeſſion of her dire Delight.
Who trembling ſaid; Pity, without Reply;
Oh take me in, or elſe I here ſhall die:
Your Lady mourns; her Sorrow will be more
To find one dead to morrow at her Door.

SECT.





SECT. V.

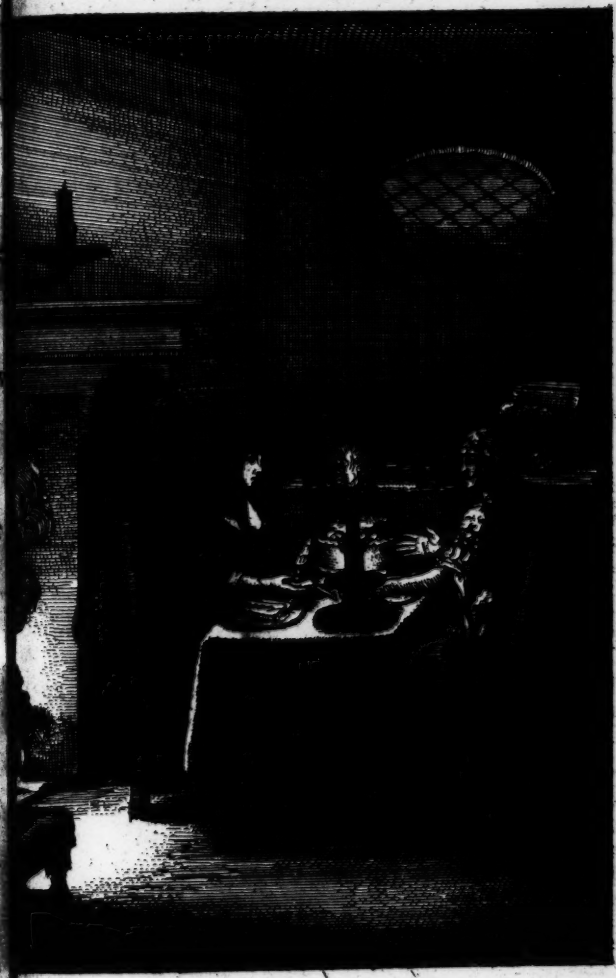
VHispers and growling Tempests, like a Bell,
Alarum'd Vaults of the resounding Cell,
king the Mourner from a pleasing Dream,
cond Spouse, new Marriages the Theme.
She thought her Husband rising from the Dead,
owded all o're, pale, standing by her Bed,
d her his Pass to Bliss would not be sign'd,
l he revok'd what her he last enjoyn'd;
her forsake that melancholy Tomb,
ke for another Lord and Children Room,
ny'd them seven glad Years by spiteful Fate)
t should inherit their improv'd Estate:
Shade with Tears imploring, earnest seem'd,
t he from suffering so may be redeem'd.
wak'd, she felt all swelling Passions calm,
Breast as if some God had thrown in Balm,
d at the Lodge she heard a Man complain:
Thoughts her tender Bosom entertain,
he might suffer, or be ruin'd quite,
ch Condition, in that woful Night.
he calls her Maid, commands streight let him in;
those to help in Want, what greater Sin?
him sit there, and shelter from the Storm,
up the Fire, that he himself may warm.

She who Compaſſion took on him before,
Commiſſion'd thus, glad, opens ſoon the Door:
A goodly Perſon, almoſt ſtarv'd with Cold,
Entring in Arms, amaz'd her to behold:
Then by the Fire a Chair for him ſhe ſets,
And with a Manchet and a Bottle treats.
Her Miſtreſs to accuſtom'd Grief returns,
And like ſad *Philomel* her Loſſes mourns,
Her Neſt new ranſack'd by a prying Swain.
Whilſt thus old Leſſons ſhe runs o're in vain,
Her wandring Fancy hankers oft, and ſtops
At her late Golden Dream, ſo full of Hopes;
And ſomething wiſpers ſtill, That Stranger ſee,
Thus Weather-beaten, whatſoe're he be.
When haſting down, her Servant thus began;
Oh Madam, Madam, here's the braveſt Man
E're Eyes beheld; tall, ſtreight, and Shoulders broad,
Who looks, recovering Spirits, like a God;
Quick burns the Fire, and you muſt needs be cold;
This Perſon of ſome Quality behold,
A Wonder ſee: Come up, dear Madam, come,
Take Truce with Tears, and leave this dampy Tomb
Your ſelf refreſh, your Cheeks look pale and lank,
I ſcarce remember when you Eat or Drank.
Sparks long in Embers ſleeping, ſhe awakes,
Soon ſhe reſolves, as ſoon the Cell forſakes,
Following the Light, trips ſoftly up the Stairs,
And him ſurpriz'd there ſitting, unawares:
Up ſtarts he, and a while did gazing ſtand,
Then in moſt humble poſture kiſt her Hand;

And thus begun: Blest Lady, may the Gods
ing Comfort to these sorrowful Aboads,
d you for Hospitality repay
hat best may please you, and with least delay,
at me in such Necessity reliev'd,
d from inevitable Death repriev'd:
e're you need a Heart, a Sword, or Hand,
d Life you granted, they 're at your Command.

SECT. VI.

WHen thus ſhe modeſtly, with caſt-down Eye
In a ſad Tone, ſuting her Dreſs, replies;
Condemn'd to Solitude, and little Room,
My firſt Night in my hapleſs Husband's Tomb,
Though drown'd in Woes, though buried in a Gra
I'm glad, Sir, ſuch Relief for you I have.
This ſaid, the Table her old Servant ſpread,
Set a cold Bak'd-meat on, brings Wine and Bread;
Down oppoſite, in proſpect full, they ſate,
Where on ſtoln Glances Love might hang his Bait:
She now refreſh'd, though cloſe dreſt, all in Black,
Did with a budding Bluſh her Gueſt attack;
Her Mourning ſeem'd a Foil, a Sable Ground,
That beſt ſets off the ſparkling Diamond;
And now and then a ſhort Survey ſhe ſtole,
Which made no ſmall Impreſſion in her Soul;
So much his *Miene* and Perſon her ſurpriz'd,
That ſhe with irkſom Sorrow leſs adviſ'd:
But what moſt rais'd in her a fair eſteem,
She thought that ſhe had ſeen him in her Dream,
Soon as her Husband's Shadow did depart,
Warm Comfort ſhooting firſt into her Heart.
A while both ſate, nor interchang'd a Word,
And active *Cupid* Flames new kindled, ſtirr'd;



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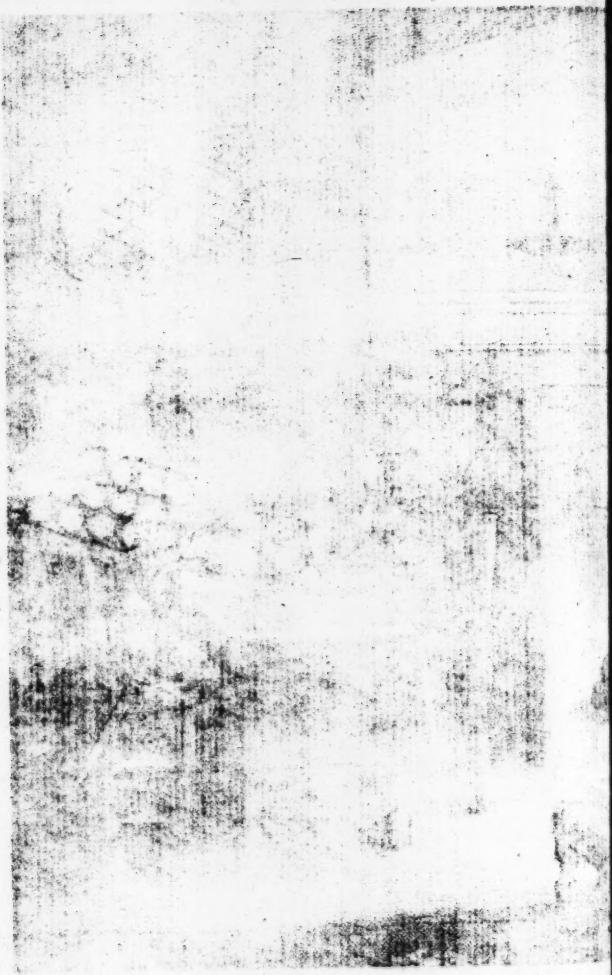

At laſt ſhe boldly makes the firſt Attack,
And calling for a Glaſs of Wine, thus ſpake,
Paying the God's Libation on the Board;
It ſeems, Sir, that your Buſineſs is the Sword,
And my dear Husband of the Civil Liſt,
Though much eſteem'd, perhaps your Ear hath miſt;
Seven Years we liv'd in a continual Calm,
Each Word we chang'd to other, healing Balm;
And though he left me all his fair Eſtate,
Yet I my Life, and all Lifes Comforts hate:
I but this Duty to his Memory pay,
Only twelve Months with him Intomb'd, to ſtay;
Yet may his Ghoſt more ſatisfaction give,
The Year expir'd, to bide here whilſt I live.
Be pleas'd, Sir, (*Women Queſtions love to ask*)
If I implore not an unpleaſing Task,
In compleat Arms, what Buſineſs of the State,
Or your own Private, kept you out ſo late?
And how you lighted on this woful Cell,
Where I, ſurrounded with my Sorrows, dwell?
Your Wife, Sir, if y' are Married, you this Night
Being thus abroad, puts in no ſmall affright.

SECT. VII.

SInce, Madam, you have put me to a Task,
A little farther I'll your patience ask,
That, if not irksom, I may render you
Of my whole Life a brief Account, and true.
In *Thrace* I boast my Birth, a Martial Soil,
Whose hardy Race love stubborn War and Toil;
My Father well extracted, dwelt in Arms
Whilst young and strong; grown old, in purchas'd (Farms;
Breeding me up, as soon as I could go,
To throw a Spear, and draw a little Bow,
And me with Arms, a Childish Corslet, stor'd,
A nimble Target, and no ponderous Sword;
My Brows did with a crested Cask impale,
Which wagg'd each Step, and wav'd with ev'ry Gale:
Soon bravely I, in stead of wanton Toys,
A Captain, led a Regiment of Boys;
From thence preferr'd to be *Lycurgus* Page,
He in his Wars me after did engage,
Where by my Sword I purchas'd some small Fame,
And recommended to this City, came
With Letters from the King, here to instruct,
And then their raw *Militia* Conduct.
Seven Years the Martial's Office I enjoy'd,
And Chief Commander oft have been employ'd:

A

A Beauteous Virgin then I did Espouse,
Children we had, and kept a Noble House:
Now I observe, you strangely me surprise;
Such Cheeks she had, such Lips as yours, such Eyes;
And like you and your Husband, Day and Night
We in high Pleasures spent, and full Delight:
But the last great Contagion swept away
Her, and my Children, in one woful Day.
What me so late detain'd, and in this Storm,
Madam, I shall as briefly now inform.
A Villain, one the most unparallell'd,
That in the highest Wickedness excell'd,
For an unheard of Fact, an odious Crime,
Diana's Priestess in Devotion-time,
The Wooden Goddess looking on the while,
Did in her *Penetralia* defile;
For which condemn'd to suffer torturing Pains,
And after that to hang and rot in Chains,
Fearing this Night his Friends might steal the Coarse,
Blot out the Obloquie with sudden Force,
The Senate me commanded there to stay,
And with a Party guard the Corps till Day;
Therefore I Arm'd, expecting we should fight,
But little dreamt of such a bitter Night;
Whence by foul Weather driven, and the Cold,
I by your Light found shelter in this Hold.
Thus your Commands I, Madam, have obey'd,
And of my Life a short Relation made,
Which here must end, if you should cruel prove;
Despair makes slight Wounds mortal, given by Love:

But I in high Diſtemper Fever'd ſit,
The Cold was nothing to my Burning Fit;
Shot from your Eye, here ſticks the fiery Dart,
Will turn to Cinders ſoon this bleeding Heart:
'Tis, Madam, in your Pow'r, ſince I'm your Slave,
Cruel to kill me, elſe in pity ſave.

SECT.

SECT. VIII.

BUt whilst he told his Tale, the Woman slept,
And *Venus* Vigils, not *Diana*'s kept;
e with a Bottle by her self had slunk,
nd twelve Go-downs on Reputation drunk.
When from the Board she rising with a Frown,
s if her Rage could ne're be Conjur'd down,
olling her Eyes, high-swoln her panting Breast,
er deep-conceiv'd Displeasure thus expresst.
Art thou that Fury Lust, sent hot from Hell,
o tempt me in my solitary Cell?
ne of those Monsters which in Humane Shapes
ommit dire Murthers, and unbridled Rapes?
hat such a Brazen Front hath, to presume
o hint thus Folly in my Husbands Tomb:
f such an Impudence, who ever heard?
his for my tender Pity! this Reward!
took him in; his Life, he says, I sav'd:
h Heavens, how ill have I my self behav'd!
eyond Chaste Bounds, to give the smallest Hope,
t first sight with one in Arms durst cope.
This said, she stalks about; her Bosom stung,
ove's *Functo*'s there, far differing from her Tongue;
e following close, with melting Words persuades,
nd her with all Loves Elements invades,

Begging her Favour not to be ſo raſh,
To judge the Motion a Gallanting Flaſh;
Who die would for her Honor on the Spot;
He meant chaſt Love, Marriage, that Gordian Knot.
Whilſt he his Cauſe thus pleads, out forth ſhe breaks,
And ſeeming not to mind him, louder ſpeaks.
Go to your Buſineſs, to your Gibbet-Task,
And Counſel of your hang'd Companion ask,
How to out-act him, and poſſeſs his Room:
He in the Temple, you but in a Tomb!
So both together ſink from Church and Cell,
To be gaz'd on as Miracles in Hell:
O chaſt *Diana*, now, or ne're, be kind;
Strike this thy bold Prophaner dead, or blind,
Or ſtake him on ſome barren Mountain ſtraight,
For Rain, and Hail, and mouthing Winds to bait.
Her Knife then drawing, ſaid, Look to your Throat,
'Twere good to bleed ſuch a libidinous Goat;
Keep where you are; if once you ſtir a Foot
To follow me, be ſure, kind Sir, I'll do't.
This ſaid, a Smile amidſt her Frowns ſhe blends,
And turning to her Husbands Herſe, deſcends.
A while he muſing with himſelf adviſd,
Then boldly ſaid, All Danger be deſpis'd,
I'll do't; A ſingle Woman, and one Dead!
Rare Sport, and New! a Monumental Bed!
This ſaid, he eager, ſtreight reprints her Steps,
And, like a Lion, after down he leaps.

SECT.

Sec.
9

SECT. IX.

MEan while did *Venus* and her Son descend,
The Worlds Continuation to attend;
Who first joyn'd Atoms, *Chaos* did disperse,
Raising the Wondrous Structure *Universe*,
Lovers to couple, Chastity supplant,
Left pregnant Breasts convert to Adamant.
When she to *Cupid* said, My dearest Son,
Well hast thou plaid thy Part, the great Work's done;
Diana's Temple burns, I needs must smile,
The Wooden Goddess looking on the while;
Had she not Marble been, a senseless Log,
The Sight had set her Goddess-ship a-gog.
But where's she now, a Conqueror bringing forth,
An *Alexander* to subdue the Earth.
No Mother, *Cupid* said, the News abroad
Is, That this Morning she to *Paphos* Rode,
There to revenge her Cause, our Dames convert,
That they your Rites and Temple may desert:
But better she had gone to chace the Stag,
And Transformation of *Actæon* brag;
Some of her green-sick Train, with Wastes so lank,
E're they return, shall burgeon in the Flank.
By this our Work is finish'd in the Tomb,
From whence we never yet brought Conquest home;

I with my fanning Wings blew out the Lamp,
Whilſt he beat up all Quarters of her Camp.
Then thus ſhe ſaid, Bid *Boreas* ſend a Blaſt,
May in the Grove the Corps ſuſpended caſt:
Thanks for his Storm, ſo well and timely came,
And *Somnus*, for the Widows pleaſing Dream;
Say that I'll ſend a Lady ſhall next Night
Him more than ever any did, delight;
Diſpatch with ſpeed, I'll tarry your Return.
To *Paphos* gone, and let her Temple burn!
The Fire that we have kindled in that Pile
Perhaps may ſhrink the Wonder to an Iſle:
A Populous City, and a frequent Court,
Chaſt Madams all, no Waggery, no Sport;
Here Wives for Propagation will, or ſo,
After like Beaſts the Males no more will know.
Theſe our late Conqueſts once divulg'd by Fame,
Down Continence, and up goes *Venus* Name;
They o're the Monument for me ſhall build
A Temple, and erect my Conquering Shield:
Diana's Fane and wealthy Shrine deſtroy'd,
Her Virgins courting then to be enjoy'd,
Epheſus ſhall like other Cities look,
No green-ſick Damſels, veil'd with Stole and Heucke,
But Beauties in their Hair, dreſt freſh and trim,
He making Court to her, and ſhe to him.
Whilſt thus ſhe ſpake, *Cupid* on Wings diſplay'd,
Gently alighting, to his Mother ſaid;
Boreas your Will hath done, but lays a Claim
On your late Promiſe, a fair *Paphian* Dame,

That

hat him, grown old, might comfort on her Lap,
Who, forc'd to forage, lately got a Clap;
nd well recover'd, vows no more to roam,
t keep contented with your Gift at home.
I will, said she, streight send him one that shall
ep warm his Bed, and well become his Hall.
This said, she *Cupid* gives especial Charge,
nd takes her own Commission out at large.

SECT.

SECT. X.

MEan while the Knight and Lady under ground
Take up all Diff'rences, and soon compound
Ceremonious Rites, as Superstitious, wav'd,
And like a Wedded Pair themselves behav'd;
Huddl'd up Promises and hasty Vows,
Then one another kindly did Espouse:
No Place convenient for Loves sweet Commerce,
Her self she settles on her Husbands Herse.
While thus they busie were, the mouthing Storm
Grew silent, and the Sky serene and warm;
The Danger then came fresh into his Head,
And bold Adventure; when to her he said,
I beg your leave some Business to dispatch,
My Charge to visit, and relieve the Watch;
Then I'll return, and further Homage pay,
Nor shall one Minute lavish in delay.
Him, mixing Tears, a thousand times she kist,
And softly opening the Lodge Door, dismist.
Her drowsie Woman though not slept so fast,
But she heard stir about a Measuring Cast;
Knowing the Party gone, up streight she gets,
And thus upon her musing Mistress sets:
Oh Madam, I the pleasant'st Dream have had;
Me thought in Marriage-Garments you were clad,

Goin

Going to Church with a brave second Mate,
With Friends attended, in all Pomp and State;
And that this melancholy Place forsook,
You never in your Life did better look:
Faith, Madam, leave these sad and dampie Rooms,
Or tarry till some Fiend to tempt you comes,
Who, like a *Satyr*, or *Hyena*, dwells
In Charnel-houses, and such duskie Cells.
Were I as you, before I'd tarry here,
Keep such a puther o're a Dead Man's Bier,
I'd wed a Bear, or with a Boar would lie,
And suckle Pigs up in a nasty Stie.
Madam, I know what's what, and would advise,
And take my Counsel, Lady, if y' are wise;
To morrow morning, whilst the Work is warm,
Walk to the Temple with him Arm in Arm:
Abroad each where both Court and City Dame
Light Censure, Gossips Prate, and gagling Fame;
All ply their Works as varying Fancy leads,
Shame not in Streets forbids them open Beds,
But that still those that do the Match survey,
Would, finding fault, teach Gamesters how to Play.
Then she reply'd, Thou my old Servant art,
Be careful lest my Reputation smart;
We must tread wary through this winding Maze,
And I for ever will thy Fortune raise.
This her so kind Expression pleas'd her well,
But more to leave that melancholy Cell;
Then up she stirs the Fire, the Candle tops,
Both full of various Fancies, Fears, and Hopes.

SECT.

SECT. XI.

WHen at the Door they heard the Party tap,
Who entring, ſtreight his Face ſhew'd like
Of dire Miſchance, a diſmal Horoſcope,
Not any Aſpect of the ſmalleſt Hope.
When thus he ſaid, I, who this horrid Night
Did with the Gods and Lords of Tempeſts fight,
Stood like a Cedar 'gainſt all Winds that blow,
My Shoulders like a Mountain hid in Snow;
Scarce warm by this your charitable Fire,
Obtaining Favors what I could deſire,
Am fall'n from All, from ſuch a Heaven of Bliſs,
To utter Ruin in a deep Abyſs.
My Office, no contemptible Eſtate,
And Life, which but for you I ſhould not rate,
Are all ſnatch'd from me, like a Golden Dream,
Which, were not you concern'd, I ſhould contemn;
For if the Kindneſs that you ſhew, you have,
Ynu'll grieve to hear that I'm deny'd a Grave:
The Corps his Kindred in my abſence ſtole,
And I muſt die; but what more racks my Soul,
I nothing to your Merits can bequeath;
The Senates Sword once drawn, they never ſheath:
My forfeit Life not all the World can ſave,
My Place, and all falls theirs, whate're I have.

Relation

Relations for my Office ſoon will ſue,
Being of Profit, and of Honor too:
What will not be by Friends and Bribes procur'd?
Ah that I had that bitter Storm endur'd,
There ſtood a frozen Statue wanting Breath,
Than ſuffer ſuch an ignominious Death!
Not onely Die, I muſt ſupply his Room,
And fleeting Air, ſuſpended, me Intomb:
For ever, deareſt Madam, now farewell;
When after Ages ſhall my Story tell,
The varied Joys and Woes of one ſhort Night,
Will ſay, Croſs Fortune did her utmoſt ſpite.
Then ſhe, whilſt Tears diſtill'd in Pearly drops,
No way to ſcape, no Eye of Help, no Hopes:
Then you ſhall ſee what for your ſake I'll do,
I'll ſave you, and untwine this knotty Clew:
Let us not, trifling, precious Minutes ſpend,
But down with me into the Vault deſcend.
Firſt, of our tender Sex I pardon ask;
A Woman muſt perform no Womans Task,
But to a Wolf transformed, rob the Grave;
Who would not, ſuch a Life as yours to ſave?
Her Maid and he, much wondring what ſhe meant,
Down with her to the gloomy Arches went.

SECT.

SECT. XII.

NO ſooner entred, ſhe without remorſe
Rends off the Sear-cloth from her Husband
And laid the Body out both ſweet and hard, (Coarſe
Preſerv'd with Spices, and perfuming Nard:
Then thus to him in Deſperation ſpake;
From me your Cure, this dreadful Cordial, take,
Which Fortunes Forfeit, and your Life regains,
Supply it with the Malefactor's Chains.
Then he reply'd, So fair a Corps as this,
No where diſfigur'd, not reſembles his;
The Change will be perſpicuouſly too plain,
And this your Condeſcenſion prove in vain:
Sentenc'd by Law, his Right Hand off was lopt,
His Noſe ſlit, Lips cut off, his Ears cloſe cropt.
Then ſhe reply'd, What I preſent thus, take,
What Maims you pleaſe, and Mutilations make:
You that in Wars and Bloody Works have been,
Mow'd down like ſtanding Corn whole Squadrons ſee
And no ſmall part in ſuch dire Buſineſs ſhar'd,
To mangle one defunct will not be hard.
When thus he ſigh'd, Though Soldiers rugged ar
They with the Dead keep Truce, and never War:
I who ſo oft in many a bloody Strife
Have lopt off Legs and Arms, Life after Life,

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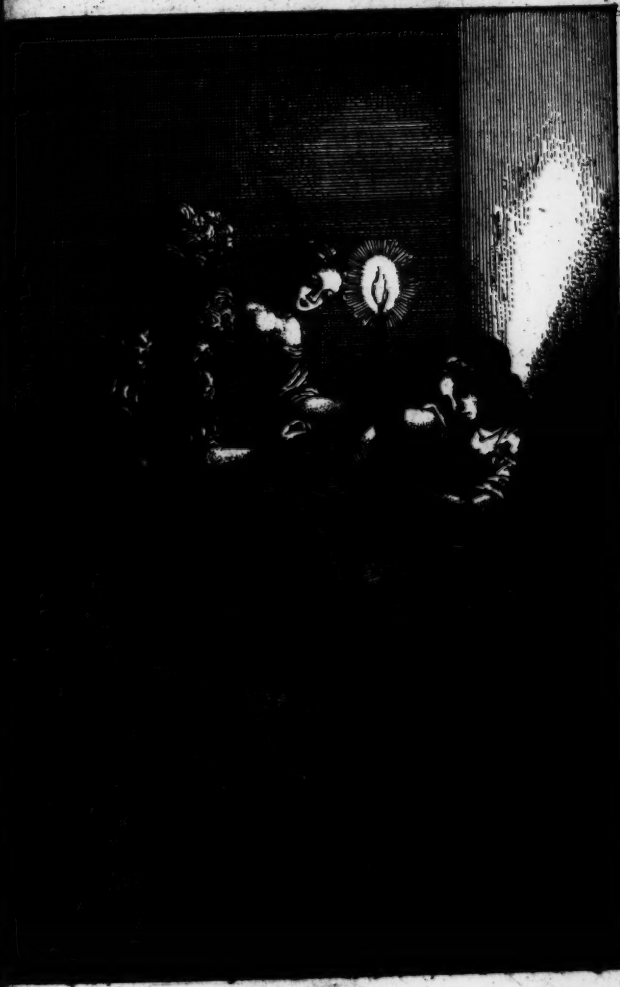

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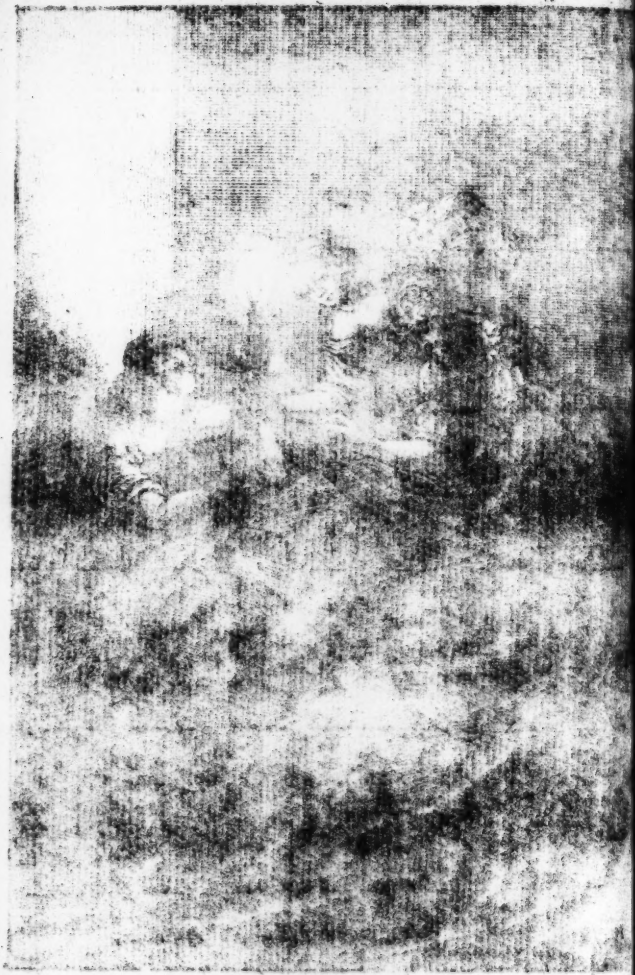
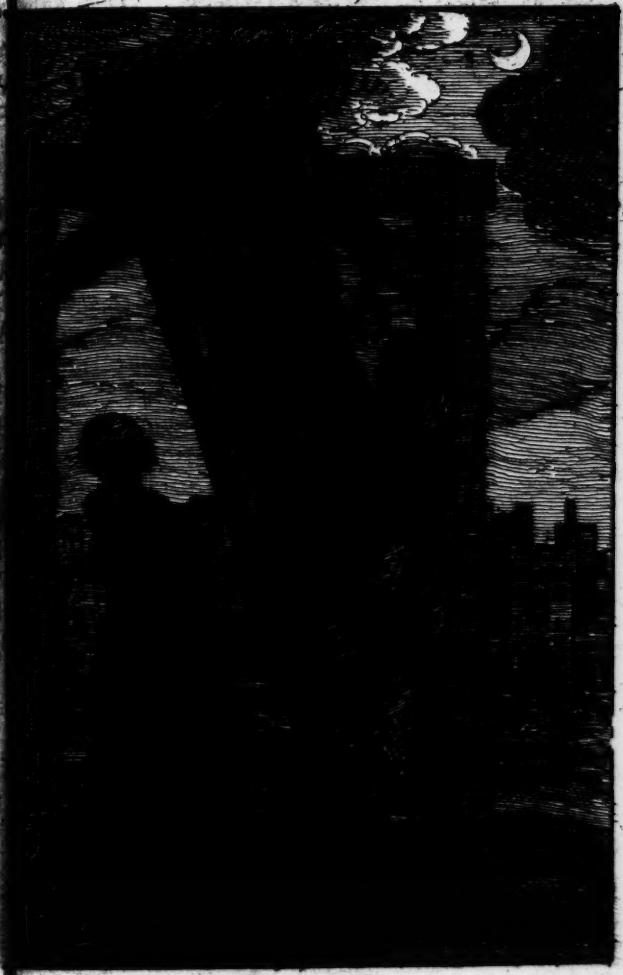


And from the Battel come besmear'd all o're
With Enemies, and my own recent Gore,
For all the World, which less I prize than you,
Could no harm to one resistless do.
When like a *Bacchanal*, she thus replies,
Mad, *Argus*-like, this Corps a hundred Eyes,
As many Ears as Fame, as many Hands
As once *Briareus* had at his Commands,
Off they should all, my self them mangle too,
And, though so late acquainted, all for you.
This said, she strips her Arms, her Breast unlac'd,
Her self in posture for the Business cast;
Her Knife, the Edge obtuse, she nimbly whets,
Thus Arm'd, upon her Husband's Body sets:
And first his Hand, which she so oft had kist,
Without Compunction sever'd from the Wrist;
His Ears cropt off, his Right Eye out she tears,
Where once small *Cupids* danc'd in Crystal Spheres,
His Nostrils slits, his Lips, where oft she sipt
Balm mixt with Dew of Roses, off she whipt:
When thus she said, If this, Sir, will not serve,
Say where you please, and I shall farther Carve.
Then he reply'd, No more, the Body spare,
The Work is finish'd must conclude my Care.
All three, this said, ready assistance gave,
To drag the Corps from Sanctuary in the Grave.

SECT. XIII.

THus quick dispatch with many Hands they made
And to the fatal Tree the Corps convey'd;
Good at a dead lift still, his loving Spouse
Hands him up to his open-window'd House;
In State the Body on her Shoulders sits,
Whilst he his Collar on of Esses fits,
And several Iron Tackle buckles fast,
And hoop'd a Brazen Belt about his Waste,
Puts on a Truss of Steel, and all his Trim,
That thence he might not drop down Limb by Limb.
But so compacted, well together hold
Many Years bleaching, both in Heat and Cold.
The good Work done, the Mistress and her Maid
Back to the Lodge with speed themselves convey'd,
And he himself in former Station plac'd,
The Fright and Trouble o're, and Danger past.
When to himself he said, I am destroy'd,
If I this wicked Monster not avoid;
Whose memory I loath, and mention, more
Than Filth engendring on a Common-shore;
Her first high Impudence, and Sea of Lust,
That Prophanation of her Husband's Dust!
But since she Scenes hath acted to such height,
Would amaze VVonder, Terrors self affright.



I stood like Marble, when the Corps, long dead,
A fresh as she prepar'd for mangling bled.
'Tis true, she's VVealthy, Young enough, and Fair,
Those Queens of Pleasure, so the *Syrens* are,
That Singing sate all day on gilded Thrones,
Built up of Skeletons, and Dead Mens Bones.
Her Marry? Sooner I'll betroth a Mare,
And Monsters get, a *Centaur* make my Heir:
But ah! in her Concealment lies my Fate,
Love slighted, soon reversing, turns to Hate;
They'l themselves ruin, nay, the VVorld unhinge,
What will not frantick Women, for Revenge?
I now for present Safety must advise,
Had she a hundred Lives, the Strumpet dies;
The onely way my Life and State to save,
That Bawd and her to bury in one Grave:
With the same Knife when she fain'd War proclaim'd,
With which the Corps she mangled so, and maim'd,
I'll kill them both: So well I'll play my Part,
That they that find it sticking in her Heart,
Her VVoman dead, when on the Corps they sit,
Shall call't Self-murther in her Frantick Fit:
And who'll tax me, that never heard her Name,
Till by my Gates her Husband's Funerals came?
I promis'd to be there in half an Hour,
And Balm must find in one short Bloody Show'r.
This sad, he to the Lodge in secret stole,
Swoln Passions raging in his troubled Soul.

SECT. XIV.

WIng'd *Mischief flies*: soon at the door he knocks;
Her ready Maid, waiting, as soon unlocks:
Who entring, finds the Lodge, so dull of late,
Made for Adresses now a Room of State;
More Lights, and greater Boards, with Damask spread,
Vulcan triumphing on a Golden Bed;
The Floor and VVindows rubb'd, all neatly dress't,
To entertain a kind, not cruel Guest.
VVondring at such a Change in so short space,
No mark nor sign of the old sullen Face,
He softly said, Behold a handsom Stage,
VVhere might *Alcides* or *Orestes* Rage.
Not long he gaz'd about, when forth she came,
Dress't up in Glory, a most beauteous Dame:
Close Mourning's off, that sullen Curtain drawn,
She entred shining like a Golden Dawn,
VVith such a Majesty, so comely *Miene*,
She seeem'd a Goddess, or at least a Queen:
Stuck thick with Jewels which the Stars out-vi'd,
Dimm'd by her brighter Eyes in all their Pride;
Her Bosom open, where in Vales of Snow
Sate *Cupid* lurking, with no idle Bow;
A Heaven of Beauty set off in her Hair,
By Time unblemish'd yet, or VVintry Care.

Thus, like a Bride, on her seventh Marriage-Feast
She was in this most gorgeous manner drest;
But at the sudden Change, off them she tore,
Lying in Sack-cloth on the dusty Floor:
Which her old Servant up by chance had laid,
And thither 'mongst some other Weeds convey'd,
Then little dreaming e're th' ensuing Morn
In Bridal Weeds she would her self adorn.
Down falls he on his Knees, as she had been
Juno, *Minerva*, or the *Paphian* Queen;
On her he gaz'd, but not one Word could speak,
But sigh'd, and wish'd she would Compassion take;
His o're-charg'd Bosom ready to unclog,
All his foul Treason there to disembogue,
Had for intended Murther, Pardon crav'd:
She wondring why himself he thus behav'd,
Kindly saluting, rais'd up by the Hand,
Thus putting routed Reason to a stand.
Why look you troubled thus? why, Sir, so sad?
I hope all Business still goes well abroad;
Ifitting thought this Treatment to prepare,
You to refresh, wearied with Grief and Care,
Part of the Night, long yet e're day, to pass
With a cold Morsel, and a seasoning Glass.
So down they sate; *Rich Wine and Beauty warms*:
Grown brisk, he takes his Heaven in his Arms,
Admiring how such Plots he could devise,
Treason contrive against her conquering Eyes; (Arch,
Earth's proud Commander, Hell's, and Heav'ns bright
Shackled, by *Love*'s Triumphant Chariot march.

SECT. XV.

WHilst thus in joyful *Vigils* past the Night,
And *Cupid*'s Revels acted to the height,
Diana sent one of her Virgin Train
To spoil their Sport, and damp Love's jolly Vein;
A Water she puts in their Wine unseen,
Which many Ages had a Dy'mond been
In Earth's hard Bosom, fix'd in lasting Cold,
A Star in Dust, made never to grow old;
Free both from Fire and Steel, all Force whate're,
Which will dissolve in Juyce of Maiden-hair.
This mix'd with *Bacchus*, Sweets of *Cupid* low'rs,
And, *Salamander*-like, Love-flames devours:
Who were before so fond, lov'd ne're so much,
Not one another will endure to touch:
In high distemper of this chilling Plague,
The Male a Fiend, the Female seems a Hag.
Not soon the Poyson wrought, nor very sharp,
But by degrees they cavil first, and carp,
Next louder jangle, like disorder'd Bells;
At last the baneful Operation swells,
And bitter Thoughts stand ready out to burst,
When his Distraction thus brake Prison first.
Fly Vizards off: All Women I detest,
For thy sake, Witch, who rather art a Beast;

Who

Who haſt a Heart ſo ſalvage, Blood ſo hot,
The Mongrel of a Tyger and a Goat,
Or by a *Harpie* and *Hyena* bred;
That Wept'ſt ſo late, now Triumph'ſt o're the Dead:
How thy Eyes ſink, thy Cheeks ſo painted fall;
Oh how thoſe Curls, *Meduſa*'s Serpents, crawl!
That haſt this Night ſpent with ſo little ſhame,
Committing Crimes that Fiends would bluſh to name!
Who thy dear Spouſe didſt as thy Pillow uſe,
His Monument converting to a Stews!
Oh Heav'ns! ſlitting his Noſe, on me ſhe ſmil'd!
What Cave, what Hell a Monſter ſhews ſo vild,
So fierce, ſo ſhameleſs, ſuch a Sea of Luſt,
With which, then hot, ſhe warm'd her Husband's duſt!
And in this Gaiety ſhe makes her Brag,
That forth her Spouſe did to the Gallows drag:
A great and fair Example! Brazen-face,
Thou hadſt been fitter to ſupply his Place,
That mad'ſt the Nooſe, and lifted up the Coarſe,
Without reluctance, or the leaſt remorſe.
Why rant I thus 'gainſt what ſhe means to boaſt?
I'll Sacrifice her to her Husband's Ghoſt,
Or, could I poſſible, ſend quick to Hell,
Where Soul and Body might in Tortures dwell.

SECT. XVI.

BY this in her the dire Infection works,
And like a Fury conscious Fancy jerks;
Her self she hates, loaths him, and all her Faults:
Her Breast in uprore with such wild Assaults,
From the Board starting, Sorrow, Rage, and Shame
Her Bosom swells, her Eyes like Beacons flame;
Then him perusing with disdainful look,
Wondring so much that she could be mistook,
Bursting with Poyson, and contemning Pride,
Thus, like a Fury thundring, she reply'd.

You speak to purpose, bravely, Sir, and well;
But I'll now ring you such another Peal:
Ingrateful wretch, hast thou forgotten quite
That twice I sav'd thy Life this very Night?
First in my Bosom, Serpent, starv'd with Cold,
Scarce warm, thou took'st possession of the Hold:
No other means, next, to redeem thy Life,
I put off Woman, left to be a Wife:
And spitt'st thou now thy Poyson against me,
That my self Ruin'd in preserving thee?
And dost thou me from my own Table spurn,
A Monster call? Nay I'll a Fury turn.
Revenge, ah sweet Revenge, I'll thee engage,
And open all the Flood-gates of my Rage;

Thou for thy Gibbet-bird, and my ſad Rape,
Hadſt thou a thouſand Lives, ne're hope to ſcape:
Friends will ſtand by me, when I Truth inform;
Thou Conjur'ſt, but I'll raiſe the greateſt Storm.
What I decree, would'ſt thou with Tears implore,
Would Sands out-number on the *Lybian* Shore,
Shall never be revok'd; thou ſoon ſhalt know
How high an injur'd Woman's Rage may grow.

Theſe Words the Poyſon wrought to ſuch a height,
All former Projects were forgotten quite:
Slighting his Safety, riſing from the Board,
He with a dreadful Count'nance draws his Sword,
Then raging ſaid, Thy Soul to Heaven bequeath,
Pray if thou canſt, thou haſt not long to breathe.

Then ſhe reply'd, laying her Boſom bare,
Villain, this Breaſt, too kind to thee, not ſpare;
Ungrateful wretch, ſo long? why doſt not ſtrike?
Or Heaven or Hell ſhall do for me the like.

SECT.

SECT. XVII.

When on a sudden they rare Musick hear,
Vocal and Instrumental, drawing neer;
The Fire grows dim, the Tapers lose their Light,
As a new Sun had shot through gloomy Night;
Roofs open fly, and let in purple Dawn:
With Silver Doves, a Golden Chariot drawn,
They saw from Heaven descend, and Seats of Joy,
Venus, and standing at her Feet the Boy.
The Lodge streight widens like a Princes Hall,
He drops his Sword, and down they prostrate fall:
To them then praying, they from their Caroch
Lightning with Heavenly Majesty, approch;
When *Venus* to her Votaries thus said:

This grand Disturbance hath *Diana* made,
Which here I end for ever, thus attone,
Free by the Vertue of my powerful Zone:
Right Reason now return'd, will soon inform
What slender Quarrel rais'd this dreadful Storm;
What she, o're-power'd by Love, hath done for you,
A thousand Stories strangely will out-do:
With a dead Husband to make bold, what harm?
Many have kill'd them in their Bosoms warm:
Upon the Corps! Gamesters when they are in,
Make living Spouses Bolsters to their Sin;

They

Sec. 14

They Socery consult, Steel, Aconite,
And all to change the Pleasure of a Night:
Sometimes they make me Chafe, then Blush & Laugh,
To see with what dexterity they Graff;
This *Ephesus* Dame *Chastity* makes dull,
The VVorld each where is with such Stories full.
But to the Business: VVhatsoe're she did,
VVe Authors are of what your Fates decreed;
Play to your best Advantage this fair Game,
Stop vulgar Ears, and Mouths of pratling Fame.
His Parts your Husband's Body hath resum'd,
And lies in Sear-cloth whole again. Intomb'd:
Your Malefactor you in Chains shall find;
Thank me at *Paphos* the next favouring VVind.
Venus, this said, her Chariot ascends,
And *Cupid* with his Choristers attends.
They thus conjoyn'd, liv'd long a happy Life,
From publick Troubles free, and private Strife,
Fair Issue had, whilst *Cynthia*'s Power went down,
And *Cytherea*'s Faction Rul'd the Town:
VVhen they without offence grown very old,
At their own Table oft this Story told.

FINIS.

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